



Current Literature

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VOL. XVI., No. 4 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. OCT., 1894

Some Unsettled Problems

Recent research has added one new claimant to share the honors showered upon the Vikings of the North and the sailors of Spain for the discovery of our continent. Mr. H. Y. Oldham recently read an address before the British Association at Oxford, in which he brought forward evidence to show that the Portuguese at least were familiar with the coast of Brazil, as early as 1447. In 1500, Cabral, a Portuguese navigator, was driven westward by a storm, while on his way to the Cape of Good Hope. He was then in the latitude of Cape Verde, and in his Western course came upon the mouth of the Amazon River, and sailed along the Brazilian coast. Cape Verde itself, not distant from the coast, was discovered as early as 1445, and Mr. Oldham produces evidence to show that two years later, a vessel was driven westward to an island from which gold was brought home. Recently the evidence of this vessel's discovery has been strengthened by the finding in Milan of a map dated 1448, which was made by Andrea Bianco of Venice. To the southwest of Cape Verde, and in the direction of Brazil, this map shows a long coast line which an inscription says stretches 1,500 miles to the westward. Mr. Oldham's contention is that this map furnishes positive proof of the knowledge of the South American coast, a knowledge heretofore considered apocryphal, since it has only been found mentioned in Antonio Galvano's Discoveries of the World, published in the middle of the sixteenth century. Having reached Cape Verde as early as 1445, there is nothing improbable in the assumption that a vessel should from that point have been driven to the main coast not very distant from it in the South and West. Other contributions of interest to Historic America are developing under the guidance and enthusiasm of the Society of Americanists of Stockholm, Sweden. While nothing new has been contributed as yet to the problems of discovery, the Society in its early sittings has taken up the subject of the analogies between the primitive civilization of America, and of the Old World. There are many startling similarities in the pre-Columbian development of America, and the pre-historic evolution of Europe. These seem possibly to indicate a connection, or at least the receipt of an impulse by the New World from the Old antedating by far the discoveries of Spanish, Portuguese or Norsemen in the fifteenth century. Professor Montelius, in sketching the outlines of the subject, showed that the New World, even as the Old, had had its Copper and Bronze Age. Only, in America—he says—the Copper and Bronze Age ended towards the year 1500 of our era, whilst in Europe it ended about 1500 B.C.; a difference of 3,000 years. The shape of instruments, however, on both sides of the ocean was, upon the whole, the same. Agriculture, spinning, weaving, pottery: all went on on quite similar lines. Even the idea of forming clay

vessels in the shape of so-called "face urns," representing human or animal visages, occurred to the natives of the Western continent before Columbus. There was hieroglyphic writing, much astronomical knowledge, sun-worship, eternal fire kept by virgins, or vestals, in America as in olden Europe. There was also fire burial, and the history of human dwellings has been the same in both. Even as the originally round hut in Europe gradually developed into an oval, and then a square one, whilst in Italy and Greece the temple of Vesta and the Prytaneion preserved the old round form, so also in America. The Estufa of New Mexico, which serves for religious purposes, has remained round, and it exhibits in its entrance a remarkable similarity to the ancient "corridor graves" of Europe, which are imitations of human dwellings. Notwithstanding these similarities Professor Montelius does not think we are entitled to assume the existence of Old World influences in America. Yet such a fact is quite within the range of possibilities and has been quite vigorously championed by some of the explorers among the ruins of olden Mexico. There were traditions of the Egyptians, which like the Greek fabled island of Akantes, would make a prehistoric connection between the Old and the New World a matter which may prove to have been a fact.

Manflight Again

While Otto Lilienthal has shown that man is capable of achieving artificial sailing flight, Hiram S. Maxim has demonstrated the fact that a flying-machine can be constructed which will fly. His machine, with its engines and passengers aboard, is the first flying-machine which has been able thus far to propel itself away from the earth. This it has done, and satisfactory proof of its capacities was shown when a guide rail which held it, when in motion, to the track, became useless and the machine rose from the earth for a few seconds and made a somewhat uncomfortable landing in the adjoining meadow. The machine itself looks like a hand-car, supporting a small naphtha boiler and engine, and a series of lateral canvas planes, one above the other, with a large central aeroplane covering the car itself. At the rear two enormous revolving fans furnish the motive power. The engine was especially constructed for lightness and a very high pressure—310 lbs. to the inch. At this pressure the screw-wheels gave a thrust of 2,100 lbs. In a description of the event, we learn that the machine started forward at the rapid pace of forty miles an hour, and after 300 feet of progress the steam-gauge showed 320 lb. pressure per square inch. Of course this velocity was desired on the principle that the lifting power of the plane has been found to increase in proportion to the square of its velocity. Shortly afterwards the machine was lifting itself—i.e., 8,000 lbs.,—and this was demonstrated by the fact that the two outrigger sets of safety wheels were in contact with

the safety guide rails, so constructed as to record any upward pressure on them. Soon the ascensional force became so as to cause the axletree of one of the rear pair of controlling wheels to double up, while the other probably left the safety track and, coming into contact with one of the wooden supports of the controlling line, the hull of the air-ship left the earth altogether. Steam was shut off and the ship descended away from the track and left indisputable proof of the success of the experiment in the furrows made in the ground. The sensations of the inventor himself are interesting. They appear in an account of the event in the *North American Review*. "After running a few hundred feet," he writes, "the machine was completely lifted off the lower rails, and all four of the upper wheels were engaged on the upper or safety rail. The speed of the machine greatly increased and the lift became so great that the rear axletrees holding the machine down were doubled up and the wheels broken off. The machine then became liberated, the front end being held down only on one side. This swayed the machine to one side, brought it violently against the upper rails, and stopped it in the air, the lift breaking the rails and moving them outward about ten feet. Steam was, however, shut off before the machine stopped. The machine then fell to the earth, imbedding the wheels in the turf, showing that it had been stopped in the air, had come directly down, and had not moved after it touched the ground. Had this last experiment been made with a view to free flight, and had the upper rail been removed or the wheels taken off, the machine would certainly have mounted in the air and have travelled a long distance, if necessary. As it was, the lift certainly exceeded the full weight of the machine, the water, the fuel, and the men by 2,000 pounds, and was far beyond the registering limit of the dynagraphs, the pencil being drawn completely across the paper on the recording cylinders. These experiments at Baldwyn's Park are the first that have ever been attempted with a machine running in a straight line. The prime object of these experiments has been to demonstrate whether it is possible or not for a large machine to be constructed sufficiently light, powerful, and efficient to actually lift into the air its own weight and the weight of one or more men. All other flying-machines which have ever been built in the world have persistently stuck to the earth, and this is the first occasion in which a machine has ever been made to raise itself clear of the earth. It has been admitted by all scientists that as soon as a machine could be made with motors powerful enough to actually lift it in the air, aerial navigation would become practical. I have demonstrated that a good and reliable motor can be made with sufficient power for its weight to drive a flying-machine; that a very heavy flying-machine may be made to raise itself in the air with water, fuel, and three men on board; and that it may lift, in addition to all this, 2,000 pounds. It now only remains to continue the experiments with a view to determining the art of manœuvring the machine."

Literary Processes

Degeneracy of the magazines, says a writer in the *Chicago Evening Post*, is largely due to an attempt to make them rivals to newspapers. This attempt did not precede but followed a brief and speedily exhausted effort to turn

newspapers into magazines. The first expansion of the condensed and well-digested newspaper was due to an unscientific belief that the people wanted dissertations and news in the same publication. Ponderous essays on technical subjects were unloaded into the Saturday or Sunday issue of a newspaper, and for some time syndicates carried on a thriving commerce in multiple stories and even poems. A few years were sufficient to show that the newspaper could not afford to depart from its own function and undertake in addition to that the function of literature. During this period of mistaken departure the magazines lost circulation and began to decline in quality. With the reversion of newspapers to their proper field, magazine management became a victim of kindred illusion. The magazines were journalized, as the newspapers for a short period had been—to coin a word—magazined. Between the journalizing of magazines and the magazing—speedily exploded as it was—of newspapers, the book trade in this country practically suspended so far as that business related to the production of first-class works. At the same time began the era of cheap and meretricious foreign literature, French especially, and English, the effect of which has been to lower, if not to corrupt, American taste in fiction. Although the newspapers have returned to their legitimate field, namely, the publication of news and of comment upon it, the magazines have not returned to their proper field, and their degeneration proceeds apace. It is the opinion of as conservative a critic as Philip Gilbert Hamerton that illustration weakens literature when the picture is made a coherent part of, and co-ordinate with, the literary product. But illustration is still demanded by the public in both newspapers and periodicals, and processes of pictorial reproduction have been multiplied and improved to meet what is still an imperative and general desire. There is, however, an essential difference between the principle of illustration in journalism and the principle of illustration in purely literary subjects. Sketches of events in the passing show unquestionably add to the zest with which description of them is read. They do not divide readers' interest; they enhance it. But journalism deals day by day with only the events of a day, as its name asserts. The periodical, published only at intervals and professing to be an organ of ideal thought, cannot illustrate a considerable part of its contents without thrusting a second imagination within the particular field of the first, and the spirit of a literary creator cannot, in the nature of things, be projected successfully into the product of a pictorial imagination. The interest of the reader is not enhanced; it is divided. The writer suffers for the benefit of the illustrator; or the illustrator is rejected as incompetent or irrelevant, or both are wrong when either alone would be enjoyed.

The New Farming

There is an area of seven hundred and fifty millions of acres in the United States where the mean annual rainfall is less than twenty inches. It is situated in the western half of the continent and has been heretofore considered waste and worthless land. Though homestead seekers have repeatedly pushed into this arid region in their desire to find unoccupied lands, every effort to till the soil has proved valueless. For some time it has looked as if this enormous territory was destined to remain an unproductive blank. The settlers have been driven from it, and the

population of portions of Colorado, Nebraska, and western Kansas has decreased in consequence during the past six years. A newspaper correspondent gives this description of the land contained in the arid belt. It comprises the whole of the United States lying west of the ninety-eighth meridian, with the exception of northern California and the portions of Oregon and Washington west of the Cascade range. Seventeen States and Territories lie wholly or in part within its confines, which embrace two-fifths of the national domain. The distinguishing characteristic of this region is its aridity, but it also differs widely from the Eastern States and the middle West in soil, in climate, and in the range of productions. Here Nature has been most prodigal in her endowments. It is a land of towering mountain ranges whose snow-capped peaks pierce the skies, and of smooth plains whose extent seems limitless. Its climate is unique. The world's sanitarium is here. In this land of sunshine and dry, pure air the health-seeker may find the coveted boon. Here are the nation's treasure vaults, for the granite mountains are seamed with veins of gold and silver. The soil of its plains and valleys is of marvelous depth and richness, needing but the touch of water to clothe itself with verdure and blossom into fruitfulness." With a mean rainfall of only twenty inches, however, all these benefits are as nothing unless water can be supplied by artificial means. Irrigation is as old as civilization itself. In Egypt there are farms still yielding an abundant crop which have been irrigated for four thousand years or more. The Pima Indians, in Arizona, have cultivated their farms in this manner for five hundred years, and ruins of stone aqueducts are numerous in the Old World and the New which have, in the past, been utilized for the watering of arid lands. Indeed, the irrigated farm never suffers from the drought, and it is estimated that eighteen millions of people on earth today live upon the produce of irrigated farms. This is believed to be the factor which will make valuable the vast arid region of our continent. Trials have already been made of it with astonishing results, the valleys of Arizona blossoming with a luxuriant growth where there was a scant substance before, while the parts of Colorado which are irrigated support a thrifty population of farmers. There is to be an Irrigation Congress, in Denver, to advocate the opening of this vast region by means of irrigation. Doubtless the Government will be called upon to consider the question with a view to reclaiming this valuable soil. Irrigation, while as old as civilization, has been practiced but twenty-five years in this country. The cost of irrigation is very great, but the increased value of lands is simply prodigious. The luscious fruits grown on these lands are so abundant as to make a handsome profit for the farmer, even at prices that make it possible to sell in competition with the most distant markets. The first shipment of California fruit recently arrived in London, and was transported thus a third of the way around the world to open up new fields for conquest. Truly, the arid land will yet be the paradise toward which the farmer that has left New England desolate, will turn in search of treasure.

Crime and Statistics While statistics show that crime is everywhere increasing, the testimony of the Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police in New York has been very widely quoted as some alleviation of the direful condition in which members of

the Prison Congress and others would have it that the modern world is falling into. While in 1850 but one out of 3,442 was a prisoner, in 1890 there is one prisoner to only 757 of the population. In New York, however, Superintendent Byrnes says decreasing. In his own city, he says that the average of criminality has decreased seventy-five per cent. in the last twenty years. He arrives at this conclusion, first, from personal observation, and next, from the cogent argument that intelligence is increasing, and as a large proportion of current crime is the fruit of ignorance, it can not but be declining. Criminals, he says, are learning to be more afraid of detection and punishment than they were. The authorities charged with the discovery and conviction of criminals are more alert than they were, and the criminal's chances of escape are less. He instances cases of homicide by poisoning, which, he says, have become extremely rare. Burglars now seldom take life, because by so doing they seal their own fate in case of capture. Superintendent Byrnes's notions are confirmed, says the Argonaut, by the Baron von Richthofen, the superintendent of the German police at Berlin, a man of wide experience. He says that the number of bloody deeds is constantly on the decrease, and crimes against property are fewer than they were even ten years ago. He takes a philosophic view of the subject, and argues that the better we understand men, the easier it will be to manage them; the more charitable we become, the better we shall be able to appeal to the heart and head of the criminal. He holds that the key to the extirpation of crime is the kindly treatment of ex-convicts, who should be treated as erring brethren and supplied with work, instead of being regarded as pariahs and forced to resort to stealing, and perhaps murder, to procure bread. At first blush, it seems impossible to reconcile these contradictory opinions. But, so far as the figures of the census are concerned, they are susceptible of a simple explanation. Forty years ago the police machinery was far less effective than it is now, and a far larger proportion of criminals escaped arrest and punishment. Before the war, in the Western country, it was the easiest thing in the world for a man to commit a robbery or even a murder and to make good his escape to the newly-occupied settlements. Pursuit involved an expense which towns and counties were unwilling, if able, to incur. Hence, at that period and in that section of the country, which included a portion of Pennsylvania and New York, as well as the bulk of the South and West, the proportion of criminals who got off free was far larger than that of those who were caught; whereas, now, more are caught than escape. Crime is not necessarily more abundant than it was, but it is more invariably followed by punishment.

*Fin-de-Siècle
Tendencies*

In contributing to the all-absorbing topic of fin-de-siècle tendencies, a writer in London Truth presents the following appropriate up-to-date riddles, together with their answers: When is a child not a child? Now. When is a woman not a woman? Now. When is a lady not a lady? Now. When is society not society? Now. When is a sovereign not a sovereign? Now. When is a farmer not a farmer? Now. When is a servant not a servant? Now. When is art not art? Now. When is life not life? Now. When is everything nothing? Now.

STRONG SPIRO: A MOUNTAINEER'S REVENGE*

A GRECIAN STORY. By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS

To your health, Effendi—and God grant that your nobility may soon find a wife, and that you may be shortly crowned. For to be single is to be like the brook without water—there are many stones in it, but there is no life.

The raki is good and strong, though not of our village. Another little tumbler, and I speak to your nobility's wish for a tale of myself. My respects! My hopes, that your venerated father and mother enjoy good health.

Ahem! 'Twas many years ago that I came of an age to be old enough to wax my moustache. Those of my acquaintance call me Spiro—now; but at that time it was always "strong Spiro." They were in the right; I was strong, and it must have been a very heavy sheep that I could not lift to my shoulder. By my strength I saved my life; by that same strength I took another's, and all in this way.

At the time to which I look back, there had returned to our village, Malina, a man named Stomate. He had been a shepherd like myself, till a wrong number had called him to a soldier's life. I—I was luckier, and remained with my flocks all the years of his service. When he said "Adio" to the barracks, he went to Athens, and there he became waiter at a restaurant. There was nothing in all this to make a great man of him; yet he returned to us at Malina full of words; heavy with pride. And he wore trousers! In short, Effendi, he was no longer a Roman, but simply—eh! well, an "Athenian."

When I first saw him on his return, I said to myself: "You have altered, Stomate. You have all the conceit of a cock in full plumage. I don't like you. Why do you wear 'pantaloni' and not 'foustanela'? I don't like you, Stomate, and I never have liked you—nor you me."

However, Malina is a small village, and but a few hours had passed when we had raki off the same tray. I drank his health, he drank mine. A little chat, and I grew impatient; for he used the weak words of the Athenians, and pursed up his lips every now and then to ask me what was the meaning of such and such a Roman word. As if he had not known!—as if he had forgotten! Pah! I say I grew tired of him.

"Adio, Sas," I suddenly muttered, as I rose to my feet and quitted the "chani."

But he had his friends in the village, and until the hard times came he always found work, sometimes in the vineyards, sometimes in the maizefields; he was here, he was there; and when I missed a lamb from my flock—well, I thought I knew where it had gone, especially as I never found it again. I grew very hot against him as the months rolled on and brought the Easter feasts and dances to us. For it was then, when he led the dance, that the eyes of Sophia, my beloved, commenced to turn from me. Each time that he took the handkerchief I hated him yet a little more. And I could have sworn that each of his stiff-legged steps took him closer and closer to the heart of Sophia. I would have quarreled with him. For I thought that he would

be better dead. But when one ram avoids another there can be no fight. He knew what was in my mind. He wished not to slake the thirst of my knife, but to continue to rob me peacefully.

At least, so it seemed to me.

Thus it was with Stomate and me at Malina, when a great earthquake shook friends and enemies into a common ruin. I remember it well; indeed, I can never forget it. The sun had set, and the shadows of the coming night were growing into a heavy gloom. There was such a silence in the woods and fields that even the animals were affrighted into a restless agitation.

As I quitted my flock on the hillside, to return to Malina, I said to the herdboys: "Gian, watch the sheep, and sleep not; they run hither and thither as if they felt the Evil Eye upon them!"

'Twas striking seven as I entered Malina and placed my shoulder against my cottage door; it gave, and, as I entered, there came to my feet, through the solid earth, the roar of a hungry demon. Louder and louder, till my room seemed to yawn with noise, and the floor to sink and heave me into—sleep.

I had felt terror, my stomach had striven to rise to my gorge. I had felt cold. I had felt warmth—I had slept. And I had awoke under the stars, with the wail of the women and the prayers of all surging into the dreadful night. My cottage was in ruins; Malina was in ruins. There were many corpses discovered under the stones and tiles.

But I—I, Spiro—had been saved by those who felt not fear of a tottering wall.

And they told me, what I knew not, that a great beam had kept at bay a death-crush, which had sought to clench home to Mother Earth the stone that lay upon my breast.

I remember it well—that earthquake. My throat grows small with grief, as I think of its dead. My eyes search round about me for danger. My ears hear silence. And I live again, under a few planks, on a crust of bread and a draught of water. It all comes to me in the loneliness of the night and I live it over again in my dreams.

I remember it well—that earthquake. The suns that came, and the suns that went, marked my herd growing smaller and smaller. The Klepht of misfortune came night by night; he had the bravery of an empty belly, and I—I was but one against many. Ruin drew me to her breast, and my life fell away like foam on water. Those were awful grief-sodden times for Malina and me.

They say that a little lying is the salt of truth. It is true. I found it so, and so did my neighbors, when I told them that I had not tasted corn for a month. But from the shorn sheep you cannot take wool, and so it came to pass that Stomate was none the poorer of me. I was ruined—so was he, and both had lost our all by the earthquake.

At length I had but my sheepdogs left to me. It was time to move. But whither? I will tell you, Effendi. Some three hours by mule from Malina there is a whistone mine. Now, the men were very wild

* From The London Speaker.

who worked there. Many of them were "strangers," who had come from villages whose names are not of our country.

It is the truth, that I—a straight man—am speaking, when I say that some of them would have made no trouble of killing a man for an onion. 'Twas to this mine that I, and others in poor plight, determined to go for work. There were drachmas to be earned there, and I went.

It was sad to say good-by to Malina, and to go amongst strangers, but the morning air was very sweet as I strode up the hills, for now—no mule had I. And as I thought to myself, with money I can return to Malina.

So thinking, I quickened my pace and passed in and out of the forest, up and down the hills. Now here, now there, I saw the blue sea with its guard of yellow sand. And the higher I climbed the mountain of the mine, the smaller grew the olives that fringed its shores, the greater grew the ocean beneath. I came to the heather and breathed its scent. I saw red rocks with springs gushing out of their cold sides to thirsty ferns. I stooped and drank the water; but it was not of our well. I sighed and passed on, till I came to the mine. 'Twas a great white cliff—so high, so stern. The men were picking at its side, like birds of prey upon a dead mule. I could hear the clink, clink of their tools—the rattle of many stones that came falling to its base. I grew giddy as I peered up to the azure sky above, and marked the pines at home with the crows. Yet I had come for work.

Came the evening shadows, and I held some lepta in my hand. I had worked, and worked hard. As I was counting them to myself in a shed, a man came to me and said, "Good evening, Spiro." I started as if I had been stung by a snake. I looked up, and saw the man with that voice—Stomate. Was it fate or was it fancy? He, too, was working at the mine, he was telling me so. I dropped a coin. He stooped and picked it up. He held out his hand to return it to me. I took it. Pah!

The work at the mine was hard, Effendi. It bowed the back and stretched the muscles. It made an eorte (a feast day) oh, so welcome.

After which, again work, and I longed for the sound of the herd bells.

But to my tale! The Fates had it that one day I was at work upon the same piece of cliff as Stomate. My foothold was a very delicate one; and above me—several feet above me—Stomate was at work. I had chipped off much rock, and the sweat dripped on to my pick off my brow as I leant for support and rest against the cliff.

I looked down the valley and thought tenderly of my old home, the days of loving and waiting for Sophia, sweet happy days before the earthquake came, when I did not have to spend the hours from early month at the awful work of cutting into the rock. Then life was bright and worth living, sweetness and sunshine, until that cursed Stomate had come into my life with his affectation, and his jaunty ways which had won from me my Sophia. Why now, were we here in the mines together? What strange jest of fate had made us both slaves here for a pittance? Thought is rapid, Effendi, and it was but a moment or two that I rested through all the bitterness and gall of months. I was so lost in

thought that I gave no heed to Stomate my enemy working above me.

Suddenly, Stomate also ceased work, and I heard him laugh to himself. It was a gentle, low laugh, but the rock carried it to my ear. I looked up to see the cause of his mirth; and Heaven of our earth! I saw him pushing with his foot at a great mass of tottering rock. It was trembling, its joints were opening. It was about to fall—Heaven of our Earth! to fall on me. It barred my path upwards. To descend the steep cliff I had not time. To go to right or left I could not—the rocks would not admit. Was I to perish? Was Stomate, the devil, the cuckold, to kill me where I stood? Time is slow, and time is swift: my thoughts went hither and thither.

There was a pine that grew below me. Its roots were nourished in a little rock-cleft filled with earth; its top was on a level with my head. I could see its branches waving by my side; but there was thin air between us, and below a giddy depth. But the rock was moving, and I gathered up my strong muscles and sprang with the fury of despair at its reddish trunk. The air swept my face; I fell as I moved; I crashed through the yielding branches. I gripped the trunk, and its stiff wood raised the soft flesh on my face. A spittle of blood fell on my mouth. Poof! I blew it off, and it dropped down upon a white terror rushing, crashing below. There was a white gash on the trunk beneath me. But I could scarce see it; there was a red mist before my eyes, and I had the taste of my own blood in my mouth. My head was heavy from the shock against the tree; yet it felt on fire. It was burning for revenge.

What matter the rough bark, the whipping branches, so long as I reach the rock and cleave to my foe? I came down. I came down, Effendi, with the rush of a hawk upon its prey.

A glance above me—to the man.

He was there; but he had not another rock.

I drew my knife.

I had never drawn a knife with such pleasure.

And then I climbed slowly upwards.

He saw me coming, and his eyes grew staring with terror.

Then—he turned and I followed faster.

But not yet was I to feel his flesh. Higher and higher we clambered, he and I. At length, no further could he go; and, like a rat at bay, he faced me, with a courage in his eye born of the rock above, the rock below, my knife and I.

I came to him gently, with my knife well in front. I could hear a shout from below, I could hear the scream of an eagle on high. I bent forward. He stooped toward me, and stabbed weakly at me with his knife. The fool! I was not yet within his reach. Another step, and I gripped the rock to my liking. I stabbed the air about him. I gathered the sun's bright rays on my knife, and dazzled his eyes with its sheen. And then—well, you have seen it done, Effendi. A stroke at the heart. A stroke from my heart to his heart. It did not fail. Oh! no, Effendi.

For this, Effendi, I went to prison. Oh! yes, I went to prison. But I had friends in power; and when a man has friends in power, mighty things can be done, and the doors of a Grecian prison turn easily upon their hinges. Which is as it should be.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The Ride of the Clans.....Ralph Adam Cram.....The Chap Book

Oh, the King is coming fra' ower the sea !
 Ride on, ride on for the King !
 Hielandmen, fearless and leal, are we,
 Riding along for the King.
 Cry, "Hey for King Jamie, the King of us a' !
 Hey for Ogilvie and Hey for Earl Mar !
 Hey for the Standard that leads us to war !
 Ride on, ride on for the King !"
 The pipes they are skirling, "Up, Scots, and awa' !
 Ride on, ride on for the King !
 The claymores are turning and flashing, Hurrah !
 Ride along for the King !
 To hell wi' the traitor, the Earl of Argyle !
 His castle shall burn to the cellar, the while
 We hunt him through England for many a mile ;
 Ride on, ride on for the King !
 There be twa crowns await ye, King Jamie, to-day,
 Ride on, ride on for the King !
 To win them your Scots are in battle array,
 Riding along for the King.
 We'll crown ye in Scotland, and crown ye again
 When we've swept into England and scattered the men
 That skulk between Carlisle and London, and then
 We'll a' ride hame wi' the King !

The Surgeon's Story.....Thomas Dunn English.....Select Poems

Never again
 While the clouds scatter rain,
 And the green grass grows, and the great rivers run,
 And the earth travels round the immovable sun,
 And heavens with the tide the untamable sea,
 Will she be but an object of hatred to me ;
 And never again will my pulses thrill
 At the light of her smile, at her frown stand still,
 As they thrilled or stilled in the bygone days
 When we thriddled together the wildwood ways.

False to her trust,
 She is prone in the dust ;
 Her feeling and honor and troth-plight are sold
 For velvet and laces and jewels and gold,
 For a mansion of splendor, a withered old lord,
 And a life where her soul by itself is abhorred ;
 But should ever, as may, in the days to come,
 To a terrible trouble her heart succumb,
 In that moment of misery let her beware
 Of the wretch she has doomed to a life of despair.

Such was the thought
 From my agony wrought ;
 Such the resolve that my spirit controlled,
 As I saw her one night with her husband old,
 So haughtily poisoning her beautiful neck,
 While worshipers waited her nod and beck ;
 But casting no thought to the lures and deceit
 That had brought me abased on the earth at her feet ;
 And hiding from view, by her treacherous smile,
 Her bosom of ice and her spirit of guile.

None in his wrath
 May determine his path ;
 As years after I knew when on duty I passed
 Through the hospital wards by the sufferers' ghost—
 (An engine had leapt from its track on the rail,
 And these were the wounded ones, mangled and pale),
 Who waited and watched for my coming to know
 Were they destined to stay with the living or go ;
 For one face of those faces alone I could see,
 And the rest were but shadows of shadows to me.

There, in the bed,
 Half-living, half-dead,
 No remnant remaining of wealth that had been,
 But, drawn round a form that was wasted and thin,
 A calico gown, faded, tattered and old—
 No velvets, no laces, no jewels, no gold ;
 Of the charms once so potent no token, nor trace,
 But some gray hairs instead, sunken cheeks, pallid face ;
 And thus I beheld her when long years had flown,
 Poor Claribel ! dying, forsaken, and lone.

Faded away
 As before me she lay
 The bitter resolve and the purpose of years,
 And hatred was drowned in my pitying tears.
 Was this, then, the end of her beauty and pride ;
 At whose feet I had knelt, for whose favor had sighed ?
 Was this dying woman, abandoned, forlorn,
 The belle who had held all her rivals in scorn ?
 Wealth vanished, hope parted, her flatterers fled,
 Eye glazing, pulse failing—a shiver—dead—dead.

Shrouded and cold,
 As the solemn bell tolled,
 We laid the poor wanderer down to her rest,
 With a stone at her head and the earth on her breast ;
 And never again while the clouds scatter rain, [plain,
 While the winds sough through forest, or sweep over
 And the green grass grows, and the great rivers run,
 And the earth travels round the immovable sun,
 And heavens with the tide the untamable sea,
 Will more than a memory of Claribel be.

Heralds of Day.....Aurilla Furber.....Overland Monthly

Morning and bugle call,
 And a fresh wind blowing free ;
 Ride out, ride out with mingled shout,
 Ye knights of the day to be !
 For the red glow rises in the east,
 And the red blood in the heart ;
 Light for the earth, light for the world,
 Full light for field and mart !
 The mists uplift, the woods awake,
 The birds and the waters sing,
 And music rolls through sunlit souls
 To the touch of the times a-ring.
 With sword and palm, with spear and balm,
 Ride into the regal morn ;
 From the shades of wrong a wide and strong
 New day of the Lord is born.

The Deserter..May Kendall..Songs from Dreamland (Longmans)

You know the story of the pass ?
 Twenty men held it, till the grass
 Ran down with blood, and one
 By one they dropped down in the place,
 And the night covered each still face,
 Where was none living, none.

A score of heroes ! and one more,
 Who was no hero, but before
 The fight, forsook his post,
 Struck with unutterable dread,
 And from that pass of death he fled,
 And from the conquering host.

* * * * *
 All night they lay there, sleeping on
 In the dark ravine ; but when lone
 The dawn broke in the sky
 O'er their great quietness, who kept

So strange a guard, a shadow crept
Out of the wood hard by.

As moving in a dream he drew
Nearer and nearer yet, till through
The silent camp he passed.
Each man had many wounds. He gazed
On eyes unseeing now and glazed,
And knew them to the last.

Then once more sought the wood, and hewed
From a tree fallen there, a rude
High wooden cross with his
Bright sword, and through the blood-stained moss
Drove it, and cut upon the cross:
"God's soldiers." Only this.

And then another cross he wrought,
Shaped yet more roughly, that he brought
Some distance from the slain
And thrust into the soil, and cut
There: "God's deserter." Then he put
A bullet through his brain.

Small Minds. . . Francis Saltus Saltus. . . Dreams After Sunset (Moulton)

When will the names of great men rest in peace,
And be revered as they deserved on earth?
When will the mongrel horde of cavaliers cease
To soil their memory and denounce their worth?

Will the Greek symmetry of their perfect thought
Be ever ravaged by the modern Huns?
Can naught restrain these lesser beings, fraught
With bitter hatred for dead, mighty ones?

Shall impotent gall-fed critics, balked of fame,
In envious wrath lay down Neronian law?
And turn to ridicule some soaring name
That shows a brilliant diamond's lightest flaw?

An easy task, forsooth! Delicious themes,
To scoff at what is grand and pure and far,
But to my eyes their mad persistence seems
Like some pale fire-fly jealous of a star.

And when I see these pompous idiots strut,
And note the paltry mischief they have done,
I smile and think of some foul Lapland hut
That might be envious of a Parthenon.

Al Mamoun. . . Clinton Scollard. . . Atlantic Monthly

Bagdad's palms looked tall in the tide
Of Tigris, tawny and swift and wide;
Bagdad's minarets gleamed and glowed
In the sun that burned in its blue abode;
Bagdad's life made rumble and jar
In booth and highway and bright bazaar;
Bagdad's monarch lolled in the dusk
Of the citron shade, 'mid the scent of musk,
And around him sat the makers of rhyme,
Come from many a distant clime;
For song by him was held as a boon,

Al Mamoun,

The son of the great Haroun.

From lands of cold and lands of the sun
He hearkened the poets, one by one.
Giving a portion of praise to each,
And a guerdon of gold with his pearls of speech;
Spreading a luscious banquet there
In the languid, richly perfumed air;
Plucking from luxury's laden stem
The royal wealth of its fruit for them;
Bidding the soul of the grape be brought
To kindle the bosom to happy thought;
Speeding the amber afternoon,

Al Mamoun,

The son of the great Haroun.

And on through the starlit purple hours
The sound of song was heard in the bowers;
The zither and lute would blend and blur
And tangle with notes of the dulcimer;
And above and over and through it all
Would soar and swell, or would fail and fall
With the dreamful lull of the dying word,
An ecstasy voiced from the throat of a bird.
So, leashed by the love of song, would he,
Praising the poets and poesy,
Linger till night had neared its noon,

Al Mamoun,

The son of the great Haroun.

With crumbling mosque and with toppling tomb
Have vanished Bagdad's beauty and bloom,
While a far, faint breath on the lips of fame
Is all we know of the monarch's name.
But rather to him than his mightier sire
O'er gulfs of time shall the song aspire;
For song to the lover of song is due,
Though centuries darken with rust, and strew
With mosses the marble above his head.
And so, in the land of the happy dead,
May song still stir with its blissful boon

Al Mamoun,

The son of the great Haroun.

From a Rock. . . Wm. Hamilton Hayne. . . Sylvan Lyrics (Stokes)

I climbed a rugged hill-slope,
Buttressed by rocks and trees—
The loosened leaves, with fluttering faint,
Plucked by the autumn breeze.

There every sullen aspect
Of Nature's sombre mood
Was emphasized by frowning cliffs,
Deepened by solitude.

I viewed the lonely landscape,
The rock-encumbered ground;
And suddenly my searching eyes
One spot of verdure found.

'Twas sweet to see a grim old rock,
O'er which the rude winds pass,
Holding within its stony heart
A tiny tuft of grass.

The grass still lives; the rock remains
With granite firmness fraught,
Like a stern man whose stoic breast
Harbors one tender thought.

The Hindoo's Fate. . . Charles Hills. . . Home and Country

A Hindoo died—a happy thing to do—
When fifty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's Paradise.
"Hast been through Purgatory?" Brahma said.
"I have been married!" and he hung his head.
"Come in! come in! and welcome, too, my son!
Marriage and Purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered Heaven's door,
And knew the bliss he ne'er had seen before.

He scarce had entered in the garden fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again:
"Hast been through Purgatory?" "No. What then?"
"Thou canst not enter!" did the god reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for his sin."
"Married? 'Tis well, for I've been married twice."
"Begone! We'll have no fools in Paradise!"

ANTHONY HOPE: AUTHOR OF PRISONER OF ZENDA*

In his speech at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy in 1894, among many other good things, Mr. Andrew Lang said:

"The thrifty plan of giving us sermons, politics, fiction, all in one stodgy sandwich, produces no permanent literature, produces but temporary 'tracts for the times.' Fortunately we have among us many novelists—young ones, luckily—who are true to the primitive and eternal, the Fijian canons of fiction. We have Oriental romance from the author of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. We have the humor and tenderness—certainly not Fijian, I admit—which produces that masterpiece *A Window in Thrums*; we have the adventurous fancy that gives us *A Gentleman of France*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, *Micah Clarke*, *The Raiders*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*."

The last of these books was by Anthony Hope Hawkins, whom Mr. Lang thus classed among potential immortals. This romance has made him within the last three months fairly famous. Walter Besant, too, has stamped it with his approval, and the English and American press have been unanimous in their praise.

Its hero is a rare and striking figure, and thoroughly represents the ideal soldier of our Anglo-Saxon race. He faces great dangers and does brave deeds, quietly and quickly. He suffers and loves deeply, but says little. In his portrayal the possibilities of "repressed emotion" have been startlingly indicated. He appeals to Americans and English far more than the swaggering and loquacious, though more historic heroes of Dumas and his school ever can.

Much curiosity has been excited regarding Anthony Hope. The author's methods of composition and what may have suggested the very original plot are as yet unknown. Besides what we may get from his portrait, we are told that he is "a tall, thin, dark man, with a face that would be ascetic if it were not bubbling with humor." He is a lawyer, as other good romancers have been before him, and has chambers in the Middle Temple, a place made famous in fiction by Thackeray and on the stage by Pinero. His profession and politics are his chief concerns, and literature a diversion in his leisure hours. He is an extremely modest man, and in response to a request from his American publishers for autobiographical matter, gave the barest facts of his life. He expressed absolutely no opinion on literary canons or on his own work. There was, however, a rare sincerity and cordiality in his letters.

Anthony Hope Hawkins was born in 1863, his father being the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, London. He was educated at Marlborough, and at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was a scholar. At Oxford he was a hard worker and obtained first classes in Classical Moderations and in the School of Litteræ Humaniores, commonly known as "Greats." At this university, where he attained the degree of M. A. some eight years ago, he began to show an aptitude for public life, was a striking figure among his contemporaries, and became president of the Union. In 1892 he stood as a Liberal candidate for a seat in Parliament from the southern division of Buckinghamshire, but was defeated by Viscount Curzon.

* Biographical sketch from *A Change of Air*. Holt & Co.

His first book, *A Man of Mark*, was published in 1890, and was followed next year by *Father Stafford*, an interesting study of an Anglican priest's struggles between love and sense of obligation to his vow of celibacy. The pictures of his cheerless, ascetic life are marked by the sincerity conspicuous in Mr. Hawkins's later books. Some very thoughtful conversations on art and on religion are introduced.

In 1892 appeared *Mr. Witt's Widow*, a Frivolous Tale of a lady who had "harmonious contrasts," such as dark eyes and golden hair. It foreshadows power in plot-making that characterizes our author's later works.

In the spring of 1893 appeared *Sport Royal*, a collection of Mr. Hawkins's short stories, mostly from the *St. James's Gazette*. In *Half a Hero*, published last year, there are several foreshadowings of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. In both stories the scene is imaginary, but given realism by characteristics respectively of New Zealand and of Germany; in both, intrigues and heroism are conspicuous, though in the latter the author did not adopt the old device of giving his hero some bad qualities to make him human. *Half a Hero* contains much firm, crisp character-drawing, and a strong love interest, but has the slight taint of the "purpose novel," already noted in *Father Stafford*; in this case the discussion being politics.

Anthony Hope inherited refinement through a father in an exalted calling; he used his college advantages to the utmost, and now his interests are in living public affairs; and in his chosen calling as a lawyer, he has good opportunities to study life, and seems already to have well mastered the best elements of Anglo-Saxon character. From his work, he appears to have read widely and with a sympathetic eye for the merits of markedly diverse writers, which he seems to make his own. His style has the terseness and suggestiveness characteristic of Kipling, but without his harshness; and at times he shows a sense of beauty almost worthy of our own Hawthorne, and withal the military dash and snap of Lever. It would be strange if the foundation for the remarkably life-like colonists of *Half a Hero*, and the German officers of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, had not been laid by travel and the observation of their more or less remote prototypes.

A Change of Air, while containing much of its humor and snap, furnishes a marked contrast to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and is in a more serious vein, having a strong and tragic undercurrent, and not without an element of peril. Confining its occurrences pretty severely to the possible and generally probable, it nevertheless is highly original. Dale Bannister, the wild young poet, who commences by thoroughly scandalizing Market Denborough, is a most picturesque and uncommon character. The effect of his early principles on his later life is deftly indicated. The story moves on steadily, and while it teaches a lesson of moderation and charity, it does so entirely by the acts and thoughts of the characters, without any sermonizing on the part of the author. Some good authorities that have seen this book place it even above *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which we probably shall see on the stage next year, as the author has a friend busily engaged on its dramatization.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

*Walter Pater, England's
Finest Prose Writer*

Walter Pater, the eminent English essayist, died suddenly at Oxford, England, a few weeks ago, at the early age of fifty-five. Mr. Pater's first literary work, says the New York Times, was an essay on the writings of Coleridge, published in 1866. He published in 1873 *The Renaissance*, studies in art and poetry; in 1885, *Marius*, the Epicurean: His Sensations and Ideas; in 1887, *Imaginary Portraits: A Prince of Court Painters*, *Denys l'Auxerrois*; *Sebastian Van Storck*, *Duke Carl of Rosenmold*; in 1889, *Appreciations*, With an Essay on Style, critical essays on style, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, *Love's Labor's Lost*, Measure for Measure, Shakespeare's English Kings, Aesthetic Poetry, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and in 1893, *Plato and Platonism*. He had written a volume published shortly, *Three Short Stories: Hippolytus Veiled, Apollo in Picardy, Emerald Uthwart*. Critics placed him in a trio with Burne-Jones and William Morris and called them "The New Pre-Raphaelites."

Increase of men's happiness, redemption of the oppressed, enlargement of our sympathies and such a presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here—these were the aims of Walter Pater, but his gracefulness veiled his solemnity. He was an excellent scholar. He had the natural talents that often entail defiance of rule and indifference for the intellectual habits of others, but he acquired by rule and habit all that may be learned of ancient art and philosophy, and what he had acquired by docility and discipline had as much charm in his work as what was impulsive. Few writers have had this magic. It almost defies analysis. The style in the author's work reproduces exactly the author's impression as it came to him, and it is this impression which is inimitable. Pater was not, as he has been called, "a lapidary in words." He knew his language thoroughly, he never used a word which might have been advantageously replaced by another, but he gave more impressively than any other modern writer, except Maurice Barres in France, the sensation of the ideas which his words conveyed, in the very order in which they were formed in his mind.

His admirers were limited in number, but they worshiped him. About Plato he wrote of "the spirit of construction as opposed to what is literally incoherent or ready to fall to pieces, and, in opposition to what is hysteric or works at random, the maintenance of a standard." It is this spirit which animated Walter Pater's work—the matter of it as well as the form, for the two were inseparable. Those who have known him—delicate, sensitive, modest, inspiring—say that the man was sincerely reflected in his work. This sincerity was evident in the work itself. This sincerity should make even those that are not convinced that all art is individual, regard as one of the saddest losses that literature has made, the death at 55 years of age of Walter Pater. He was in the full maturity of his talent. He gave to literary criticism incomparable reviews; to art criticism, the most inspiring essays that one may read; and to philosophy, descriptions of Plato which were revelations. He has given an additional proof, if ad-

ditional proofs are needed, that the artist may pace only his mind in his work, and that, if his mind be pure, filled with love for mankind and ardently in sympathy with elevated ideals, his work shall be admirable. Even in the passages of Pater's works most impressively animated with the sole purpose to be beautiful, even in those that seem as purely objective as simple masterpieces of the Hellenes, the soul of humanity is revealed. This is why his works are, as he wished to make them, architectural details in the structure of life.

*Eugene Lee-Hamilton
and his Work*

A peculiar and pathetic interest, says the Critic, attaches to Sonnets of the Wingless Hours, by Eugene Lee-Hamilton (London: Elliot Stock). The author, like Heine, has his mattress-grave, to which he is confined by a painful and crippling disease. In this case, indeed, it does not seem to be true that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," for he finds a certain solace in describing the sports of his boyhood, the hills and fields and streams familiar to his youth. But much of his verse has received a gloomy tinge. He is patient, but without religious resignation; he braves, rather, "the author of the miscreated world" with the dull courage of the fatalist. He likens destiny to the "Eiserne Jungfrau" of the German castle, to Pizarro, cheating and murdering his helpless prisoner, to the Spanish soldiers tracking the Indians with their trained bloodhounds. Life's cup to him is bitter, and he will not pretend for courtesy's sake that he loves the draught. It is a strange and pitiful thing to see with what quaint and lovely fancies he dallies in his brighter moments. Now it is a bit of fairy-lore, anon a masterpiece of brush or chisel that lures his thoughts afar; nor is the play of his mind less free and swift than that of a man in health. The quality of his verse is wonderfully pictorial, and the striking imagery of sonnets like Faith, Eagles of Tiberius, A Spanish Legend, and The Wreck of Heaven will not readily be forgotten. Of other sonnets the modulated rhythm, with its hinted yearnings and sighs of "sweet self-pity," will haunt the memory like a strain of melancholy music.

*Mrs. Celia Thaxter and
her Work*

The Outlook gives this sketch of the life of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, who died suddenly on August 28: The peculiar charm of Mrs. Thaxter's poems was closely inwrought with her unusual life-history. Her knowledge and love of the Isles of Shoals (which lie not far from Portsmouth, on the rugged New Hampshire coast) began when she was a little child. Her father, the Hon. Thomas B. Loughton—a man of strong character in most ways, but of some eccentricities, and given to a pessimism born of disappointment and unfair treatment—retired to one of these islands some fifty years ago, and there took charge of a lighthouse. He used, it is said, to point out to his three children the distant New England shore, and to warn them that there lay "the wicked world." The little girl worked and played among flowers and birds and amid the wonders of sea and shore; and when she was allowed to help with the lighthouse lamp it was (she says) "a great pleasure that so little a child as I might do that

for the great world." There was the fresh poetry of life and nature all about, and this she absorbed until it became a part of herself, and hence her verse took on the simplicity and sincerity that distinguish the spontaneous from the artificial poet.

On Appledore, in these Isles of Shoals, most of her life was spent. There her father became the landlord of a quiet resting-place for seekers for health and beautiful surroundings, and the guests were generally of a rather select and intellectually interesting kind. The young girl found food for her mind as well as for her imagination. Soon, when she was but sixteen, came to her a romantic love-story with a happy ending. Her suitor, having been ordered off the island by her irascible father, built a hut on an adjacent islet, and continued his wooing with a pertinacity that won its reward. Thereafter Mrs. Thaxter saw more of the outside world, finding a congenial circle of cultured friends in Boston; but a large part of the year she still spent in Appledore, and there most of her books were written. She was a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other journals, and her prose was as delicate and sympathetic as her verse. Her first volume of poems was published in 1872; Among the Isles of Shoals in 1873, *Driftweed* in 1879, *Poems for Children* (Mrs. Thaxter had an inimitable gift of writing for and about children) in 1883, later volumes in 1886 and 1887, and, finally, her last volume, *An Island Garden* (1893).

Joanna E. Wood, Author of The Untempered Wind

The Untempered Wind Joanna E. Wood and published by Tait & Sons, is the author's first book. Her story, says Gilson Willets, has for its theme the struggles of a betrayed woman—a woman trying to live down the finger of scorn which is constantly pointed at her by those of her own sex. It is a case of one more pure woman faithfully presented, as Thomas Hardy describes his own Tess, though the object in the present story seems to be to show just how contemptible, how "hard" is woman upon woman. Miss Wood is handsome, not yet out of the twenties, with the intellectual type of face, black hair brushed straight back from the forehead, but with sufficient coquetry in dress to indicate that she is by no means a "woman's-righter" but is distinctly feminine. She speaks with charming frankness—the evident result of splendid health and bubbling animal spirits. She is a native of Scotland, removed in early life to one of our Southern States, and afterwards to a town in Canada about fifteen miles from Buffalo. Here, amid pastoral quietness, friends from the city cannot drop in off-hand, and naturally Miss Wood had many peaceful days to devote to thinking out and to writing her book. She had written a story or two, though she did not publish them. However, her brother encouraged her to send a few of them to a publisher. Picking up a newspaper haphazard she chanced upon the advertisement of Tait & Sons, and discovering that Mr. Tait himself was an author, thought for that reason he would be the most sympathetic of publishers. And so it proved. Mr. Tait liked her short stories and encouraged her to write a novel. She returned to her quiet country home, and six months afterward the manuscript of *The Untempered Wind* was in Mr. Tait's hands. Miss Wood has a broad and generous toleration of human weaknesses, and prefers to follow Thomas Hardy, George Moore and George Meredith rather than the

authors of *The Heavenly Twins*, *The Superfluous Woman*, *The Yellow Aster* and *Marcella*.

Miss Wood's book can be taken seriously. The story is simple, yet it is charmingly told. It is earnest and sincere. There are touches here and there that suggest a mind master of itself. There is a poetry of expression that suggests Hawthorne. There is a depth of thought and feeling that reminds us of George Eliot. There is a human element and a pathos that makes one think of Charlotte Brontë. Above all, there is a delightful style in simile and description that more than once pleases us as only Dickens can please. This may seem like an exaggerated estimate, but it is an honest one. This book deserves to live. There are one or two characters in it—notably a confirmed old reprobate—who will live. A reading from this book will be found on page 378. It is safe to prophesy Miss Wood will make a literary success with *The Untempered Wind*.

The Author of Lady Jane

Mrs. Jamison, the author of *Lady Jane*, says St. Nicholas, lives in New Orleans in a pretty cottage on St. Charles Avenue, where, surrounded by her pictures, books, and flowers, she leads a quiet, domestic life. Though by no means a recluse, she is not fond of society, except that of her friends, and the greater portion of her time is spent in study, writing, and other literary work. Though Mrs. Jamison writes so charmingly of children, she has no little ones in her household, save the dream-children embodied in the books which have made her famous. Mrs. Cecile Viets Jamison is a Canadian by birth, though her early youth was spent in Boston. Her supreme desire was to be an artist, and after receiving the best instruction America afforded, she spent several years travelling through Europe, perfecting herself in the study of art and visiting the renowned picture galleries of the old world. Writing had always been a favorite pastime with her, but she had at first no thought of making it a serious lifework. While living in Rome, Mrs. Jamison wrote her first book, *Woven of Many Threads*, a series of sketches of European travel in which a romance was deftly introduced. It was read to a small circle of friends, among them the poet Longfellow, who commended it highly and urged the young author to publish it. It was subsequently published by Fields, Osgood & Co., and was favorably received by the reading public. Mrs. Jamison continued for several years to devote herself to the two arts of painting and literature, and published successively *A Crown From the Spear*, *Ropes of Sand*, and *My Bonnie Lass*. In 1878 this gifted writer married Mr. Samuel Jamison, a prominent lawyer of New Orleans, and came to Louisiana.

How "Q." Took to Novel Writing

"It was in 1886," said Mr. Couch to an English interviewer, "that the idea of novel writing occurred to me. At that time I was a classical lecturer at Trinity, and was spending the long vacation at Petworth, in Sussex. I had got my lectures ready, and time hung rather heavily on my hands in that quiet place, when it occurred to me that I might write a story of the adventure kind. *Treasure Island* was very popular at that time, and the 'shilling shocker' was a power in the land, and I thought I would try my hand at something of the same kind. One day I sat down and began *Dead Man's Rock*. The thing seemed to go pretty easily, and by the end of the

vacation I had done about half of it, and had got my characters into a frightful mess. When I returned to Oxford a friend got hold of the manuscript, and advised me to finish the story. I got through it in the following Easter vacation in Cumberland, where I was climbing. Really after that there is very little to say. Mr. Lyttleton Jell, the manager of the Clarendon Press at Oxford, gave me an introduction to Cassell's. They accepted the book, and it came out in 1887. So you see I have no harrowing tale to tell of the early trials of authorship; it was very simple in my case." Journalism, too, has claimed Mr. Couch from the first, and he has worked for the *Speaker* since it was started.

Asked how he worked, Mr. Couch said that he was rather a slow worker. "When I am writing a story," he said, "I never do more than a thousand words a day, and sometimes it may not be more than a hundred and fifty words. I always devote the mornings to work. Whether the result is a thousand words or only a couple of sentences, I do not believe in waiting for inspiration; the effort must be made. The evenings I give up usually to other work, except on Wednesdays, when I do the article for the *Speaker*, which is sufficient for that day. I find that thought comes more readily when I am walking, and my stories and verses take shape more readily when I am out of doors. Some things, like the work on the serial publications for Cassell's, I find it best to dictate while walking about the room, and when I am engaged on these my wife acts as my amanuensis. Writing is usually a very painful business with me, but after I have been at work for a little time this feeling often wears off, and I get through a good deal. But that is not always the case." Mr. Couch's ambition is to write one big book—a novel which will stand some chance with posterity. This done, biography, for which he has a liking, and which, he says, minus the invention, requires much the same qualities as the writing of novels, would probably occupy his attention. As every one knows, Mr. Couch lives at Fowey—which, as Troy Town, he has familiarized to multitudes who have never seen it—with his wife and one little boy.

George Rex Graham and his Literary Friends With the death of George Rex Graham, says Kate Field's Washington, the last link is snapped which bound the literary America of a half-century ago with the literary America of to-day. Graham, it will be remembered, published the first ambitious magazine of original American literature ever attempted here, and made a fortune at it, besides introducing Bayard Taylor and other afterward eminent writers to the notice of the public. It seems odd, in these days of high prices, to reflect that Graham hired Edgar Poe for his managing editor at eight hundred dollars a year, or about sixteen dollars a week, and was considered recklessly liberal. Bayard Taylor opened his eyes wide when Graham handed him twenty-five dollars for the first two poems he ever wrote. "Surely," he exclaimed, "you are not going to pay me for them? Why, this is the first money I ever earned!" Longfellow sold his *Village Blacksmith* to Graham for fifty dollars, which was the highest price paid to either him or Bryant for any poem except in one instance—the Spanish Student brought one hundred and fifty dollars. Fenimore Cooper and G. P. R. James received as high as twelve and eighteen hundred dollars for serial novels, and N. P. Willis used to

turn in three-page sketches for fifty dollars each. At these rates Graham commanded the best talent in the market, and he made money so fast that once a friend seeing him in a restaurant, called out: "Come here, Graham, and put your hand on my table." "What for?" asked the successful publisher, wondering. "Because everything you touch turns to gold, and I want some."

Graham sent for Cooper once. Cooper called at the office and inquired, with a rather imperious air, what was wanted. "I want you to write me ten short stories of naval adventure." "Oh, I can't write for you," sneered Cooper, "you can't pay me enough." "How much would you charge?" "One hundred dollars a story—in advance." Cooper pronounced the last two words with deliberation, as if they settled the whole business in the negative. To his amazement, Graham calmly drew his check for one thousand dollars and handed it across the desk to his visitor. The stories were written, but there was no reason to suppose that they helped the magazine a penny's worth, as far as bringing subscribers or purchasers went. The news of the incident did spread abroad, however, and, in connection with other stories of the same sort, helped to advertise Graham as the prince of American publishers, and thus to "boom" his enterprise. Graham was in his eighty-first year at the time of his death.

Benjamin Kidd, Author of Social Evolution In analyzing the remarkable work on *Social Evolution* by Benjamin Kidd, who, at the time of the appearance of his book, was wholly unknown in the United States, says the *Literary Digest*, we intimated that it would be desirable to have some information about him. That information we find supplied in *The Review of Reviews*, London. He is, it appears, an Englishman, not more than thirty-five, employed in the British Civil Service, and residing in the suburbs of London. He began *Social Evolution* in 1888, and worked at it steadily for six years. It is his first book, although he has contributed articles, some of them signed, to various leading English magazines, most of the articles dealing with scientific subjects. In the chorus of praise which the book has received there has been heard one loudly discordant note. In the last *Edinburgh Review* there is an article, attributed to the Duke of Argyll, which has attracted almost as much attention as the book itself. The Duke, if he be the reviewer, finds Mr. Kidd's book paradoxical: "In describing the facts and aspects of society, whether past or present, it adopts, without qualification or protest, the most misleading and exaggerated language of the extremest Socialism. Yet it denounces all the remedies to which that Socialism looks, and condemns them as not only useless, but as tending only to accelerated decay and inevitable death. It asserts in one page the doctrine of the native equality of all men as peculiar to the ethical system upon which our civilization is founded, while in the next page it represents the whole population of tropical countries as so inherently inferior to the population of the temperate regions that these last must permanently rule and govern all the others from their own shores. It looks upon the most extreme and almost savage competition between individuals in the race of life as the only one cause and source of all improvement in human society, yet it pronounces not less strongly on the supreme value of that ethical agency which is now technically called 'Altruism,' this being the new and

very affected name for the old familiar things which we used to call charity, benevolence, and love."

Further, in the opinion of *The Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Kidd has tried to straddle two horses at once, his book being both Darwinian and Christian: "The whole language and phraseology of the book is moulded on that of Darwinian biology as a purely physical science, and on the assumption that this phraseology is as competent to account for the development of the mind of man and of human society as it is assumed by the author to be competent to account for the development of the physical frame of the lower animals. Yet it emphatically condemns Mr. Herbert Spencer and others for not seeing that the law of development which has prevailed among them is totally different from the laws of development which have prevailed in the development of man. In short, it speaks habitually in the tones and in the voice of the non-religious schools of modern thought. Yet it rebukes them for their blindness to the supreme power of religious faith, and—though holding absolutely aloof from every kind of special dogma or of special churches—it indicates the author's meaning when he speaks of religion by specifying Christianity as the one historical source of the saving salt of humanity, and the life and teaching of Christ himself as the one great fountain of all the transforming blessings it has conferred."

William M. Conway, Of Mr. Conway, whose book on the *Himalayan Explorer* Exploration in the Himalayas has just been published by the Appletons, the New York Sun says: William Martin Conway, vice-president of the Alpine Club, and at one time a professor of art in the University College of Liverpool, has recently made a daring and successful exploration of the Karakoram Himalayas. The Alpine Club combines in its members representatives of the sciences and the arts, and enthusiastic mountain climbers who enjoy climbing for the sake of climbing. Mr. Conway's explorations were in a region where nature is seen in her grandest and most awful shapes, where man presents the most curious studies in archaic types, and where strange religions meet; in a region, moreover, that is all but unknown. Mr. Conway started out well equipped for the work he had in hand. He had associates skilled in mountain climbing and in classifying the forms of animal life that he might find. The Indian Government gave him every facility for his explorations. Mr. Conway took with him an artist, two professional shikaris, four Goorka soldiers, the Hon. C. G. Bruce of the Fifth Goorkas, Zurbriggen, an experienced Swiss guide, and a lot of coolies as carriers. Mr. Conway met his first difficulty in crossing the Burzil Pass, on the new road from Srinagar to Gilgit. The pass itself was not actually formidable, but it was buried deep in soft snow and inexpressibly dismal. The coolies succumbed under their loads, and declared that they might as well die where they stumbled. From end to end of the long line of coolies there arose the cry of "Allah! Allah!" Though the travellers were sinking over their knees in snow the sun was scorching in its intensity. What they experienced then they had often to suffer afterward. The heat was intolerable. Mr. Conway says that it was not like ordinary severe heat. It was scorching and furious. All of the white members of his party were sunburned, not a few had threatenings of sunstroke, and at the same time there were many cases of snow blind-

ness. Half roasted with the reflection from the bare rocks before reaching Gilgit, they were tantalized by almost intolerable thirst. Gilgit, or Gilghit, is a province of western Tibet in part conquered by Cashmere, of which domain it forms the northwestern angle. It is one of the wildest mountain regions in the world.

There was not a drop of water in the explorers' bottles, and they could hear the river gurgling below in an inaccessible ravine. Before arriving at their destination this river had to be crossed by bark-rope bridges that made even the Alpine climbers dizzy. From Gilgit a long surveying excursion was made. Proceeding northward from Gilgit with many adventures, Mr. Conway explored the valleys of the Hunzas and Nagyrs. He found the recently subdued tribesmen extremely hospitable and friendly. He says that the Hunzas became robbers because they were exceptionally industrious and respectable. Their commune was well ordered and its soil irrigated and cultivated. But the cultivable land was limited, and when the population exceeded the productive power it took to raiding upon its neighbors and on the trade routes to Central Asia. Mr. Conway wanted to cross the Hispar, but he could obtain no information about it from the natives. The expedition reached the Great Pass by easy stages, delayed by the weather and the necessity of encamping on spots where all the fuel had to be fetched from a distance. The ascent was rather toilsome than perilous. When it was made, Mr. Conway says:

"The view ahead absorbed all our attention, for our fate lay in its grasp. It was beyond all comparison the finest view of mountains it has ever been my lot to behold, nor do I believe the world can hold a finer. * * * Before us lay a basin or lake of snow. * * * From the midst rose a series of mountain islands, white, like the snow which buried their bases, and there were endless bays and straits, as of white water, nestling among them. It was the vast blank plain that gave so extraordinary a character to the scene, and the contrast between this and the splintered needles that jutted their ten thousand feet of precipice into the air and almost touched the flat roof of threatening clouds that spread above them." At a height of 19,400 feet above the sea Mr. Conway munched his biscuit and smoked his pipe with few perceptible sensations of discomfort.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English, When Dr. Thomas Dunn English, *Author of Ben Bolt* entered Congress three years ago, says *Harper's Weekly*, the newspapers recalled that he was the author of *Ben Bolt*, and their comments upon it led for a time to the revival of that ditty, said to be the most popular ever written in this country. More lately Du Maurier has made the same old song freshly familiar to all readers of *Harper's Magazine* by putting it in the mouth (but not the ear) of Trilby. His allusions to it suggest an ignorance of its origin, which very many of his readers probably share. They will be interested in the genesis of *Ben Bolt* as furnished to the *Weekly* by an indisputable authority as follows: "In 1843 N. P. Willis and George P. Morris revived in another shape the *New York Mirror* under the title of the *New Mirror*. Willis, who knew Dr. Thomas Dunn English, then a young author, wrote to him requesting aid in their enterprise by a contribution, suggesting a sea song. English good-naturedly endeavored to comply with this request, but after laboring some time became satisfied,

as he grimly said, that the mantle of Dibdin had not fallen on his shoulders, and abandoned the attempt. But the name suggested reminiscences, some real, others imaginary, and he drifted into four and a half stanzas of the present song. At that point the muse refused to go any farther, and in despair the writer filled the vacuum by appending the first four lines of the rejected sea song. This patchwork, as he called it, he sent to Willis, saying in his note that if he did not like it he could burn it, and the author would send him something instead when he was more in the vein. The author thought so little of it that he merely appended his initials, giving it no title. Willis was struck with it, however, and printed the whole with commendatory lines. It was widely copied, and travelled not only over this country, but England and the British possessions. Dr. English thought it would make a good song, but all the musicians to whom he applied, except one, informed him that the lines were not fitted for music. This exception was Dominic H. May, of Washington, who made up an air, but that has probably been lost. English made an air himself, but a later one, better than his own, threw it one side for a time.

"In 1846 Charles Porter was running the Pittsburg Theatre, and some local playwright got up for him a piece called *The Battle of Buena Vista*. There was at that time in the company a young man named Nelson F. Kneass, brother to the then United States District Attorney at Philadelphia. Kneass, to the annoyance of his family, eschewed law and serious pursuits, and drifted into a minstrel troupe, and thence into Porter's Theatre. He had considerable taste in music, and a rather fine tenor voice, so that in song parts he was useful, although a very indifferent actor. Porter told him that if he could get up a new song he would cast him in the piece. A hanger-on of the theatre by the name of Hunt, who had read Ben Bolt in some English newspaper, where it had been copied, partly from memory, partly by adding a word here and a line there, gave Kneass three stanzas as they are generally sung to the popular air. The song was introduced, and while the drama soon dropped from sight Ben Bolt remained. It traveled with Kneass all over the country, was picked up by all the minstrel troupes, went to Australia and the Sandwich Islands, and wherever the English language was spoken; was sung in London, and had all kinds of parodies and replies among the street ballads of that city. Over 60,000 copies of the music were sold by Peters, who published it. Then others began to try their hands at fitting an air to it. English published his own air through Willis of Philadelphia in 1848. There were six others. None of these, however, obtained the popularity of Kneass's air, which he had taken from a German melody, although Getze published the original German air afterwards to the words. There have been claimants for the song, but they were speedily set at rest. Hunt for a while, on the strength of his mutilations, claimed the authorship, but when finally exposed by Willis, declared that it originally appeared in Campbell's *Monthly Magazine* for 1829. The utmost search, however, failed to find it. The headstone of Kneass's grave at Chillicothe, Missouri, gives him credit for the authorship. This is probably in consequence of his successful adaptation of the German air. More recently an Albany paper stated that it was written by Caleb Dunn, but that gentleman came out promptly and disavowed the authorship. Some years

since a newspaper credited it to Thomas Campbell. The facts of the authorship, are, however, as here stated, as any reader can verify for himself by consulting the bound volumes of the *New Mirror*, to be found in the various public libraries." The recent publication of a private collection of the poems of Dr. English, exclusive of *Battle Lyrics*, which are published by the Harpers in a separate volume, helps to make his responsibility for Ben Bolt a matter of timely interest.

*Mrs. Molesworth and
her Child Stories*

One of the most successful living writers for children is Mrs. Molesworth, whose latest story, *Mary*, was recently published by the Macmillans. The *Westminster Budget* says of her: Mrs. Molesworth was born in Holland, and spent most of her childhood and early girlhood in Manchester and Scotland. Her talent for story-telling seems to have been inherited from her Scotch grandmother, an old lady with a beautiful nature and a wonderful gift for interesting a child, especially in the telling of old-world fairy stories. As a child she read everything, and I remember her telling me her theory about children's reading, which struck me as at once wise and original. "I don't think," she said thoughtfully, "that a child under eight or ten years gets much harm from anything it reads. I remember when I was six or seven I read Sir Charles Grandison and a variety of old-fashioned novels; but I do think too much care and selection cannot be made in the reading of young people between the ages of ten and eighteen." It will not surprise anyone who has read the *Cuckoo Clock*, or *Carrots* to know that the writer of these books was born with a love of children and a love of story-telling. When quite little her delightful gift was in constant request amongst her own brothers and sisters, her favorite province in the art being that of fairy tales. After her marriage, with her own little one at her knees, her powers were again constantly put into requisition, chiefly, as she says, because twenty years ago there were so few books one cared to put into the hands of children. "I don't know that I should have thought of publishing the stories I wrote for my children if it had not been for a suggestion of my friend Sir Noel Paton. He seemed to think I had a power of making children interested and happy, and by his advice I sent something to one of the publishers, not really at that time caring much whether it was accepted or not. It was *Tell me a Story*, and it was accepted by Macmillan. Since then, for the last eighteen years, this firm have had one every year. My stories were nearly always read to my own children."

Like Anthony Trollope, she is a believer in regular work, in sitting down methodically at a certain time, and writing, whether feeling inclined or not to the task. Her own rule is to compel herself to write to the end of two pages. If by that time she finds she has not got into the spirit of her work she puts it aside, but, as a rule, she finds producing runs smoothly after the first effort. As regards style, she thinks a writer for children cannot be too fastidious: and she is in opposition to the modern theory that it is inartistic to write down to a child's level! Mrs. Molesworth is a sweet-faced, delicate-looking woman, her soft brown hair smoothly parted on her forehead, and her slight figure giving her a youthful air, which make it difficult to believe she is the mother of grown-up sons and daughters who are most devoted in their love for her.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE: PETITIONING THE KING*

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

O'er Thoule, in the olden day,
 A wise and mighty king held sway,
 Who, after storms of war had past,
 Peacefully ruled dominions vast,
 And in a castle strong and tall,
 With lofty towers and massive wall,
 By men-at-arms and knights attended,
 Dwelt in a state assured and splendid.
 Beloved this gentle king, because
 So kind his sway, so mild his laws;
 Justice he dealt throughout his State,
 Not merely to the rich and great,
 But patient heard and judged with care,
 As well the poor man's humble prayer.
 The lowest peasant in the land
 Might seek the throne of Aldobrand;
 And all, though mean, or even bad,
 Strict right and rigid justice had.
 Judges in every town he set
 Wherein injustice might be met,
 That fraud and crime might be controlled,
 And justice given to all, not sold.
 But yet he kept, lest wrong ensue,
 The power all cases to review;
 And on his castle high there hung
 A silver bell with iron tongue,
 A silken cord for ringing which
 Was at the gateway in a niche;
 And he, defrauded of his right,
 Might freely come, by day or night,
 And there the Bell of Justice ring,
 And so have audience of the king.
 But as the judges all were just,
 The bell grew black, its tongue had rust;
 Right so in all that land abounded
 That none had ever heard it sounded;
 And to its rope that useless hung
 An unpruned grapevine climbed and clung.
 One day it chanced at banquet there,
 The king reclining in his chair,
 Meats had been taken from the board,
 And generous wine for all outpoured,
 And when for minstrel, harp in hand,
 Who sang the deeds of Aldobrand,
 Throughout the hall loud plaudits rang,
 There came in air a sudden clang:
 The Bell of Justice, silent long,
 Pealed out in fitful notes and strong,
 And nobles, ranged that board around,
 Were startled at the unwonted sound.
 "Learn," said the king, "who asks our ear,—
 And bring the injured suppliant here.
 Gentle or simple, man or brute—
 At once we'll hear, and judge his suit."
 The seneschal, with wand in hand,
 Obedient to the king's command,
 Went forth, but soon returned and bowed,
 And said unto the king aloud:
 "I have not dared to bring, beau sire,
 The suppliant, as you bade me, here.
 An old white steed, so gaunt, so lean,
 The crows esteem his meat too mean,
 Turned out to die, it so befell,
 Cropping the vine-leaves, rang the bell."
 "Well," said the king, "the horse had need,
 What if he be a sorry steed—
 Old, gaunt, weak, friendless, and forlorn?
 Faithful his owner he has borne;

And now, with youth and strength gone by,
 Is heartlessly turned out to die.
 Who thus has recompensed the brute
 Shall answer to this suitor mute.
 Find me his master; bring me both;
 To judge the case I'm nothing loth."

It was not long ere in the hall
 A white-haired man, grim, lean, and tall,
 Ragged of dress, yet proud of port,
 Appeared before the king and court;
 And then they brought the courser white,
 Who whinnied at his master's sight,
 And placed his head with fondest air
 Upon the old man's shoulder there.
 "Speak," said the king, "and answer me,
 Why this unkind neglect by thee
 Of such a fond and faithful steed?"
 "O king!" he answered, "'tis from need!
 Freely I gave my arms and truth,
 To middle life from early youth,
 To one who, when I older grew,
 His favor from me then withdrew.
 Ill-fared the twain, my steed and I,
 Both in old age turned out to die."

"Now, by my faith as crowned king,"
 The monarch said, "I'll mend this thing.
 If in my realm the man shall be
 Who brought this twain to misery,
 Their honest service to requite,
 He shall be forced to do them right.
 Give me thy name and his, and he
 Shall make amends to thine and thee,
 Or find scant mercy at my hand."
 "My name is Rolph: his Aldobrand.
 When years ago this mighty realm
 The Keltic hordes would overwhelm,
 And give it o'er to blood and wrack,
 I led the force that drove them back,
 Pierced singly all their legions through,
 And on the field their leader slew.
 But old, dismissed from service, since
 No longer needed by my prince,
 The rags that cover me attest
 Whose deeds are fairest, fares not best;
 And if this steed of noble strain
 Drags to his end in want and pain,
 Not mine the fault that, worn and scarred,
 His age is wretched, life is hard."
 The monarch bit his lips, and said,
 "They brought me word Sir Rolph was dead;
 Their words shall not be false—what ho!
 Guards, there! let not this couple go!
 Thy worn-out war-horse in this ring
 Asks justice on thee from thy king.
 Perish, Sir Rolph; but from thy knee,
 Rise as the Count of Campanie;
 Castles and lands and honors fair
 Be thine, and velvet robes to wear;
 But as thou hast, with swelling port,
 Reproached thy monarch in his court,
 As punishment well due thy guilt,
 Be thou my guest whene'er thou wilt;
 My palace to thy entrance free,
 Come when or how thou mayst to me;
 And ever welcome to the stall,
 As is his master to the hall,
 The steed who served thy purpose well
 What time he rang the silver bell."

* From Dr. English's Select Poems.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

Errors of Authors.....In Literature, Past and Present.....Globe-Democrat

The queer mental obliviousness which sometimes leads men to forget or ignore facts which are perfectly obvious to everybody but themselves, and at most times to themselves also, has often been noted in the case of professional authors. It was while laboring under a fit of aberration that Macaulay, when speaking of the manner in which great minds discredited themselves when stooping to tasks beneath them, said that it would be unfair to estimate Goldsmith by the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or Scott by the *Life of Napoleon*. He wrote the lines with his own hand, himself re-read and revised it, then read and corrected the proofs, and after the review in which the article was published, the *Edinburgh*, of October, 1841, had appeared, it occurred to the author that he meant to have written "*History of Greece*" instead of "*Vicar of Wakefield*." Macaulay knew perfectly well what he wanted to write, but the familiarity of the expression made him oblivious to his real meaning, and, without intending to do so, he wrote "*Vicar of Wakefield*" from mere force of habit. Writers of fiction are peculiarly liable to error when stating matters of fact. It not infrequently happens that one part of the narrative fails completely to tally with another. Several such errors, caused by sheer forgetfulness, are to be found in *Robinson Crusoe*. When he wished to swim out to the wreck he feared that the distance would be too great if attempted with his clothes on, so he stripped and went out, and after his arrival, forgetting all about his nude condition, the author made him fill his pockets with biscuits from the ship's stores. A little later in the same connection he made Robinson mourn for the loss of his clothes, swept away by the tide, forgetful that there were several trunks of sailors' clothing on board the ship, to say nothing of the stores carried by the purser.

Shakespeare speaks of King John and his barons fighting with cannon, whereas these instruments of destruction were then entirely unknown; he causes one character to mention printing a couple of hundred years before the time of Gutenberg, and another to allude to striking clocks in the days of Julius Cæsar; he mentions a billiard table as part of the furniture of Cleopatra's summer palace, and causes Hector to quote Aristotle; he makes ridiculous blunders in geography, giving seaports to Bohemia, an inland country, and speaking of Delphos as an island. All these were probably blunders of ignorance, for in matters like these the great dramatist seldom rose above the common knowledge of his day; but in *Hamlet* there are two exceedingly curious mistakes evidently the result of pure forgetfulness. One is in the speech made by the ghost to Hamlet:

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, oh list!

If the passage has any meaning it must refer to the

story of the murder, which the ghost, in spite of his earnest assertion that he is forbidden to disclose, immediately proceeds to narrate.

In a popular novel of recent date the author decided to kill his victim with consumption, and then gave him all the symptoms of pneumonia. Wilkie Collins avoided blunders of this kind by a curiously practical method. When he wished to use sickness as a means of promoting the plot of his story he interviewed the family physician on the subject. In one of Massinger's plays a rival powders a bouquet with poison, a lady takes the flowers in her hand, her lover kisses the tips of her fingers and drops dead. Even Shakespeare is sometimes gravely in error when he undertakes to dispose of his characters by poisoning them, as witness the famous case of Hamlet's father, who, as the dramatist alleges, was murdered by having poison poured into his ears, and died without waking.

The "*Count of Monte Cristo*" is full of slips that could have occurred only through the author's forgetfulness. The fortune with which he endows his hero is enormous, being about \$4,000,000 to begin with, and, after years of the most reckless expenditure, after money has been scattered with both hands and in lavishly prodigal fashion, the author assures his readers in calm forgetfulness of the amount with which he started the count on his career, that the remainder is over \$10,000,000. Thackeray, who was exceedingly anxious to get everything right, was perpetually getting things wrong. Any reader who takes the pains to examine critically the works of the great English satirist, will find innumerable blunders, arising for the most part simply from carelessness. The names are mixed, the hero is sometimes called by the name of one of the other characters, and in at least one place an important personage is called by a name from another novel. This was Philip Firmin, whom he called Clive Newcome. Nor was this his worst blunder, for in another story he killed and buried old Lady Kew and later brought her again on the scene to round off a corner of the story.

George Eliot, whose knowledge of science is highly commended, in the *Mill on the Floss* makes the odd blunder of having the boat overtaken in midstream by a mass of drift floating at a more rapid rate than the frail craft, a physical impossibility. More than one astronomer has pointed out the mistakes Charles Reade has perpetrated in astronomy and geography. But Reade is not the only sinner in this particular. Howells sometimes makes a parade of his knowledge, and in one place in *Silas Lapham* alludes to the "rank and file" as synonymous with officers and men. Dean Swift speaks of Pennsylvania as a frozen, desert plain, a blunder that might be extenuated on the score of the ignorance prevailing in his time, and, for that matter, ever since, in England, of American matters; while Amelia B. Edwards, in *Hand and Glove*, mentions "an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

The unlucky author of *Don Quixote*, writing in his cellar-jail, with the stone window ledge for a desk, could not be expected to have the accuracy of a scholar, and the circumstances under which his great book was written no doubt furnish at least a partial explanation

of its innumerable oversights and blunders. With regard to Mambrino's helmet, i.e., the barber's basin, we are told that when the galley slaves attacked the Don they took the basin from his head and broke it all to pieces. A little further along, Sancho had the basin, intending to get it mended; still further, it is again mentioned as "broken into a thousand pieces," and the same day the Don comes in to the company at the inn with the basin on his head. In one place we are assured that Gines de Passamonte stole Dapper, Sancho's donkey, and a few lines further on it is stated that "Sancho, seated on Dapper, jogged on leisurely after his master." Sancho left his wallet at the tavern where he suffered the blanket tossing, and a little later had his greatcoat stolen by the galley slaves, but a short time after, finding a port-manteau in the mountains, he crammed the gold into his wallet and put the linen into his greatcoat pockets. So careless was the author that in one place he makes a large party eat two suppers in one evening.

The Sardanapalus is an imaginative, not an historical performance, and when he wrote it Byron must have known perfectly well that the Sardanapalus of history was an entirely different character from the one he is supposed to be in Byron's drama. When speaking of Xerxes' ships, about 1,200 in number, Byron multiplies them into thousands. Nor is he entirely correct in his geography, for he alludes to Taos as an island, whereas it is a seaport in Asia Minor. Greene, the dramatist, speaks of Delphos as an island of Greece, but Delphos is an inland city, as he might have learned by consulting any map or other books of reference. Longfellow makes as bad a mistake as any when, in an effort to be classical, he crowns the death angel with amaranth, the flower of life, and the life angel with asphodels. Longfellow simply got the two mixed. The phenomena of the moon's changes are, however, of a nature that seem to befog the poetic mind to an incredible extent. Rider Haggard, for instance, in his romance, *King Solomon's Mines*, tells of an eclipse that took place at the new moon, a blunder that was not much worse than that of Dickens, who speaks of the new moon in the east in the evening, and Besant hardly improves on the situation when, in the *Children of Gibeon*, he makes a new moon come above the eastern sky at two o'clock in the morning. So, also, Coleridge gets his ideas of the moon fearfully confused when, in the *Ancient Mariner*, he speaks of a new moon rising in the east with a bright star between her horns. Trollope was heartily laughed at by his acquaintances for causing Andy Scott to "come whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth." Annoyed at their gibes, he claimed that the thing was quite possible, that anyone could whistle with a cigar in his mouth; but after vainly making the attempt to achieve the feat, he yielded the point, and in the next edition left out the cigar.

But of all the writers who attempted to make a show of learning, Ouida is perhaps the worst. She makes up her mythology in the most reckless manner. She causes prayer to be offered to Sappho, supposing her to have been a goddess, and makes Minerva a Greek lady of the time of Pericles. She confuses Pluto and Plato, and considers the latter the deity of the infernal regions, while the former was supposed to be the quiet philosopher. One of her characters lives in a castle at the top of an almost inaccessible Alpine peak, while another, in an equally out of the way location, has a library of a

million volumes, a number that could not be properly housed in the largest office-building in town. Dickens lived in a lower world than that of Ouida, but some of his ideas were just as wild. Everybody remembers the drunkard in "Bleak House," who died from spontaneous combustion, but everybody does not remember the controversy Dickens had with the doctors about the possibility of such a thing. The novelist declared that he was right, and adduced historical cases to prove it, but the doctors laughed at him and his history, alleging that the stories of such incidents were sheer fabrications. But Dickens could never be convinced that he was wrong, though all medical and physical science was arrayed against him. He could not be argued out of a mistake, though a laugh of ridicule was much more effective. In *Nicholas Nickleby* he set the boys of Squeers' school to hoeing turnips in the dead of winter, and when the reviewers became merry over this little slip Dickens made haste to change the sentence.

But the English Homers nod far more frequently than would be supposed. It was Lee who made the Carthaginians in Hannibal lose their money at playing cards; it was Otway who represented Spartan nobles at a drinking bout; it was Rymer who fitted out a Saxon heroine with patches on her face. It was Warren who, in *Ten Thousand a Year*, makes a most remarkable slip in a matter of law, although he himself was a practicing lawyer. It was Wolfe, the author of *Burial of Sir John Moore*, who spoke of the "struggling moonbeams' misty light," when it was mathematically demonstrated that there was no moon that night, and all the testimony of the eyewitnesses went to show that the burial took place in broad daylight, and was interrupted by a heavy fire from the French artillery. It was Walter Scott who made the knights of Richard I. converse with the knights of William the Conqueror. It was Allison who, when he came to the French expression "*droit de timbre*," stamp duty, thought it properly translated by "timber duties." It was Akenside who spoke of viewing the Ganges from the heights of the Alps, and Moore who tells of the sunflower turning toward the sun, when it does nothing of the kind. Nor were authors in other languages more fortunate. It was Schiller who, in a drama of a time hundreds of years ago, told how the houses were protected by lightning rods. It was Virgil who made Æneas enter a port which had no existence until hundreds of years after his time, a blunder about equal to that which an American historian might make if he caused Henry Hudson to sail up the river which bears his name in a steamboat. Even the writers of the Scriptures were not always at their best, for in the thirty-sixth verse of the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah it is written, "Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four score and five thousand: and when they arose in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."

The Mania for Writing.....Eugene Mouton.....Public Opinion

Notwithstanding the innumerable varieties of books which have been produced in the universe during the march of the centuries, they may all be divided into three well-defined groups—technical books, historical books, and all remaining ones which treat of an idea under any form whatever. It is the last class alone which we shall consider, for this is the only one where

a topic may be viewed on all sides at the pleasure of the writer's imagination. In scientific, technical, or professional matters, the subject and its application form the entire substance of the book; in historical matters, even if opinions are optional, exactness of facts is absolutely necessary; the source is always the same, and proceeds from the general impulse which makes science, history, and the ever unfinished collection of documents which belong to them, march at the same pace. There then remain, which leaves a field sufficiently vast, the books of imagination or of genius on religion, philosophy, politics, art, poetry, the theatre and romance, which more particularly constitute literature; and it is in these alone that we can dabble without restraint. It would take several folio volumes to describe the manner in which authors conceive the project of writing a book, and that in which they execute it. But a few examples will suffice to prove that, in spite of the infinite diversity of minds and subjects, this inspiration always comes from three principal sources. These are: First, genius—this is very rare; second, to put into writing the desire to pass one's life in idleness; third, the hope of earning money, honor, and glory. Under the compulsion of one or more of these motives, people, excepting the theologians, scholars, and pedagogues, conclude that they are inspired, and that it is absolutely necessary to give free course to the genius which is stifling them.

As disease first takes hold of weak bodies, so this mania for writing seizes on weak minds and indolent characters. The disease begins with verses; if it becomes chronic it is a case of poetry; if it turns to love or psychology it is a romance which afflicts. These being the most frequent among writers, we will take them as the subjects of our observation. We leave out of the question, however, the books of plagiarists. To put one's name to a book made by another or to place it at the head of a package of gleanings, may be to earn money, but it is not to write. The idea of a romance or a piece of verse always comes from a reflection or a sentiment evoked by some real fact which one has witnessed or heard, and it is in developing, in modifying this fact, in transposing its connections or proportions that one lays the foundation to be embellished afterward. Notes, more or less extensive, are taken, a plan is sketched, then you occupy yourself with other things. For days, for weeks, for months you think your romance forgotten. That is a mistake: you have only lost sight of it. But it is always in a corner of your brain, and it works on of itself. I underscore these last words, because nothing is more mysterious nor more certain than this unconscious elaboration of an idea which has taken possession of the brain, and which turns, revolves, digests the idea as the stomach digests food, without our knowledge. That which voluntary reflection cannot do for us, thought performs, and some fine day, without any warning, having by chance some paper before you, a certain note is touched, you observe it and see your romance as if written from beginning to end.

Behold, then, an author at his desk; the paper is spread out before him, the ink bottle is filled, the pen sharpened, and after that till the end of the work the author occupies himself with that single thought, however he may write, read over, erase, add, or take out. But here they all are, the resources and difficulties, happy inspirations and desolating deficiencies, commencing to push and pull and struggle in the poor brain

of that unfortunate. He is like King Dagobert on the porch of St. Denis, between the demons who wish to drag him to Hades and the angels who strive to carry him to Paradise. The plan was irreproachable, everything in its perfect order, and behold, the thread becomes tangled, then entirely broken, and nothing remains. Even the furnishings of the writing-room have an enormous influence on intellectual work. I know one author who can only write with a quill, because he considers that a steel pen makes his style homely and his images meagre. Outside of these extraordinary methods, which, peculiar to certain authors, cannot be considered as models, there is certainly a method to follow which should be better than all others. It is difficult to define this, because the same one would not agree with different moral and physical temperaments. But if it is not possible to give a receipt for doing good work, one can at least advise against certain habits, which, born of idleness, pretension or pecuniary necessity, will never lead to success.

The Interpretation of Life.....J. Zangwill.....Pall Mall Magazine

Bacon defined history as philosophy teaching by example; and the realistic novel is sociology teaching through the concrete. The aim of the realistic novel being to give the impression of life, it is above all necessary that the author should be a careful observer of life, should understand the stuff of which it is made. Is it possible to render life, and yet omit the humor which softens it for all of us? In a short story be as tragic as you will; but to deal with great tracts of life in the epical shape of a long realistic novel, and to miss the humor of the thing, is surely to fail. The realistic novel, we know from Zola, that apostle of insufficient insight, is based on "human documents," and "human documents" are made up of "facts." But in human life there are no facts.

This is not a paradox, but a "fact." Life is in the eye of the observer. The humor or the pity of it belongs entirely to the spectator, and depends upon the gift of vision he brings. There are no facts, like bricks, to build stories with. What, pray, in the realm of human life, is a fact? By no means a stubborn thing, as the proverb pretends. On the contrary, a most pliant, shifting, chameleon-colored thing, as flexible as figures in the hands of the statistician. What is commonly called a fact is merely a one-sided piece of information, a dead thing, not the series of complex, mutually interworking relations that constitutes a fact as it exhibits itself to the literary vivisectionist. I walked with a friend in a shabby district of central London, a region that had once been genteel, but was now broken up into apartments. Squalid babies, with wan, pathetic faces, pullulated on the doorsteps; they showed from behind dingy windows at the breasts of haggard women. The fronts of the houses were black, the plaster had crumbled away, the paint had peeled off. It was the ruins of a minor Carthage, and, like Marius, I was lost in mournful reverie; my companion remarked, "These houses are going up; they now pay 7 per cent." He was perfectly justified. There are a hundred ways of looking at any fact. The historian, the scientist, the economist, the poet, the philanthropist, the novelist, the anarchist, the intelligent foreigner—each would take away a different impression from the street, and all these impressions would be facts, all equally valid.

Life, I repeat, is in the eye of the observer. What is farce to you is often tragedy to the actual performer. The man who slips over a piece of orange peel, or chases his hat along the muddy pavement, is rarely conscious of the humor of the situation. On the other hand, you shall see persons involved in heartrending tragedies to whom the thing shows as farce, like little children playing in churchyards or riding tombstones astride. To the little imps of comedy, who, according to Mr. Meredith, sit up aloft, holding their sides at the spectacle of mankind, to the

Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdities of men,
Their vaunts, their feats, . . .

human life must be a very different matter from what we poor players on the scene imagine it; we are cutting a very different figure, not only from that which faces us from the mirror of vanity, but from that which is "as iters see us." Not only, then, may our tragedy be comedy; our comedy may be tragedy. The play of humor at least suggests these alternatives. Life is Janus-faced, and the humorist invests his characters with a double mask; they stand for comedy as well as for tragedy; Don Quixote wears the buskin as well as the sock. Humor, whose definition has always eluded analysis, may, perhaps (to attempt a definition *currente calamo*), be that subtle flashing from one aspect to another, that turning the coin so rapidly that one seems to see simultaneously the face and the reverse, the pity and the humor of life, and knows not whether to laugh or weep. Humor is, then, the simultaneous revelation of the dual aspects of life; the synthetical fusion of opposites; the gift of writing with a double pen, of saying two things in one, of showing shine and shadow together. This is why the humorist has always the gift of pathos; though the gift of pathos does not equally imply the gift of humor. The tragic writer must always produce one-sided work, so must the "funny man" that is only a "funny man" and not a humorist (though this is rarer). Each can only show one side of life at a time; the humorist alone can show both. Great novels of romance and adventure, great works of imagination, great poems, may be written by persons without humor; but only the humorist can reproduce life. Milton is great; but the poet of life is Shakespeare. Thus the whole case of "realism" falls to the ground. There being no "facts," Zola's laborious series is futile; it may be true to art, but it is not true to life. His vision is incomplete, is inexhaustive; it lacks humor, and to the scientific novelist the lack of humor is fatal. He is the one novelist who cannot succeed without it. Leave out humor, and you may get art and many other fine things, but you do not get the lights and shadows or the "values" of life.

All novels are written from the novelist's point of view. They are his vision of the world. They are not life, but individual refractions of it. The "ironical pessimism" of Thomas Hardy, as Grant Allen calls it, is as false as the sentimental optimism of Walter Besant or the miso-androus meliorism of Sarah Grand. What Hall Caine (in his essay prefixed to Mr. Mackenzie Bell's fascinating monograph on Whitehead) happily calls "the scenic view of life" of Dickens, is no more true than the philosophic view of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Each is existence viewing itself through a single medium. Tess of the

D'Urbervilles is as false as Lorna Doone or Plain Tales from the Hills. Life, large, chaotic, inexpressible, not to be bound down by a formula, peeps at itself through the brain of each artist, but eludes photography. This is the true inwardness of the Proteus myth. The humorist alone, by presenting life in its own eternal contradictoriness, by not being tied down to one point of view, like his less gifted brother, comes nearest to expressing its elusive essence. The great novelists are Fielding, Cervantes, Flaubert, Thackeray. But all the novelists supplement one another, and relatively-true single impressions of life go to make up a true picture of

Life, like a dome of many colored glass.

It is because there are all novels and every aspect of existence in Shakespeare that he sits supreme, the throned sovereign of the literature of life.

All this is writ to console those who suffer too poignantly from book-tragedies and "pictures of life." The artist selects, he studies tone and composition, whereas in real life tragedies are often accompanied by "extenuating circumstances." The unloved girl temporarily forgets her sorrow in the last new novel, or a picnic up the river; the broken-hearted hero betakes himself to billiards and brandy-and-soda, or toys with a beefsteak. Again, many pathetic tales are the outcome of imperfect insight. The novelist imagines how he would feel in the shoes of his characters, and cries out with the pain of hypothetical bunions. This mistake better deserves the name of "the pathetic fallacy" than the poetic misreading of Nature to which Ruskin has annexed it. A good novel may be made out of bad psychology; indeed, this is what most novels are made of. Yet the gentle reader, misled by the simulation of life, makes himself miserable over dabs of black ink on white paper. The failure of two imaginary beings to unite their lives in wedlock brings unhappiness into myriad homes. How delicious is that story of the German novelist who, having failed to unite his leading couple at the conclusion of a newspaper serial, saw no way of appeasing the grief and indignation of his vast audience save by inserting in the advertisement columns of a later issue of the journal an announcement of their union under the usual head of "Marriages!"

The Reading Habit. . . . A Study in Literary Dissipation. . . . London Speaker

There are certain simple-seeming questions which open up such a gulf between questioner and questioned that they tend to act as a sudden extinguisher upon conversation; and the commonest of these is the inquiry "Do you like reading?" It is generally a young lady who asks it, a young lady who adores Mrs. Henry Wood, and reads Kingsley, but finds him rather deep. One cannot well reply—"My dear young lady, do you care about breathing?" Yet the truth is, books are to a great many of us one of the accepted factors of life; one likes this book or that book, one distinguishes between novels and Bridgewater treatises, but one takes it for granted that one must read something. This is all very well, but why the people who have contracted this particular habit should account themselves superior to those who are free of it is not so clear. In point of fact, reading people, if they begin to write, find that bookish folk are just the least interesting to write about, for the reason that they have accustomed themselves to take their sensations and beliefs at second hand. The

experience which is gained by way of books, contrasted with that acquired in actual life, or even by the spectacle of it, is like some of these modern goods ready digested and prepared; it is compact, it is serviceable, but it is neither succulent nor interesting.

Many people are inclined to make mere extent of reading a test of education. It would be as reasonable to value an estate simply by acreage. One may almost assert with confidence that the man who has read most, among men who read, cannot be the best-educated man, because he must have robbed nature in other ways to attain this superiority. The man who has read most, in short, will probably be the slave of a vicious habit that has engrossed to itself all the faculties of his being. Our grandfathers and grandmothers were brought up to think it impolite to read in the drawing-room after dinner, even in the domestic circle, whereas tatting, crochet, cross-stitch embroidery, or round games were laudable occupations, and conduced to sociability. The present generation, confronted occasionally with these ideas, rebels at the necessity of making small talk or playing backgammon. Yet if we find a difficulty in the business, it is ten to one but this is due to the unsociable habit of reading. It is a paradox to say so, but probably no great reader is a good talker, unless he be in continuous and lively contact with active life, as Scott, for instance, never ceased to be. He may be a sayer of pointed things, he may only too probably be a declaimer of drawing-room harangues; but he will not be a talker with whom all men and women delight to hold converse. As a general rule, the best school for talk is an outdoor life, that stimulates the observation and involves intercourse with many varieties of mankind. Busdrivers and gamekeepers are good instances, and the country clergy have great opportunities if their faculty of humor survives; there probably never was a time for the last hundred years when Ireland had not at least one priest with a reputation for wit that went across the water. Of indoor workers, undoubtedly bookish men are, in proportion to their intelligence, the worst of all company: unless one should make a special class for mathematicians, who waste sunshine over volumes devoid even of a shadowy human interest—"biblia abiblia," as Lamb put it—books that are no books.

Too often a great scholar, who is a scholar and nothing more, becomes a being to be pitied, almost like an opium-eater. He is under the tyranny of a habit that peoples his mind with shadows which shut out the fresh realities or kill them by their chilly presence. His outward senses are torpid, and human beings wear to him an indiscriminate aspect. He has lost touch with existence, and can no longer check, by the shock and recoil of feeling, the solidity of his theories. Is he pessimist, is he optimist, the voice of life can neither confute nor establish his doctrines. He may write learnedly of the systems of monogamy, but he has forgotten what it is to be in love, unless, like the French disputant in the story, he has never had the experience. Does he think? Not the confirmed reader, for he knows it has all been thought before; and, besides, his brain, over-drenched with learning, has grown indolent and passive; it refuses to initiate: it is receptive merely. In short, reading, if it be carried to excess, becomes no better than a lazy substitute for thought; it is a kind of mental gluttony that inevitably produces a state of mental torpor from continued mental indigestion.

Yet if it be a vice, reading is a darling sin. Every man has his own light reading; the student of Coptic may relax his mind over a newly discovered Syriac version of the Gospels. But in a general way our quest for pleasure leads to the chronicles of men and their doings, whether set down by Thackeray or Pepys, by Scott or Boswell; and what hours in life go more pleasantly than those we spend over a good novel or a piquant memoir? The true reader has this immense advantage over the mere devourer of books, that whoever has the genuine feeling for literature can read and re-read the same masterpieces indefinitely, no more wearying of their phrases than of familiar accents and well-known opinions in the mouth of an old and valued friend. *Vanity Fair* and the *Three Musketeers* are perennially delightful to those who have the honor to appreciate them. The amateurs of the circulating library are not to be contented without something new from Africa or elsewhere, and their life goes by in a wearing process of experimentation and a fleeting succession of ill-realized romances. They have no friends upon the bookshelves; they are not admitted into the choice society of books where the ghosts of great authors, awakening at the practiced touch among the leaves, descend to hold "invisible converse with their votaries." Will Shakespeare impart his presence at the first reading of *Hamlet*? or does Scott reveal his large humanity, his high and chivalrous breeding, and his other noble characteristics, upon a careless turning over of the leaves of *Waverley*?

It is hardly to be admitted that the elect reader will care to hear books read aloud, though he may very probably like reading aloud himself; indeed, it is scarcely possible to get the full effect of verse otherwise. He may even enjoy the rendering of a finely musical passage in a harmonious and well-disciplined voice; but, upon the whole, in reading he will resent the interposition of any third person between himself and the familiar pages. "Heard harmonies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." It is doubtful even whether a woman enjoys love-poetry read to her by her lover and not rather the lover's voice. Plays, it is true, are written to be acted; but if the play be a poem, something of the impalpable spirit, the subtle fire of poesy escapes in the material rendering; and to feel the inward soul of books is a pleasure for which men might willingly imperil their salvation. For it is the reading of literature that is the only true reading, the only reading that cannot cramp or distort the mind, though it may turn it into a kind of Lotus-land fatal to energy; and by comparison with the study of literature, all other kinds of reading are base and mechanical. What an amazing view of education it is, that which would do away with free libraries because the bulk of books read in them consist of works of fiction! Apparently these moralists would have the workingman unbend his mind over an economic treatise or a volume of sermons. The genial influence of literature, and its innocuous nepenthe for sorrows, they slight and overlook, to foist off upon us metaphysics—that arid nurse of intellectual arrogance—or a scientific treatise doomed to be exploded or re-written the year after next. If we must read for education (save the mark!) and not to please ourselves, at least let us read something warranted to last; and the least transient of all earth's immortalities is the immortality of literature.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

You and I.....Frank L. Stanton.Atlanta Constitution

Few days, in afterthought retain
Those quiet charms which long remain,
But never can my soul forget
The fragrant hour when first we met.
'Twas not beneath the mellow moon,
But close upon the hour of noon
And 'neath the sultry August sun
Our shadows melted into one.
The birds interpreted our glee
In songs of sweetest minstrelsy;
The air, enriched with nature's bloom,
Pulsed by in waves of sweet perfume;
No shadow marred the peaceful sky
And we were happy—you and I.

The flush was on your rosy cheek,
I tried—but, oh, I could not speak—
And yet, those soft bewitching eyes
That charmed me with their hazel skies,
Still move me at this later day
In written words at least to say:
Though other eyes my own have met
Their spell lies on my spirit yet.
In dreams I wander back again
Among the scenes which charmed us then,
And this regret I must avow:
That we are not among them now;
Too swiftly passed the moments by,
For we were happy—you and I.

But why go back to moments fled
When sweeter hours smile ahead?
Oh, may it ever be through life
Our very dreams devoid of strife,
Our lives—a solitary stream—
Flow on forever like a dream—
No sorrow small enough to hide;
No bliss too simple to divide;
No secret from ourselves apart;
Each templed in the other's heart!
So when the cypress shades appear
And death, amid their gloom, draws near,
Our souls unawed may still defy
His strength to part us—you and I.

Bringing our Sheaves with us.....Elizabeth Akers Allen.....Poems

The time for toil has past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain:—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
“Master, behold my sheaves!”

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility,—
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Meeting.....Arthur L. Salmon.....Chambers's Journal

So take my hand, and let all lingering cloud
Be chased away.
I would have loved you, dear, had you allowed,
Nor said me nay;
I would have cherished you through all the years—
Have stood beside
To kiss your eyelids when they well with tears;
But you denied.
I would have given my life to save a pain,
To ease a woe—
Have brought a love which time should test in vain;
But you said no.

Enough of idle words and useless blame!
All that is past.
To our brief dream of summer-tide there came
A biting blast;
And one bowed to the eastward, one the west.
So torn apart,
We lost the chance to bless and to be blest,
Heart driven from heart.
You thought me faithless, and I thought you cold—
Alas, the pain!
All is forgotten, darling, now I hold
Your hand again.
We know that both were foolish, one was wrong
And both were true;

We know that both have suffered much and long.
O love, we knew
That all must yet be righted, soon or late,
Ere we should die;
And so we were content to pray and wait,
Both you and I.

Content if but one pressure of the hand,
Before the night,
Should tell us all that we could understand,
And give us light;
Content if doubt and pain should pass away
Into the glow
Of sunset's perfect peace. O darling, say
It has been so!

And we can rest untroubled now, and see
The sun descend:
No more of cloud to sever you and me
Until the end;
No more of selfish doubt or mad distrust
And troth undone;
But we shall pass beyond the “dust to dust”
Two souls in one.

Good-by..Philip Bourke Marston..Lover's Year Book of Poetry (Roberts)

Good-by, good-by! It is the sweetest blessing
That falls from mortal lips on mortal ear,
The weakness of our human love confessing,
The promise that love more strong is near.
May God be with you!

Why do we say it when the tears are starting?
 Why must a word so sweet bring only pain?
 Our love seems all-sufficient till the parting,
 And then we feel it impotent and vain.
 May God be with you!

Oh, may He guide and bless and keep you ever,
 He who is strong to battle with your foes;
 Whoever fails, His love can fail you never,
 And all your need He in His wisdom knows.
 May God be with you!

Better than earthly presence, e'en the dearest,
 Is the great blessing that our partings bring;
 For in the loneliest moments God is nearest,
 And from our sorrows heavenly comforts spring,
 If God be with us!

Good-by, good-by! With latest breath we say it,
 A legacy of hope and faith and love.
 Parting must come, we cannot long delay it;
 But one in Him, we hope to meet above,
 If God be with us.

Good-by! 'Tis all we have for one another;
 Our love, more strong than death, is helpless still!
 For none can take the burden from his brother,
 Or shield, except by prayer, from any ill.
 May God be with you!

A Vanished Face...Rev. James B. Kenyon...Northern Christian Advocate

Still as of old the morning breaks;
 The brook delays its mimic flood,
 And in its soft embrace it takes
 The ivy-mantled wood.

Within the elm the robin sings;
 The lilac blooms beside the bars;
 And through the shadows evening brings
 Look down the early stars.

And day by day the cheerful sounds
 Arise of those who sow or reap,
 Who wake to tread life's common rounds,
 And turn again to sleep.

The seasons come and go apace,
 And naught is changed my eye can see;
 But in its grave lies one dear face
 That was the world to me.

Alone.....Frances R. Haswin.....Boston Transcript

Alone when the day is dawning,
 Alone when the night dews fall;
 Under the veil at the bridal,
 Under the gloom of the pall,
 Behind impenetrable barriers
 To work out its life of dole,
 From its first faint cry till the hour to die
 Is the doom of each mortal soul.

First tender thought of the mother
 Who brings us forth in pain,
 As she looks in the eyes of her offspring
 Some clew to its soul to gain.
 "Of what is my baby thinking,
 With that gaze intent and wise?"
 But ever remains the mystery,
 And never a voice replies.

Alone is the child in his sorrow
 Over the broken toy;
 Alone is the stricken lover,
 Mourning a vanished joy;
 Alone is the bride at the altar,
 Alone the bridegroom stands.

With his hidden life between them,
 That—and their plighted hands.

Alone lies the wife, with the canker
 Of blighted hope in her heart;
 Alone is the husband dreaming,
 Of balked ambition's smart;
 And so from the birth to the burial,
 From the first to the latest breath,
 In crowded streets, on lonely steeps,
 The soul goes alone till death.

Trust.....Faith in Trial and Sorrow.....London Evening Magazine

I cannot see, with my small human sight
 Why God should lead this way or that for me;
 I only know He hath said: "Child, follow me;"
 But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
 So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;
 I only know God could keep wide the door;
 But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset
 With questions fierce and subtle on my way,
 And often have but strength to faintly pray;
 But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
 I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
 If ripened fruit for God will there be found;
 But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
 Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
 But this I know, God watches all my path—
 And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
 That hides the unknown future from my sight!
 Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
 But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
 To see while here the land beyond the river;
 But this I know, I shall be God's for ever;
 So I can trust.

Too Late.....Nora Perry.....Lover's Year Book of Poetry (Roberts)

What silences we keep year after year
 With those who are most near to us and dear!
 We live beside each other day by day,
 And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
 The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach
 Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go,—
 These close familiar friends, who loved us so;
 And sitting in the shadow they have left,
 Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,
 We think with vain regret of some fond word
 That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed
 Now seems beside the vast, sweet, unexpressed;
 And slight the deeds we did, to those undone;
 And small the service spent, to treasure won;
 And undeserved the praise for word and deed
 That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life,—to be
 Full-visioned only when the ministry
 Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
 Of some dear presence is but empty space.
 What recollected services can then
 Give consolation for the "might have been?"

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

Scars of the Conflict.....T. W. Higginson.....*Harper's Bazar*

An accomplished woman, a teacher by profession and a hearty reformer, once told me, some fifteen years ago, that she scarcely knew any woman who had accomplished much in the world without showing some scars of the conflict, some traces of a struggle passed by. This, she thought, was in the nature of things, but only as a temporary affair. Not being one of those women who miss no opportunity of urging that none of their sex can ever accomplish anything outside the nursery, she reasonably saw in these scars something that will disappear by and by, when women no longer need to do any special fighting. It is easy enough for a veteran physician, for instance, if a man, to be as kindly and genial as if he had never held a lancet or prescribed a pill; but if the veteran physician be a woman, she still represents the period when she had to run the gauntlet of jeering fellow-students, and to face dastardly professors, who made their lectures needlessly indecent in order to drive her away. Many women lived and persevered through these things, but they were almost superhuman if they showed no traces of the conflict. "Bleeding feet, my sisters," said one of the women orators of the anti-slavery platform, "have worn for you the paths you now tread so easily." It must be remembered that long after the colleges had begun to be opened to women they were often still administered by men who held to the old spirit of contemptuous hostility. The president of a New England college, which had recently become co-educational, once said to me, "I make no objections to it; I only tell my students that if a hen wishes to learn to crow, she may." This was what he called making no objection. It was rather too much to ask that the young women who were thus met with coarse insult on the very threshold should bear themselves as graciously, as unconsciously, as an unspoiled girl who goes for the first time, with loving friends around her, into a ball-room.

The very sensitiveness of woman, her keener observation of what goes on around her, makes her more conscious of rebuffs; and her more pliable and imitative nature makes her desire to partake in some degree the ways of those she emulates, and so to disarm rebuffs. Shakespeare's heroines betray themselves, in masculine garb, by a little swagger in the gait. Rosalind says:

"In my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside."

And Portia, contemplating her disguise in man's attire, tells Nerissa:

"I have within my mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks
Which I will practice."

And so in actual life the teacher is still apt to carry into social life a little of the traditional authority of the vocation. Stage-struck young girls are said just now to have a trick of putting their clinched fists saucily against their sides, because Calvé does it in her principal part. Art students may sometimes be discerned from other young women, it is said, by a certain defiant and bohemian air with which they stride manfully in and out of the doors of studio buildings, with their hands in

their pockets. Surely the constant contemplation of Greek statues should give a Greek quality of poise and high demeanor, but the remote influence of the Quartier Latin seems to turn the scale in the other direction, and create abruptness and the want of grace. Not that these results do not all follow among men also, but they seem more accentuated as yet among women; and this mainly because every class in struggling for privileges is apt to lose a little of its equilibrium, and every one who is in a novel position is inclined to be self-conscious.

One use to the world of the tradition of queens is to show that high position and the exercise of power are not inconsistent with fine manners. Even an uncrowned society queen holds her place on conditions of combining very hard work with a bearing of repose and ease. The abbess of a convent or the head of a religious order must have the same fine combination. Higher education and experience must in time achieve the same for the woman who is an orator, a professor, a physician, an artist, a social reformer; and we already see proofs that this combination is perfectly practicable. As it comes into sight, we can less and less pardon the opposite. "What we want," said a certain judge to me once, as we were engaged in looking up a First Female Assistant for a certain High School—"what we want, I take it, is a splendid woman." It is what is primarily wanted in every vocation open to women; but splendid women are not to be found at every corner any more than splendid men. We often see men, otherwise finely compounded, who are marred for life by some arduous early struggle, some pinched or joyless childhood; and with women, who are more sensitive and more hampered, the risk is greater.

Surely the person should be larger than his profession, however great or important, so that we shall not think, in talking with him, whether he is lawyer or physician, merchant or artist. To be labeled is to be limited. Probably the two professions among men which are most readily distinguishable from all others, are the clerical and the educational, both of which are embarrassed by the same difficulty—that of meeting other men on an entire level. Charles Lamb says of the schoolmaster that he is so accustomed to looking down to his little people he cannot easily deal with a man of his own dimensions. A friend of mine, living in a university town, claims that he can always recognize a professor or tutor by his use of the phrase, "that is to say"; he is so accustomed to the need of laborious explanation that he tells you a thing in one form of words, and then, with a "that is to say," proceeds to tell it to you in another form. A clergyman labors under the same difficulty of associating with men on just the ordinary level, and is tempted to meet them either with undue dignity or with undue jocoseness, which is worse. All these obstacles a woman encounters in yet greater force, so soon as she goes beyond the shelter of home and becomes a worker for money or fame or usefulness.

In Europe, it seems, she is tempted to cut off her hair and smoke cigarettes in self-defense; it is curious what unattractiveness Tolstoi and Turguenieff contrive to throw about their emancipated Russian women; they would be unattractive even if they were men. We see

the same thing sometimes in the later crop of English novels; the horrible little "Dodo" of recent fiction would only be worse if she had taken up philanthropy or social reform as a fad, which doubtless she might easily have done. It is a proof that American society is intrinsically more healthy, that all the agitations of modern life have still left the type of womanhood not permanently impaired in any way, while the opportunities and sphere of woman are here so expanded. But we must always keep in view, I think, both for men and women, that the qualities of personal nobleness and lovable-ness should rank first, and that all attributes which are, so to speak, professional, should come afterwards. Nothing is so delightful as to meet a benign and noble person—strong, sunny, and self-controlled—and to find afterwards, incidentally, that this is the person who wrote the great book or did the great deed, although that particular achievement was by no means written on the forehead, nor did it stamp the manner. After all, the best thing we can accomplish should be merely an episode in what we are; and if this is true of man, it must be equally true of woman.

Truth-Telling.....The Basis of Character-Building.....Baltimore Sun

It is undeniable that there is some confusion in the popular mind respecting truth-telling and lying, arising from a failure to understand the essential elements of truth and falsehood. So far as the individual himself alone is concerned, he may make a false statement without lying or he may make a true statement and yet lie in doing so. The question is one of sincerity in the one case and an intent to deceive in the other. All the sophistry about lies, and especially white lies, disappears when tested by the purpose or intent of those uttering them. When a sincere man tells that which he believes to be true he has not uttered a lie, though the statement itself may be false. On the other hand, the hypocrite who, keeping within the bounds of truth, insinuates a falsehood or by suppressing a part of the truth conveys a false impression and does so with the intent to deceive, is an absolute liar, more despicable even than those who lie outright with no pretense of adhesion to truth. The distinction should be clearly impressed on children lest they should mistake the form for the substance. Sincerity, honesty, frankness—these are the elements of truth-telling; deceit is the essential element of lying.

The harsh measures sometimes used against children to punish them for slight offenses are very often responsible for the development of a habit of lying. The child becomes afraid to acknowledge his offenses, finding it much easier to play the hypocrite and thus win favors than to brave disclosure and a whipping. It is a great mistake to break down a young person's frankness and sincerity by harsh treatment, for there are no qualities which better deserve cultivation. With them he will be naturally a truth-teller. Without them he may pay respect to the outward forms of truth as a matter of policy, but will do violence to it whenever it may serve his purpose to do so. It is an impressive lesson to the young sometimes to point out two opposite characters in a community—one respected and trusted, the other feared and distrusted—and then get them to find out for themselves what is the difference between the two men. If they are at all discerning they will soon see that one is frank, sincere, honest, and that the other is tricky, false in word and deed, and very often a

hypocrite. The contrast is greater if the men are in the same class of society, with respect at least to worldly possessions. Whether they are rich or poor, a wide gulf is drawn between them—the one has troops of friends, the other only wary and suspicious acquaintances. Truth-telling, which is sometimes more than strict adherence to the letters of truth, is so essential to the formation of good character that the young should be taught to esteem the qualities from which it springs, and not merely be taught by rote the sin of lying.

Perils of Prematurity.....Mrs. Lynn Linton.....London Queen

As proportion is essential to beauty and harmony is integral to melody, so is seasonableness necessary to the good of use, to the perfectness of development, to the full fruition of enjoyment. All things that are premature fail in some quality needed for their absolute perfection. Forced fruit has not the true flavor of that which has matured by time and been ripened by the sun. Flowers blooming out of their season have neither the vividness of color nor the exquisite fragrance belonging to those which have come in their order of expectancy. The "rathe primrose," opening its pale petals to the false shine of a mock spring in February, "early dies," whether forsaken or not; and the purple plums hanging on the southern wall, which ripen when they ought to have done no more than swell and color, are decayed before their less ambitious brethren are ready. Punishment ever treads on the heels of the law-breakers, when Nature is the lawgiver; and those rash prematurities which distance time and outstrip seasons are sure to suffer for their haste. So are the obstinate blunderers who knock their heads against stone walls in the resolute desire to prove which is strongest. So, too, are those half-insane self-deceivers who, imitating a famous example, put their "occult" powers to the test and essay to float like wingless birds or substantial lumps of gossamer, lying on the ambient air as comfortably as if prone on a down bed. These, and others like to them, are the laws of Nature, which all who run may read; but this other law of prematurity is perhaps more subtle and less self-evident, and of a kind to fascinate the unwary.

Prematurity was once discountenanced as a wrong done to the person, the community, the work, and the obligations involved. In ancient classic times, indeed, this stern suppression of youth was carried too far, and the reins were held too tight in the withered hands of eld. Now we have gone beyond bounds on the other side, according to the invariable law of action and reaction, and prematurity is not only countenanced, but encouraged. To be sure, we have just had a striking instance on the other side; but, on the ground of the one swallow not making the summer, so octogenarian premiers and nonogenarian bishops do not disprove the charge of undue encouragement given by the present age to prematurity. All along the line you meet with instances of this untimely efflorescence—this premature acceptance of responsibility. In a country place you hire a trap, and they send you as the driver a shock-headed mannikin, not half grown nor a quarter developed—a mere child, who, should the badly-broken beast take a fancy to bolt, plunge, kick, rear, would be just as powerless to control it as his little sister, the two-year-old. You sit on a seat and enter into friendly relations with a pretty little baby in a perambulator;

the caretaker is as pretty a child, with long hair and short frocks. You talk to her, and ask if she is the sister of the infant under her charge. "No," she says, bridling with conscious pride, "I am the nurse."

It is this longed-for apotheosis of prematurity which lies at the back of the Revolt of the Daughters of which we have heard so much. No one is content to wait on the orderly development of time, by which all things good and lovely are brought to their fitting point of perfection. Things must be hastened; and the conjuror's word of "Presto pass!" has become the Word of Power to the present generation. Youth wants the privileges of maturity. Girlhood hankers after the state and knowledge of matronhood. The boy aspires to the offices of the man—which is as if the middy should claim the post of captain and undertake the command of the ship. The Press, or at least some portion of it, helps on this modern craze for prematurity. Children-contributors form a feature in certain journals, which increases their subscriptions at the cost of the subscribers in more than pocket. This is prematurity with a vengeance! The germinating, growing, learning-time of life is chosen to be also that of the creative, the producing, the fructifying, the ripened. Children who do best in the shade are here turned out into the open, to be stimulated to premature development by the incitements of vanity and ambition. That impulse which is so useful to the mature, and without which, indeed, no mature man is worth his salt—that ambition which sets the wheels of the world's great works in motion,—has rightfully nothing to do with children outside the mild competition of the classroom. But to offer them the allurements of publication—of partial popularity—to print their portraits as well as their jejune and immature work in art or literature—this is to create a generation of hopeless prigs, of vain egotists who will probably never do good work when mature, yet never be content with the modesties of silence and obscurity.

The whole question, indeed, of education is wrapped up in this great principle of what is and what is not prematurity. Take a quick, nervous, restless-minded boy—a boy full of self-confidence and without the faintest sign of youthful hesitation, of belief in his own ignorance because of belief in his elders' better knowledge—take a child of this kind, a boy of eight or nine, and say whether his brilliant intellect is a thing to be stimulated or damped down? The upholders of the forcing system will vote for the former—those of the more leisurely and orderly development of time and seasons will vote for the latter. To the upholders of the forcing system this brilliant intellect of eight or nine is not a symptom but a thing in itself—not a germinating seed, but the whole plant, with flower and fruit expanded, set, and ripened. No fear of the future clouds their pleased pride in the present. No dark chance of overstrain troubles their glad help in forcing on still more and more a brain which needs rest, not stimulation. They see no grim shadow of possible meningitis—they do not foresee the more than probable breakdown into dullness and mature stupidity. They are not afraid of the priggishness which, if the brain itself continues sound, will be certain to round off this premature development. They see nothing but that the boy does them credit if they are the teachers—gratifies their natural pride if they are the parents. And so the forcing system goes on, and the April strawberry comes into dessert, and is the

caressed and observed of all observers. But the clearer-sighted would rather bet on the future of the less brilliant lad who, in his holiday, breaks a window with his football rather than find amusement in long intricate arithmetical problems, and whose moral characteristics are stronger than his intellectual abilities are brilliant. This is more according to the law of orderly and timely development, and of better promise for the future. But you will not get parents and teachers to see this. Dazzled by the splendor of premature efflorescence, they forget the natural law which kills the rather primrose and causes the too-early ripened fruit to decay while the more natural kind is coming to its perfection.

All those who have to do with youth, and who are not themselves bitten by the prevailing craze for prematurity—all know the dangers of the forcing system, of going too rapidly and too far ahead. The mother who sets her babe to walk too early insures bow-legs for life; and she who makes hers sit up before the muscles or the bones of the spine are able to bear the weight, just as surely insures a crooked back, or that "lump," which Balzac said was the sheath wherein the angels' wings of the poor "souffre douleur" were inclosed. Those who give their children solid food too early lay the foundations of lifelong indigestion; and the infant nippers, to whom the mother's gin-bottle is not denied, grow up diseased, vicious, and drunken from the cradle. So with all the ordering of the nursery. Prematurity there means certain death or disablement, disfigurement or arrestation; and no wise nurse nor mother countenances aught of the forcing system.

It is the same all through the world. The over-early lamb would perish in its natural habitat, and has to be housed and fed and tended like a child, if so be the shepherd desires it to live. But its brothers and sisters and cousins all thrive on the bold fell-side where it would have perished, but where now the more timely arrivals find sweet grass in due abundance, and more sunshine than windy storms. The over-sanguine birds which began nesting ere the more experienced, and brought forth their young while yet the snow and the hail, the wind and the wet were more constant than accidental, they suffer for their prematurity; and so do the young ones—those helpless balls of frozen feathers which are not even meet food for the hawks and jays. It was all that premature haste of the singing Jack and chirping Jill, and Robin's bold desire to wed with Jenny Wren—"God Almighty's cock and hen"—or ever the times were ripe or the flies and the little worms in plenty! No! prematurity is a bad thing all through. Prematurity of liberty and of knowledge, O ye Revolted Daughters, will give you present enjoyment and future blain and blemish. Prematurity of intellectual development, both in acquirement and production, will give us a generation of prigs if not of dullards, of the inordinately vain and ambitious, if not of the prematurely worn-out and extinct. Prematurity of responsibility, given before there is enough experience to meet it and to justify the giving, leads only to disaster; and forced fruit, be it remembered, is not so satisfactory—if more curious, more in the nature of a surprise—as the naturally mature and the naturally ripened. The apotheosis of prematurity, which is one of the characteristics of modern times, is a craze that will pass like some others. While it lasts it has an ugly aspect and more than one disastrous result, and is to be discountenanced by all the far-seeing and experienced.

THE DANCE IN THE MOONLIGHT: TOLD AT THE INN

By M. G. McCLELLAND

A selected reading from *The Old Post Road*. By M. G. McClelland. The Merriam Company. This story is told at the Nag's Head Inn, at Havre-de-Grace, in the old days when the stage-coach ran on the post-road from Baltimore to Havre-de-Grace.

There was a lull in the storm; the wind had dropped to a sobbing monotone and the rain, no longer driven, fell steadily and with less noise. A clock in the hall struck the hour. Jasper counted one, two, three and so on up to nine. The fire was burning well and so was the tobacco. His intention had been to ride out to Toddington, his uncle's plantation, that evening, but his haste did not cause him to disregard the elements.

"Yes; she'll drop clean out of sight this time to a certainty," Prince solemnly repeated, still harping on the overdue coach. The Highflyer, the fastest mail-coach on the line between Baltimore and Philadelphia, was something of a pet with him.

"If she's left Baltimore she's apt to be stuck in the mud somewhere," commented Jasper. "That hollow just before you cross Duck Creek is a nasty slough."

"Tis the place the jay-hawks stopped the mail in August, isn't it?" said mine host. Jasper nodded.

"A queer bit of business, that," the landlord proceeded. "But I reckon you've heard about it long ago. Tony was full of it at the time and slopped over considerably. So did that extra fellow they've put on for a guard these troublesome times. The hawks made a bare swoop that time, but they got fun for their pains."

"Yes, 'twas a bare swoop," he repeated, leaning back in his chair and laying his finger-tips together. "Mail robbery is so common now folks are shy of trusting money by post. The bulk o' the pickings comes off passengers these days—purses, jewelry, and the contents of the boot. That trip there were no passengers, inside or out, except a little French lady and her maid. She was a famous dancer in her own country, they say, or had been. What she was doing in America, God A'mighty knows. But here she was, anyhow, and booked from Baltimore to Philadelphia. She was a pretty little woman, graceful as a doe, and had queer, outlandish ways with her hands and shoulders. The maid was a settled woman and didn't talk much English. Powerful nervous she was, and skeered half to death about robbers. Folks had been spinning yarns to her by the reel about the hateful way the hawks had of circling and pouncing. They hadn't much baggage—just a couple of hand-bags that went inside and a little round-topped hair-trunk, set off with brass-headed tacks, that looked mighty lonesome in the big boot by itself. The lady was plucky as a game rooster, and Tony heard her laughing at her maid."

"The mail pouches were in the driver's box, and Tony and the extra were armed with muskets. The road had been quiet for nigh two months, so maybe they didn't keep as sharp a watch as they might have done. The schedule was different then, and the coach wasn't due here until ten o'clock at night. When they struck that Duck Creek hollow, the moon was up in a clear sky, and 'twas as light as day except where that little stretch of woods cast shadows across the road."

"All in a minute, Tony says, there came a crack of a

musket from out the thickest of the shadow, and one of the leaders screamed out, sharp and sudden, and dropped to his knees. Before Tony could pull up, the middle span were on him and the wheelers on them, and everything was skeered to death and tangled up together. Tony was well-nigh jerked off the box by the strain on the lines, and before he could steady himself a man on horseback had a pistol at his head and was ordering him to get down quietly or he'd be a dead man. The guard didn't fare much better. In the cracking o' a whip the coach was open and the women plundered.

"The hawks must have made a good swoop somewhere else, for they were in high feather—poised for a bit of fun and rollick. How they got wind of the French lady's being a dancer beats me—unless the tricks in her trunk let the cat out. Anyhow, know it they did, and being in such fine humor, nothing would do but she must dance for them, then and there. The jay-hawk himself—a rollicking devil from all accounts—was hot for it, swore if she'd foot it the best she knew he'd give back the horses and let the whole kit travel. The little lady tossed up her head and held out a bit, being so game; but the maid was fit to die of fear, sobbing and blubbering, so she gave in and agreed to pleasure 'em."

"The jay-hawk can sing and whistle like a mocking-bird, and so can another of the band, a big fellow that goes for the hawk's right claw. In five minutes she'd taught 'em a gay French tune, singing it herself and making 'em whistle after her. Then she threw her cloak aside, took off her slip-sleeves and hooked up her dress short enough to show her pretty ankles. The light fell full and the post-road lay like a broad ribbon, cross-barred in places by shadows. A few yards ahead there was a clean space, level as a table and white with moonlight. The lady made a bound like a roebuck and lit in the middle of it a tiptoe; and in a second was tripping away like a fairy to the music of the robbers' voices. Her little feet skimmed and flew like swallows, and her uplifted arms waved and curved in the air like flower-stalks in a strong breeze. Her beautiful hair had all shaken down and floated in a cloud, and her eyes shone through it like stars through mist."

"'Twas the prettiest sight he ever saw, Tony says, and he clean forgot himself looking at her. The hawks went wild. They wanted to carry her off with 'em willy-nilly, and one rascal, who sat on the dead horse during the performance, and beat time on its skull, offered her marriage. But she mocked at 'em all, and said a bargain was a bargain. And the jay-hawk agreed with her, for he prides himself on never going behind his word. When she'd done all she knew, and some of it three times over, and was tired out, the jay-hawk wrapped her cloak around her, escorted her to the coach and handed her in, polite as a Parley-vous. Then he gave her the thanks of the gang and they rode away."

The landlord paused with a smile on his lips and a twinkle in his eyes. "After the robbers were out of sight, Tony and the guard coopered up the harness and came on here," pursued Prince, "and that was the first time the Highflyer ever fell behind her record."

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

*George Inness, the
American Painter*

It is hard to conceive of any greater loss that American art could have sustained, says Montgomery Schuyler in *Harper's Weekly*, than it has suffered in the death of George Inness, which occurred on August 3, in Scotland, in the course of a tour undertaken to recover the artist's health, that had been impaired by overwork. Although the painter had passed his sixty-ninth birthday, it did not occur either to any of his acquaintances or to any one who considered his recent painting that his work was done. The fire and vitality, the insatiable curiosity, the willingness to try new experiments, were as strong in him at the end of his life as they were at the beginning, and his latest paintings bore abundant evidence of new attempts to reach and to render the secrets of the aspects of nature. How rare this is among artists anywhere, and how especially rare among American artists, nobody who is interested in art needs to be told. The tendency, almost the overwhelming tendency, is for a man who has mastered one phase of nature to the satisfaction of his public to "stand on his attainment," and to go on repeating what he has found to be successful and salable, so his picture becomes his commodity.

Mr. Inness was born at Newburgh in 1825. Given the impulse to represent nature, and it seemed inevitable that he should have become a member of the "Hudson River School," which was at its beginning a source of ignorant pride to the country, and has of late years become an object of not much less ignorant mockery. That he should betake himself to learn the art of engraving was at that time and place almost a matter of course. With most of his contemporaries the art of painting became the art of colored engravings. With Mr. Inness, even from the first, this was not so. Color was not an addition to design, but an integral element of the picture. Across the crudity and unskillfulness of his earliest efforts that fact never fails to assert itself. But as there were, when he began to paint, no schools, no models, and no standards accessible in this country, he had to make a lonely and toilsome way to the knowledge which was the common property of the schools. The present writer asked him once whether he thought that in his maturity he was at a disadvantage for having had to find out for himself what was imparted in the European schools. "No," he answered, "I think not, except I might have saved an immense deal of time."

As he went on learning and practicing, his painting naturally differentiated itself more widely from the current work of his contemporaries, with the natural result that it became increasingly less popular. Even twenty years ago the New York collectors who were the possessors of "early Innesses" congratulated themselves upon that fact, deploring the excesses and extravagances into which the painter had afterwards been betrayed. Yet, in fact, it was then that he was preparing what is likely to be a lasting fame as the foremost landscape-painter of his country and one of the great landscape-painters of the world.

It may plausibly be said that the painter would have remained without honor in his own country if his own

countrymen had not learned to apprehend him through foreign examples. As it was undoubtedly the importation and the increasing appreciation of the Fontainebleau painters in this country that threw the Hudson River School into its present remote historic perspective, so it may very possibly have been this same appreciation that drew American attention to an American painter who had taken a like view of nature, and had striven to express his impressions by kindred means. The value of tone, the emphasis on "values"—that is upon relativity—the disregard of detail that does not contribute to the total impression, these were lessons that were inculcated alike by the French masters and by the American master. It was Mr. Inness's large landscape at the Paris Exposition of 1867 that fixed his rank, in European opinion, among the landscape painters of the world. But his differences from the French painters, whose general conception he shared, were not less striking than his resemblances to them. The main difference was in his far wider range and versatility, and in his belief, expressed practically in pigments, that one key of color was as good, at least as manageable, as another. The prevalent painter is like a musician who should confine himself to C major on the one hand or to seven flats minor on the other. The Fontainebleau painters by no means escaped this limitation. It follows that whereas "no gentleman's gallery is complete without" a Rousseau, a Troyon, a Dupré, a Diaz, a duplication of the example adds little, may seem even a "wasteful expense," whereas Inness can fairly be judged, as Hazlitt said about Burke only by "everything he did."

There was an Inness exhibition in New York ten or twelve years ago. It is a cruel and unusual test to hang a gallery with the works of one man. When it is tried the spectator does not commonly go more than half-way around. He feels that he has detected the pattern, has secured the receipt, and he goes away. But Inness withstood this test triumphantly, because he had no pattern and no receipt, but every separate work was the result of an individual impulse, and was rendered with a technical skill that was never obtruded, never exhibited for its own sake, but was simply adequate. When the memorial exhibition of Inness is presented, which New York for its own credit must soon arrange, and the work of his riper years comes to be added, the distinction will be even more evident. It is common to say about Mr. Inness that he is "unequal," as if anybody who could do anything were not unequal.

It has been intimated that Mr. Inness suffered during the season of experimentation that produced results so questionable to the "patrons of American art" of 1870 or thereabouts, and also that it was not from his own countrymen that his recognition really came. There is a picture, *A Winter Morning at Montclair*, which has been described as "naturalism pure and simple"—a description astounding to the present writer, who has always considered it as a wonderful example of the transformation that nature undergoes when it passes through the alembic of a great painter's mind. It is in a very high key for Inness—an unusual key—and it is a triumph. At any rate, it was this picture that attracted the admiration of Benjamin Constant, made him

demand to be shown other of its painter's works, made him agitate the leading picture-dealer of Paris, and secured for Mr. Inness from that date, some five years ago, the largest income—as the man best informed on this subject says—of any landscape-painter living. To the most unworldly of men that was of scant consequence, except that it gave him more latitude to paint, and to paint in his own way. The future will appraise George Inness. For the present it is enough to repeat the wise saying of Johnson about Goldsmith: "Let not his failings be remembered; he was a very great man."

Prof. Joseph Hyrtl, the "Aristophanes of Medicine" The recent death of Professor Joseph Hyrtl at his country home in Perchtoldsdorf, near Vienna, says the New York Tribune, removes from the German-speaking world one of the most famous anatomists and the most original teacher. Hyrtl was the last of the founders of the modern school of medicine at Vienna, and his lectures at the university drew students from every civilized country. He has been called "the most intellectual man in Austria," and it would certainly have been difficult, even in a country that produced a Sapphire, to find his equal. The debt which medicine owes him is simply immense. His works on descriptive and topographical anatomy were epoch-making, and they were written in a way—full of wit and humor—which make them almost as attractive for the layman as for the academician. His book, *Text Book of the Anatomy of Man*, has passed through seventeen editions, and his *Text Book of Comparative Anatomy* through seven, and both have been translated into every modern tongue. It is owing to his investigations, too, that the Vienna Anatomical Museum is to-day the most famous and complete of its kind in the world.

Hyrtl was by birth a Hungarian and first saw the light in 1811, in Eisenstadt. He was not only a "medicine-man," dividing honors with Rokitsky, Oppolzer, Skoda, Schuh and the other founders of the Vienna Medical School, but he had a remarkable general knowledge. He was a master of Latin, and not only wrote it, but spoke it without difficulty. The same was true of his knowledge of Greek and the Oriental tongues, and he had read the literature of every modern country in the original language. Translations he abhorred. In his works the influence of Oriental, Hebraic, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, English and German writers on particular points are clearly traced. Nothnagel has rightly called the great teacher the "Aristophanes of Medicine." No professor ever taught at Vienna who was more popular among the students. All begged that he conduct their final examinations, or at least that he be present to see that justice was done. Although he disliked the lazy student with all his heart, he was always ready to help the industrious ones, and a candidate who "got the shivers" on examination could always look to him for aid and encouragement.

On one occasion he was in the room when Professor Langer was conducting the examination of an aspirant for the medical degree. Langer handed the student a small bone, saying: "Mr. Candidate, here is a bone. Don't look at it; but tell me from feeling it what kind of a bone it is; whether it belonged to the left or right side of the body, and whether it was part of a man or woman." The poor student blushed from embarrassment. There was a large audience present, and he saw

failure staring him in the face. He cast a helpless glance at Hyrtl, who moved about restlessly in his chair for a moment and then sprang to his feet. "And tell me, Mr. Candidate," he cried out, the spirit of anger lighting up his large, blue eyes, "after answering the questions of my dear colleague, the name of the original possessor of this bone, and where and in what street he lived." This unexpected outburst "saved the day," but Professor Langer ever after declined to conduct an examination when Hyrtl was present.

In one of his introductory lectures, in a recent semester, he addressed his hearers as follows: "Gentlemen, you must get possession of skulls. It is impossible to study anatomy unless you have skulls. Each of you must find means, any means, to get a skull." On the following morning he entered his auditorium with a sorrowful face. "Gentleman," he began, "I fear some of you have misunderstood me. You certainly have left no means untried to secure skulls. I noticed that my handsome collection was almost depleted this morning." The students had taken him at his word and induced the servants to divide out the skulls of Hyrtl, which formed one of the chief attractions to medical men in the famous teacher's house.

A Hebrew aspirant for medical honors, named Jerusalem, was once among the candidates examined by Hyrtl. His relatives and friends crowded about the door, awaiting with impatience the end of the examination. At last the door opened, but instead of the candidate, Professor Hyrtl emerged from it. At the sight of the crowd, he raised his hands, and then, with all the seriousness of a Luther, broke out in the words of Jeremiah: "Weep, Israel, for Jerusalem has fallen."

Hyrtl was a great friend of animals. Some years ago Professor Brücke began experiments of the loss of weight in case of starvation. He used for the purpose a lot of rabbits. The animals were weighed every day, but to the astonishment and embarrassment of the professor, they showed a gain in avoirdupois every twenty-four hours. The experiments were worthless, of course, and it was some time before Brücke learned that Hyrtl, seeing the rabbits, took pity on them and used to steal to the cage unobserved, feed them to their full, and then remove every trace of the food on the floor. Hyrtl left a large fortune, which is to go to the Perchtoldsdorf Orphan Asylum, his widow enjoying the use of it to her death. He had already improved the village and founded a school, an asylum for children, and an orphan asylum in Moedlurg. Every year he gave a large amount of money to the poor of the village. Although he had been decorated with orders by almost every sovereign in Europe, he could never be persuaded to wear one. He dressed so shabbily that strangers in Perchtoldsdorf, meeting him in the streets, often gave him small pieces of money. These he always accepted, giving them away, of course, and, if possible, learned the names of givers to surprise them with some memento of their kindness. He judged people by these acts.

How Alma-Tadema Works

Mrs. Gosse, who is Mr. Alma-Tadema's sister-in-law, has contributed an interesting article to the *Century Magazine*, describing the eminent painter's career and methods. It is useful to be reminded that Mr. Tadema was born in 1836 in Friesland. His father died when he was only four years old, and he was left to the care of

his mother, who intended him to follow his father's profession, the law. He himself, however, showed very early in life a strong predilection for art:

"This bias, however, was not encouraged by those members of his family who were most interested in his education, and the boy could get time for his drawing only by rising early—a habit that has often stood him in good stead at those seasons of the year when he has been hard driven for want of time, or lack of London daylight, to finish his paintings for the exhibitions. On such occasions he thinks nothing of rising at four or five o'clock in the morning, in order to work out, or paint in, some elaborate detail of his pictures. As the young Tadema grew up, his health showed signs of giving way, whether or not from the over-strain of long hours of uncongenial study it is impossible to say. His guardians, convinced that he had not long to live, judged it useless to urge any more their determination that he should be trained for the law, and the lad entered upon his art studies with so great success as to produce, at the age of fourteen, one finished portrait of his sister, and, at the age of sixteen, one of himself, which were good likenesses as well as of sound workmanship, and proved his vocation beyond further question." Having begun an art education at the Royal School at Antwerp, young Tadema soon got on and made a name for himself, and settled down to a career as a painter at Brussels. He married in 1863 a French lady, by whom he had two daughters. But in 1870 he lost his wife, and left Brussels for England, where he has since lived, marrying again in 1871.

The magnificent house at St. John's Wood is not the first to the adornment of which Mr. Tadema has applied his own invention. In 1874 he had completed the decorations of his house at North Gate, Regent's Park, the whole forming, as Mrs. Gosse says, "a palace of exotic beauty." But in a moment it was all changed and made a complete wreck by the explosion of a barge laden with benzoline and gunpowder, which was passing along the Regent's Canal. With undaunted energy, however, Mr. Tadema set to work, and eventually made his house just as pretty again. Mrs. Gosse tells a pretty story, in connection with this affair, of the behavior of Mr. Tadema's two little daughters:

"They had always been told that if they felt frightened at night they were to ring their bedroom bell; so when they awoke suddenly, in the utter darkness, to find the window frame lying on their bed, the ceiling falling in fragments, and hundreds of hazel-nuts—part of the boat's cargo—showering down upon them, the elder child remarked to her sister, in the high calm voice of authority, 'Anna, ring the bell!'"

We need not speak here of Mr. Alma-Tadema's pictures in particular. But Mrs. Gosse tells this neat story of two pictures that the public is not acquainted with: "I have heard Mr. Alma-Tadema tell a story of the fate of the two unsuccessful pictures of his student days. One of them was returned by the Committee of the Brussels Exhibition in 1859—the subject, I believe, was one of a house on fire, with people rescuing the victims. His fellow-students were asked into the studio of the rejected painter, and were invited to jump through the canvas, the owner of it leading the way by leaping head first through the oily flames. The other story was of a large-sized square picture which came back hopelessly again and again to the easel of its

creator, until at last it was cut out of its frame, and was given to an old woman to use as a table-cover, who remarked that it 'was much better than those common oil-cloth things that always let the water through; for this one of Mr. Tadema's making was a good thick one, with plenty of paint on it.'"

Much has been written about Mr. Alma-Tadema's work (continues Mrs. Gosse), but I am not aware that any one has described the exact manner in which he proceeds. His first sketch for a picture is usually done slightly and directly on the canvas or panel. The groups of figures are arranged and re-arranged until the artist's eye is satisfied that the whole composition hangs well together, and that the attention of the spectator is carried naturally along to the chief incident of the scene. All the sketching-in of the figures is done with the help of Nature. A thin oil-color outline of some neutral color is used for this; sometimes the figures are painted at once. The whole canvas is now filled in, rather as a piece of cloisonné might be with color, so that the disturbing whiteness of the material is hidden. From this time forth hard work follows. If the picture contained elaborate architecture, he sometimes had a paper of the same size as the canvas stretched across a board, and the whole building—parts of which were to appear in the picture—drawn out carefully to scale by an assistant, with roof, sculptured columns, and elaborate tessellated pavement complete, untiring attention being paid to the perspective of the different parts. Unfortunately he had always to do it afresh, and therefore he has abandoned this plan, and now tries himself to work out his backgrounds on the picture itself so completely and thoroughly that an actual building might be constructed by following the plans for it. Mr. Alma-Tadema paints his figures direct from life in every instance, elaborately draped and coiffured as they appear in his completed pictures; but he will often pause in painting to make a delicate pencil-drawing of the details of a garment, as it appears and then loses itself among the close folds of the drapery, or to note the turn of a wrist or the curve of a neck. The flowers that illuminate so many of Mr. Alma-Tadema's more recent pictures are also invariably painted from life; his house often presenting a most festive floral appearance.

Sir Henry Layard, By the death of Sir Henry Layard, Explorer and Diplomatist which occurred recently, there has passed away an explorer and diplomatist whose renown at one time was quite European. With the present generation, however, he was a name and little more. The deceased gentleman was born in Paris rather more than seventy-seven years ago. He studied law for a time, but a year after he had attained his majority he set out on an extensive course of travel, which led him to northern Europe and afterwards, through Albania and Roumelia, to Constantinople. He afterwards improved his acquaintance with the true East by travelling through various parts of Asia, and picking up Arabic and Persian on his way. Thus early he evinced a thorough taste for the exploration of ruined cities, but it was not until he visited Mosul, near the mound of Nimroud, that his researches took definite form. M. Botta, a Frenchman, who was liberally supported by his Government, had been before him at Mosul, but a very slight examination on Mr. Layard's part showed him that his rival had missed a good deal. He returned to

Constantinople, laid his views before Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and in 1845 obtained his generous promise of pecuniary support. The autumn of the year found him again at Mosul, working at a corner of the ruins left untouched by previous explorers, and his discoveries are now among the best-known objects in the British Museum. Mr. Layard rose immediately into great renown and popularity. "He had laid bare," says a writer, "a city and almost a world of the past." His published account of his work had all the fascination of romance, and as it dealt with Nineveh and its remains, and with ancient Assyria, it appealed to all who were able to read their Bibles. He was hailed, and justly, as a writer as well as a discoverer, and his book was classed with Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians, as the most considerable work of archæology of his time. The French were, if possible, even more enthusiastic than ourselves in their recognition of his labors. A second expedition resulted in fresh discoveries and in other books, and he described the palace of Sennacherib and his exploits as though he had been acquainted with them personally.

Unfortunately, these writings and investigations, though they brought him much fame, did little else to sustain the realities of life, and Mr. Layard was therefore obliged to turn to politics and diplomacy. He was appointed Attaché to the Embassy at Constantinople in 1849, and in 1852 he was for a few weeks Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord John Russell's first administration. Lord Derby, whose administration succeeded that of Lord John Russell, offered to retain the Under-Secretary in office for a short time, and then to provide for him by a diplomatic appointment, but this was declined. At a later period he went to Constantinople with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, but a disagreement with his chief led to his speedy return to England. In the House of Commons he took a leading part in the discussion of the Eastern question, and he was a public speaker of some note as far back as the time of the Crimean war. He declined office under Lord Palmerston in 1855, on the ground that he could accept no post that was unconnected with the foreign policy of the country. He had his way in 1861, when he became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Lord Palmerston's second administration. On his retirement from Parliament in 1869 he was appointed Ambassador to Madrid, and eight years later he went in the same capacity to Constantinople. When Mr. Gladstone returned to power in 1880, Mr. Layard was shortly superseded by Mr. Goschen as Special Ambassador. Besides his books on Nineveh, of which an abridged edition was issued in 1867, he rewrote Kùgler's Handbook, and edited Miss Ffoulkes's translation of Morelli's Italian Painters. In 1887 he published Adventures in Persia, Babylonia, and Lusiana.

Sir Charles Russell, England's New Chief Justice The announcement made recently that Lord Russell-Killowen, better known as Sir Charles Russell, had been appointed Lord Chief Justice in succession to the late Baron Coleridge, did not cause any surprise. When the fatal nature of Justice Coleridge's illness was first made known, says the Chicago Evening Lamp, it was recognized that Lord Russell was his legitimate heir; and the only circumstance putting the succession at all in doubt was the question whether the Liberal ministry would still be in power when the Chief Justice died.

Charles Arthur Russell—he laid aside the "Arthur" long ago—is an Irishman. He was born in Newry in 1833, studied at Trinity college, Dublin, practiced as a solicitor in Belfast, was admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1856, was called to the bar in 1859, became a Queen's counsel in 1872, represented Dundalk as a Liberal member of Parliament from 1880 to 1885, and South Hackney in 1885-86; and had served in the last two Liberal cabinets as Attorney-General. That is a slight summary of the new Lord Chief Justice's professional career. Lord Russell is not a specialist in his profession, not an orator, not a master of style and not a statesman or even a great politician, and his life has not been by any means an unbroken series of successes. On the other hand, he has a wide general knowledge of law, coupled with the ability to turn it into special knowledge at any time, as a critic writing of him in the Green Bag has expressed it. He is a good parliamentary debater, an effective speaker, a cogent reasoner and an excellent jury lawyer. He chiefly owes his success, however, to the fact that he is a master of legal tactics and the greatest living cross-examiner—at least in Great Britain. It is these two qualifications which have made him prominent in almost every case of note in the last twenty years. Other lawyers may have been deeper thinkers, better strategists, but when it came to tactics—"handling troops in the presence of the enemy," in a military sense—in other words, conducting a case in the presence of a jury, Sir Charles has had no superior either before or since he became a barrister.

He is a tall, strongly-built, white-whiskered, keen-eyed man. To complete the picture of him as it exists in the public mind, add a pair of eyeglasses, a snuff-box and a red pocket-handkerchief. In cross-examination it has been his practice not to bully a witness unless, as when the spy Le Caron confronted him, the witness beat him at his own game. This insinuating method was like that of Lord Coleridge himself, who is described as having, by his gentle words, helped many a man into putting the noose about his own neck before he knew it. As a proof of Sir Charles's generalship a story is told how, in a certain litigation, the counsel for the plaintiff, in moving for a new trial, complained that "the Attorney-General had carried the verdict with a rush." "If we were to yield to that contention," returned Lord Coleridge, "it would be necessary for us to grant a new trial whenever Sir Charles Russell was 'on the other side.'" Another story told of him illustrates his bearing when in conference with brother lawyers. Sir Charles has not been very popular with his brethren, because he is apt to treat them rather imperiously, and his conferences have been described as being like the councils of war of a certain general who allowed no one to talk but himself. The story is that, at a certain conference, Sir Charles finally stopped to take breath; when an Irish barrister, associated with him in the case, broke in with: "Will you kindly call to mind, Sir Charles, that this is a consultation, and not a lecture?"

The Parnell inquiry brought Sir Charles into the general knowledge of people on this side of the Atlantic. The result of that inquiry was one of his greatest triumphs. The artistic, even dramatic way, in which he brings out his points was shown when he began with Pigott by desiring him to "write the word hesitancy;" and when he began his memorable speech by asking: "Who are the accusers?" and "Who are the accused?"

THE DEEMSTER'S CONFESSION: RENOUNCING HONORS

A COURT-ROOM SCENE. BY HALL CAINE

A selected reading from *The Manxman*. By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co. In the Isle of Man is a singular custom of courting by deputy. A lover, compelled by circumstances to leave his sweetheart, commits her to the care of a friend, technically known as a "dooiney molla," or "man-praiser." His duties are to boom the absent one into the good graces of the fiancée's family, to keep his credit high and to act as her moral guardian and protector. Peter Quilliam, leaving the Isle of Man to make his fortune, leaves Katherine Cregeen to the care of Philip Christian. After long and bitter struggles Philip, who loves Kate, proves false to both Kate and Peter. He rises to a position of great prominence as Deemster, and is now about to be made Governor. He has been leading a double life that wears terribly upon his sense of honor. Kate is now in prison for an attempt on her own life.

It was a perfect morning, soft and fresh, and sweet with the odors and colors of spring. New gorse flashed from the hedges, the violets peeped from the banks; over the freshening green of the field the young lambs sported, and the lark sang in the thin blue air.

The town, as they dipped into it, was full of life. At the turn of the Courthouse the crowd was densest. A policeman raised his hand in front of the horses, and Jem-y-Lord drew up. Then the High Bailiff stepped to the gate and read an address. It mentioned Iron Christian, calling him "The Great Deemster."

Philip answered briefly, confining himself to an expression of thanks; there was great cheering, and then the carriage moved on. The journey thereafter was one long triumphal passage.

At Tynwald there was a sweet and beautiful spectacle. The children of St. John's were seated on the four rounds of the mount, boys and girls in alternate rows, and from that spot, sacred to the memory of their forefathers for a thousand years, they sang the National Anthem as Philip passed on the road.

The unhappy man was no longer in pain. His agony was beyond that. A sort of divine madness had taken possession of him. He was putting the world and the prince of the world behind his back. All this worldly glory and human gratitude was but the temptation of Satan. With God's help he would not succumb. He would resist. He would triumph over everything.

At the entrance to the town an evergreen arch had been erected. It bore an inscription in Manx: "Dooiney Vannin, lhiat myr hoilloo"—Man of MAN, success as thou deservest.

Flags were flying from every window, from every roof, from every lamp-post. The people ran by the carriage cheering. Their shout was a deafening uproar. They took the road by the harbor. Suddenly the carriage stopped. Then men were taking the horses out of the shafts. "No, no," cried Philip. He had an impulse to alight, but the carriage was moving again in a moment. "It is the last of my punishment," he thought, and again fell back.

A regiment of soldiers lined the way from the drawbridge to the portcullis. As the carriage drew up, they presented arms in royal salute. At the same moment the band played God Save the Queen.

The High Bailiff of the town opened the carriage door and presented an address. It welcomed the new Governor to the ancient castle wherein his predecessors had been installed, and took fresh assurance of devotion

to the Crown from the circumstance that one of their countrymen had been thought worthy to represent it.

Philip replied in few words, the cheering broke out afresh, the band played again, and they entered the castle by the corridor that led to the council chamber.

In an anteroom the officials were waiting. They were all elderly men and old men, who had seen long and honorable service, but they showed no jealousy. The Clerk of the Rolls received his former pupil with a shout wherein personal pride struggled with respect, and affection with humility. Then the Attorney-General welcomed him in the name of the Bar, as head of the judicature as well as head of the legislature, taking joy in the fact that one of their own profession had been elevated to the highest office in the Isle of Man, and wishing him long life and strength for the fulfillment of the noble promise of his young and spotless manhood.

"Mr. Attorney-General," said Philip, "I will not accept your congratulations, much as it would rejoice my heart to do so. It would only be another grief to me if you were to repent, as too soon you may, the generous warmth of your reception."

There were puzzled looks, but the sage counsellors could not receive the right impression.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Philip, "I must go into my room."

There was a confused murmur beyond the farther wall of the room. It was the room kept for the Deemster when he held court in the council chamber. One of its two doors communicated with the bench. As usual, a constable kept this door. The man loosened his chain and removed his helmet. His head was gray.

"Is the Courthouse full?" asked Philip.

The constable put his eye to the eye-hole. "Crowded, your Excellency."

There was a clash of steel outside, followed by the beat of drum. "The ex-Governor's here," said Jem-y-Lord.

Philip listened. The rattling noise came to him through opening doors and reverberating corridors like trampling of a wave to a man imprisoned in a cave.

"She'll hear it, too." That thought was with him constantly. In his mind's eye he was seeing Kate, crouching in the fire-seat of the palace-room that was now her prison, and covering her ears to deaden the joyous sounds that broke the silence of the gloomy walls.

Jem-y-Lord was at the eye-hole of the door. "He's coming on to the bench, sir. The gentlemen of the council are following him, and the Courthouse is full of ladies."

Philip was pacing to and fro like a man in violent agitation. At the other side of the wall the confused murmur had risen to a sharp crackle of many voices.

The constable came back with the Clerk of the Court and the jailor.

"Everything ready, your Excellency," said the Clerk.

Philip approached the door, slackened his pace with an air of uncertainty; at one step from the constable he stopped. He was breathing noisily. If the officers had observed him at that moment they must have thought he looked like a man going to execution.

"Now," said Philip, with a long inspiration.

There was a flash of faces, a waft of perfume, a flutter of pocket-handkerchiefs, and a deafening reverberation. Philip was in the Courthouse.

It was remarked that his face was fearfully worn, and that it looked the whiter for the white wig above it and the black gown beneath. His large eyes flamed as with fire. "The sword too keen for the scabbard," whispered somebody.

There is a kind of aloofness in strong men at great moments. Nobody approaches them. They move onward of themselves, and stand or fall alone. Everybody in court rose as Philip entered, but no one offered his hand. Even the ex-Governor only bowed from the Governor's seat under the canopy.

Philip took his customary place as Deemster. He was then at the right of the Governor, the Bishop being on the left. Behind the Bishop sat the Attorney-General, and behind Philip the Clerk of the Rolls. The cheers that had greeted Philip on his entrance ended with the clapping of hands, and died off like a wave falling back from the shingle. Then he rose and turned to the Governor.

"I do not know if you are aware, your Excellency, that this is Deemster's Court-day?"

The Governor smiled, and a titter went round the court. "We will dispense with that," he said. "We have better business this morning."

"Excuse me, your Excellency," said Philip; "I am still Deemster. With your leave we will do everything according to rule."

There was a slight pause, a questioning look, then a cold answer. "Of course, if you wish it, but your sense of duty——"

The ladies in the galleries had ceased to flutter their fans, and the members of the House of Keys were shifting in their seats in the well below. The Clerk of the Deemster's Court pushed through to the space beneath the bench. "There is only one case, your Honor," he whispered up.

"Speak out, sir," said Philip. "What case is it?"

The clerk gave an informal answer. It was the case of the young woman who had attempted her life at Ramsey, and had been kept at Her Majesty's pleasure.

"How long has she been in prison?" "Seven weeks, your honor."

"Give me the book and I will sign her release."

The book was handed to the bench. Philip signed it, handed it back, and said, with his face to the jailor:

"But keep her until somebody comes to fetch her."

There had been a cold silence during these proceedings. When they were over, the ladies breathed freely. "You remember the case—left her husband and little child—divorced since, I'm told—a worthless person." "Ah, yes! Wasn't she first tried the day the Deemster fell ill in court?" "Men are too tender."

Philip has risen. "Your Excellency, I have done the last of my duties as Deemster." His voice had hoarsened. He was a worn and stricken figure.

The ex-Governor's warmth had been somewhat cooled by the unexpected interruption. Nevertheless, the pockmarks smoothed out of his forehead and he rose with a smile. At the same moment the Clerk of the Rolls stepped up and laid two books on the desk before him—a New Testament in a tattered binding and the "*Liber Juramentorum*," the Book of Oaths.

"The regret I feel," said the ex-Governor, "and feel increasingly, day by day, at the severance of the ties which have bound me to this beautiful island is tempered by the satisfaction I experience that the choice of my successor has fallen upon one whom I know to be a gentleman of powerful intellect and stainless honor. He will preserve that autonomous independence which has come down to you from a remote antiquity, at the same time that he will uphold the fidelity of a people who have always been loyal to the Crown. I pray that the blessing of Almighty God may attend his administration, and that, if the time ever comes when he, too, shall stand in the position I occupy to-day, he may have recollections as lively of the support and kindness he has met with, and regrets as deep at his separation from the little Manx nation which he leaves behind."

Then the Governor took the staff of office, and gave the signal for rising. Everybody rose. "And now, sir," he said, turning to Philip with a smile, "to do everything, as you say, according to rule, let us first take Her Majesty's commission of your appointment."

There was a moment's pause, and then Philip said in a cold, clear voice:

"Your Excellency, I have no commission. The commission which I received I have returned. I have, therefore, no right to be installed as Governor. Also, I have resigned my office as Deemster, and, though my resignation has not yet been accepted, I am, in reality, no longer in the service of the State."

The people looked at the speaker with eyes that were full of the stupefaction of surprise. Somebody had risen at the back of the bench. It was the Clerk of the Rolls. He stretched out his hand to touch Philip on the shoulder. Then he hesitated and sat down again.

"Gentlemen of the Council and of the Keys," continued Philip. "You will think you have assembled to see a man take a leap into an abyss more dark than death. That is as it may be. You have a right to an explanation, and I am here to make it. What I have done has been at the compulsion of conscience. I am not worthy of the office I hold, still less of the office that is offered me."

There was a half-articulate interruption from behind Philip's chair.

"Ah! do not think, old friend, that I am dealing in vague self-depreciation. I should have preferred not to speak more exactly, but what must be, must be. Your Excellency says my honor as spotless. Would to God it were so; but it is deeply stained with sin!"

He stopped, made an effort to begin afresh, and stopped again. Then, in a low tone, with measured utterance, amid breathless silence, he said: "I have lived a double life. Beneath the life that you have seen there has been another—God only knows how full of wrongdoing and disgrace and shame. It is no part of my duty to involve others in this confession. Let it be enough that my career has been built on falsehood and robbery, that I have deceived the woman who loved me with her heart of hearts, and robbed the man who would have trusted me with his soul."

The people began to breathe audibly. There was the scraping of a chair behind the speaker. The Clerk of the Rolls had risen. His florid face was agitated.

"May it please your Excellency," he began, faltering and stammering, in a husky voice, "it will be within your Excellency's knowledge, and the knowledge of

every one on the island, that his Honor has only just risen from a long and serious illness, brought on by overwork—in fact, that—well, not to blink the plain truth, that——”

A sigh of immense relief had passed over the court, and the Governor, grown very pale, was nodding in assent. But Philip only smiled sadly and shook his head. “I have been ill indeed,” he said, “but not from the cause you speak of. The just judgment of God has overtaken me.

“The moment came when I had to sit in judgment on my own sin, the moment when she who had lost her honor in trusting to mine, stood in the dock before me. I, who had been the first cause of her misfortunes, sat on the bench as her judge. She is now in prison and I am here. The same law which has punished her failing with infamy has advanced me to power.”

There was an icy quiet in the court, such as comes with the first gleam of the dawn. By that quick instinct which takes possession of a crowd at great moments, the people understood everything—the impurity of the character that had seemed so pure, the nullity of the life that had seemed so noble.

“When I asked myself what there was left to me to do, I could see but one thing. It was impossible to go on administering justice, being myself unjust and remembering that higher bar before which I, too, was yet to stand. I must cease to be Deemster. But that was only my protection against the future, not my punishment for the past. I could not surrender myself to any earthly court, because I was guilty of no crime against earthly law. The law cannot take a man into the court of the conscience. He must take himself there.”

He stopped again, and then said quietly, “My sentence is this open confession of my sin, and renunciation of the worldly advantages which have been bought by the suffering of others.”

It was no longer possible to doubt him. He had sinned, and he had reaped the reward of his sin. Those rewards were great and splendid, but he had come to renounce them all. The dreams of ambition were fulfilled, the miracle of life was realized, the world was conquered and at his feet, yet he was there to give up all. The quiet of the court had warmed to a hush of awe. He turned to the bench, but every face was down. Then his own eyes fell.

“Gentlemen of the Council, you who have served the island so long and so honorably, perhaps you blame me for permitting you to come together for the hearing of this confession. But if you knew the temptation I was under to fly away without making it, to turn my back on the past, to shuffle my fault onto Fate, to lay the blame on Life, to persuade myself that I could not have acted differently, you would believe it was not lightly, and God knows, not vainly, that I suffered you to come here to see me mount my scaffold.”

He turned back to the body of the court

“My countrymen and countrywomen, you who have been so much more kind to me than my character justified or my conduct merited, I say good-by; but not as one who is going away. In conquering the impulse to go without confessing, I conquered the desire to go at all. Here, where my old life has fallen to ruin, my new life must be built up. That is the only security. It is also the only justice. On this island, where my fall is known, my uprising may come—as is most right

—only with bitter struggle and sorrow and tears. But when it comes, it will come securely. It may be in years, in many years; but I am willing to wait—I am ready to labor. And, meantime, she who was worthy of my highest honor will share my lowest degradation. That is the way of women—God love and keep them!”

The exaltation of his tones infected everybody.

“It may be that you think I am to be pitied. There have been hours in my life when I have been deserving of pity. But they have been the hours, the dark hours, when, in the prodigality of your gratitude, you have loaded me with distinctions, and a shadow has haunted me, saying, ‘Philip Christian, they think you a just judge—you are not a just judge; they think you an upright man—you are not an upright man.’ Do not pity me now, when the dark hours are passed, when the new life has begun, when I am listening at length to the voice of my heart, the voice of God.”

His eyes shone, his mouth was smiling.

“If you think how narrowly I escaped the danger of letting things go on as they were going, or covering up my true character, of living as a sham and dying as a hypocrite, you will consider me worthy of envy instead. Good-by! Good-by! God bless you!”

Before any one appeared to be aware that his voice had ceased he was gone from the bench, and the Deemster's chair stood empty. Then the people turned and looked into each other's stricken faces. They were still standing, for nobody thought of sitting down.

There was no further speaking that day. Without a word or a sign the Governor descended from his seat and the proceedings came to an end.

Half an hour later the keep, the courtyard, and the passage to the portcullis were filled with an immense crowd. Ladies thronged the two flights of external steps to the prisoner's chapel and the council chamber. Men had climbed as high as to the battlements and were looking down over the walls. All eyes were on the door to the debtor's side of the prison.

The door opened and Philip and Kate came out. There was no other exit and they must have taken it. He was holding her firmly by the hand and half leading, half drawing her along. Under the weight of so many eyes her head was held down, but those who were near enough to see her face knew that her shame was swallowed up in happiness and her fear in love. Philip was like a man transfigured. The extreme pallor of his cheeks was gone, his step was firm, and his face was radiant. It was the common remark that never before had he looked so strong, so buoyant, so noble. This was the hour of his triumph, not that within the walls; this, when his sin was confessed, when conscience had no power to appall him, when the world and the pride of the world were beneath his feet, and he was going forth from a prison cell, hand in hand with the fallen woman by his side, to face the future with their bankrupt lives.

And she? She was sharing his fiery ordeal. Before her outraged sisters and all the world she was walking with him in the depth of his humiliation, at the height of his conquest, at the climax of his shame and glory.

Once for a moment she halted and stumbled as if under the hot breath beating upon her head. But he put his arm about her, and in a moment she was strong. The sun dipped down from the great tower on to his upturned face, and his eyes were glistening through their tears.

TOLD OF THE PREACHERS: CLERICAL ANECDOTES*

The Chaplain's Fear—In a storm at sea the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "Why," replied the sailor, "if this continues we shall all be in heaven before to-morrow morning." The chaplain, horrified, cried out, "The Lord forbid."

Precedence—A dispute about precedence once arose upon a circuit between a bishop and a judge; and after some altercation, the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage: "For on these two hang all the law and the prophets." "Do you not see," said the judge, in triumph, "that even in this passage *we* are mentioned first?" "I grant you," replied the bishop; "you *hang* first."

Dr. Barrow and Rochester—Among other instances of Dr. Isaac Barrow's wit and vivacity, the following set-to between him and the profligate Lord Rochester is related, in which the doctor certainly had the best of it: These two gentlemen meeting one day at Court, while Barrow was king's chaplain in ordinary, Rochester, thinking to banter him, accosted him with a flippant air and a low formal bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." Barrow, perceiving his drift, returned the salute with, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester, improving on this, quickly returned it with, "Doctor, I am yours to the centre"; which was as smartly followed up by Barrow with, "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Upon which Rochester, piqued at being foiled by one he called "a musty old piece of divinity," exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell"; upon which Barrow, turning upon his heel, archly replied, "There, my lord, I leave you."

A Beautiful Passage—A very vain preacher having delivered a sermon in the hearing of the Rev. Robert Hall, pressed him, with a mixture of self-complacency and indelicacy, to state what he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, hoping that his silence would be rightly interpreted; but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. At length Mr. Hall admitted, "There was one very fine passage." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

Pithy Appeal—A certain reverend gentleman in London, having to preach a charity sermon, said nothing on the subject until the sermon was ended. He then told the congregation that this was a mere matter of business, and as such he would talk of it. They knew as well as he that they had certain poor to provide for, who looked to their purses. He then read the text—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord"—and added, "If you approve of your security, down with your money."

Robert Hall's Mouth—This reverend preacher had a very large mouth. He was as well aware of this as any one else, and one morning at a breakfast-party at Bristol, on the occasion of family prayers, a young minister, referring to a sermon about to be delivered by the distinguished divine, prayed that the Lord would "open his mouth wider than ever." When they rose

from their knees, Mr. Hall said, "Well, sir, did you pray my mouth might be opened wider? It couldn't well be done, sir, unless it was slit from ear to ear, sir."

The Bishop's Triumph—The late Bishop Selwyn delighted to tell the following racy incident in his varied experience: While Bishop of Litchfield he was walking one day in the Black Country, and observing a group of colliers seated by the roadside in a semi-circle, with a brass kettle in front of them, inquired what was going on.

"Why, Yer Honor," replied a grave-looking member, "it's a sort of wager. Yon kettle is a prize for the fellow who can tell the biggest lie, and I am the umpire."

Amazed and shocked, the good bishop said reprovingly, "Why, my friends, I have never told a lie that I know of since I was born." There was a dead silence, only broken by the voice of the umpire, who said in a deliberate tone, "Gie the bishop the kettle."

Idea of Eternity—A Salvation Army preacher, in one of his talks, exclaimed to his hearers: "Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I, either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast-time."

Placating Saint and Devil—An old woman, on the day devoted to Saint Michael the Archangel, going to a church in Paris, where there was a representation of that saint discomfiting the devil, put one large taper close to St. Michael and another close to the fiend. "Woman!" exclaimed the priest, "you are making an offering to Satan; you know not what you do." "I know what I am doing well enough," was the reply; "but as I do not certainly know where I am going, it is as well to have a friend in both places."

The Less of Two Evils—The doctrine of purgatory was once disputed between the Bishop of Waterford and Father O'Leary. It is not likely that the former was convinced by the arguments of the latter, who, however, closed it very neatly by telling the bishop, "Your lordship may go farther and fare worse."

The Rich and the Poor—Not long ago a London preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection. And he did it very neatly in a preface to his sermon on the following Sunday. "Brethren," he said, "our collection last Sunday was a very small one. When I look at this congregation, I say to myself, Where are the poor? but as I looked at the collection when we counted it, I exclaimed, Where are the rich?"

Substantiating Immersion—The famed Bishop Wilmer of Louisiana was renowned for his witty rejoinders. On one occasion a Baptist minister insisted that there were several places in the Bible where immersion was unquestionably referred to. "Yes," replied the Bishop, "I recall two such instances, where there can be no doubt as to the mode: one is where Pharaoh and his host were immersed in the sea, and the other where the Gadarene pigs were drowned in the deep."

* Compiled from many sources.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Green : its Symbolism . . . In Literature and Folk-Lore . . . Chambers's Journal

The symbolism of colors is a subject that covers a very wide field. In love and in war, in ecclesiasticism, in folk-lore, in dress, in art—in almost every department of life and of thought, color, as a visible type or symbol of the unseen feeling or thought, has always played a very prominent part. The symbolism of green is varied and curious, and not a little contradictory. Green is emphatically the color of hope, of freshness, and of youth. The early ecclesiastical painters all associate it with hope. The wings and robes of Dante's angels that visited the souls in purgatory were green. This association may explain why Armado, in *Love's Labor's Lost*, declares that "green is indeed the color of lovers," a sentiment in which Shakespeare is supported by Browne, the Devonshire singer, who says:

Green well befits a lover's heate,
But blacke beseems a mourner.

This view of the color's symbolism may also perhaps explain the many and appreciative references to green eyes to be found in the poets. Green eyes would hardly be reckoned as an element in either masculine or feminine beauty by most plain people; but the poets of many different countries have combined to celebrate their charm; and who have greater claims to be considered authorities on beauty than the poets? In *Romeo and Juliet*, the nurse, expatiating on the perfections of Romeo's rival, says:

An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath.

Dante, describing his meeting with Beatrice on the summit of the Purgatorial Mount, gives her eyes of this color. Calderon, Cervantes, and other Spanish writers praise the eye of the emerald hue, in which they are imitated by Longfellow, in his *Spanish Student*, where he speaks of the "young and green-eyed Gaditana." But perhaps the poets do not intend to be so precise in their definition of color as their words might imply. Green is of many shades, and poetical praise of emerald eyes may perhaps be best interpreted by Swinburne's beautiful lines in *Félice*:

O lips, that mine have grown into,
Like April's kissing May;
O fervid eyelids, letting through
Those eyes the greenest of things blue,
The bluest of things gray.

So much praise of green eyes is somewhat curious, when one recollects that the color is so intimately associated with jealousy—the green-eyed monster of Iago. But this is only a part of the contradictoriness of the symbolism of the chameleon-like color. Green is the color of lovers, and at the same time the color of jealousy and of fickleness, and, if we may believe Chaucer, it is also the color of avarice. In the *Romaunt of the Rose* he thus describes this unlovely personage:

Ful sade and caytif was she eek,
And also grene as ony leek.

But whatever may be the color of avarice, the belief in green as a symbol of fickleness is very general. Chaucer's ballad *Against Women Unconstant* has for burden

the line: "Instead of blue, thus may ye wear all green;" and "A green, forsaken clean," is a familiar saying; or, as it is more often elaborately put:

Green's forsaken;
Yellow's forsworn;
Blue's the color
That must be worn.

In some country parts, when a younger sister is married first, the elder is said to "wear the green stockings;" and years ago in Scotland it was actually a common joke, when such an event happened, to send a pair of these undesirable stockings to the elder sister, to be worn at the dance which in the evening brought the wedding festivities to an end. It is perhaps partly owing to this association with inconstancy, and partly to the general ill-luck connected with green, that this color is so generally tabooed in wedding costumes:

Married in May, and kirked in green,
Baith bride and bridegroom winna lang be seen.

One reason given for the avoidance of green in wedding dresses is that it is the chosen color of the fairies; and the little people, as every one knows, are very quick to resent anything that may appear to them to be intended as an insult. At Lowland Scotch marriages of past times, even green vegetables were looked at askance, and kale was not allowed to adorn the table with its curly head. The combination of white and green is particularly portentous, according to the old lines:

Those dressed in blue
Have lovers true;
In green and white
Forsaken quite.

It is another example of the curious inconsistency of the symbolism of green that the color which is pre-eminently that of hope and of youth—with which it seems strange to connect aught but good fortune—should be also so generally regarded as unlucky. In some parts of the south of England rustic folks regard green with such aversion that they will not use it at all, either in dress or in the furnishing or decoration of their homes. A few years ago, a learned German, Dr. Cassel of Berlin, published a little book on the emerald color, in which he lays it down that green is the color of the devil and of demons generally, and this position he supports by a multitude of instances gathered from various parts of Europe, showing its diabolical associations. The belief in demoniac agency and activity underlies a great part of those curious notions and observances of our forefathers which are now rapidly dying out, and this association of such agency with the color green is doubtless at the bottom of the very general belief in the unluckiness of this color.

Of course there have always been many people who have disregarded all such beliefs, and green has been worn many a time and oft. Planché tells us that about 1680 it was the favorite color in clothes; and no idle superstition kept our archers and huntsmen of old from wearing suits of Lincoln green. A conspicuous instance of the love of this color in costume is found in the person of Manfred, the famous South Italian king. We are particularly told that when, in the summer of 1259,

he waited on the quay at Trani, in Apulia, to welcome his bride, the Princess Helen of Epirus, he was dressed in his favorite green, "the color of hope and youth." On the other hand and apart from the general superstition, there are particular families that regard the color as of specially ill-omen if worn by one of their members. It is held in ill-repute by both the Ogilvies and the Grahams; and the Sinclairs of Caithness look upon it as unlucky, because their forefathers, who fought and fell, almost to a man, at the great battle of Flodden Field, were dressed in green on that fatal day.

Drinking Over a Coffin Counter.....French Morbidity.....Glasgow Herald

A strange taste for the horrible and grewsome at the present moment characterizes the performances at cafe concerts in "the gay city." The culminating point in this direction seems to have been reached at a cabaret just opened in the Boulevard Rochechouart, which goes by the name of the Cabaret de la Mort. This grimly baptized place of amusement is but a few yards distant from the popular music-hall known as the Gaiete Rochechouart, where rollicking fun is the order of the day, and songs of too broad a description to suit the taste of Senator Beranger are encored with indescribable enthusiasm by an audience composed of the peculiar class of society to be met with in the Montmartre district and its surroundings.

Remembering the traditional respect and veneration in which the French hold the dead, the correspondent was surprised to find it largely patronized. On entering the low-roofed house, the door of which is ornamented with a death's-head and cross-bones, a visitor is somewhat taken aback to find himself in the presence of a number of "croquemorts" (mutes), dressed precisely as they are for a funeral. These are the waiters, who are forbidden to smile, to talk cheerfully, or to accept any gratuity, and whose solemn faces, very suggestive attire, lit up by a weird green light, and generally mournful aspect, cast a chilly feeling upon one, in spite of the knowledge that all is assumed. There was, moreover, a very unpleasant smell about the place, due, no doubt, to the fact that the coffins which do duty as tables are quite new. At these coffins a score or so of customers were seated—a few women among them—drinking beer, coffee, or liquor. The whitewashed walls of the room are adorned, as a matter of course, with suitable engravings, drawings, or pictures. There are skeletons everywhere; a guillotine by way of change. In a word, a delightful exhibition of the horrible and sinister. A notice is posted up to the effect that on Friday (the unlucky day of the week) the charge for refreshments of all kinds is raised half a franc, and that on that and every other day the charge made for a bock or a grog gives the customer the right to visit the cellars, to which he is attracted by the information that there he will see what becomes of his body after death.

Curiosities of Ancient Medicine.....Andrew T. Sibbald.....American Druggist

Remarkable for their ingenuity, if nothing else, were many of the measures resorted to by our forefathers in routing the fell demon of disease; and to the modern—and therefore enlightened—reader an ancient "medicine book" is a perfect mine of curiosities, in which he may find sense and nonsense, ignorance and a certain amount of shrewdness, blind faith, and barefaced quackery, all served up by turns, or, it may be, together. The phar-

macopœia of our ancestors was both richer and poorer than ours of the nineteenth century. The former rejoiced in a collection of "leechdoms," which would be enough to make the hair of any modern patient stand on end, and give the College of Physicians the shivers. Where science halted and medical knowledge looked blank, inventive superstition stepped boldly to the front, and bade this charm be repeated for an ague, and that one for a broken bone, prescribed a drink of herbs and holy-water for a fever, and the wearing of a specified amulet for the gout.

In all "cures" resulting from those mild remedies, faith was no doubt the most active, though probably the unsuspected agent. It certainly speaks volumes for the constitutions of our forefathers that they so frequently got the better of their ailments in spite of the pranks they played with themselves. The old stock was apparently after the pattern of Joe Bagstock, "Tough, sir, devilish tough;" and we, the descendants, though chips of the self-same block, have lost in hardness what we have perchance gained in polish. It was not only to the sick body, but also to the mind diseased, that the leeches and wise women of bygone days attempted to minister, with their potions and their nostrums. With beautiful impartiality they drew no hard and fast lines between peevishness and palsy; the "vanities of the head," whatever they might be, and the disorders of the liver; they were as ready to fix you up with something good against the effects of witchcraft, or the temptations of the Evil One, as to dose you for the measles, or to teach you a charm to discover the whereabouts of lost cattle. Magic in a mild form being the unknown and ungaugable X of most of their compositions, it was as easy to attempt one thing as another, the result being in all cases a matter of chance.

In Cockayne's Saxon Leechdoms, we are told that Demokritos wrote of an herb, the root of which "wrought into pills and swallowed in wine, would make guilty men confess everything, tormented at night by strange visions of the spirit world." What an herb for a court of justice! What a stimulating little dose for a criminal likely to get off for want of evidence! Then Albertus Magnus brings out the heliotropion, and it appears that the heliotropion is also an invaluable herb, good for defeating the ends of those who go "a-burgling." "If one gather it in August," says Albertus, "and wrap it up in a bay leaf with a wolf's tooth, no one can speak an angry word to the wearer." This is very good, first-rate, indeed, but that is not all. "Put under the pillow, it"—that is the heliotropion—"will bring in a vision before the eyes of a man who has been robbed, the thief, and all his belongings." Why, oh why, when jewel robberies occur so often, do we not pay more attention to the wonder-working heliotropion? Betony, we are told, protects a man from "monstrous nocturnal visitors and frightful dreams;" in other words, it keeps away nightmare. It also prevents intoxication; so also does an omelette made from the ears of the long-eared owl.

Among numberless other prescriptions for the ague, there is one which declares that "the little animal that sits and weaves with the view to catch flies, tied up in rag round the left arm," is to be recommended as a certain cure. Flemish folk-lore, on the other hand, dictates, in the case of ague, an early morning visit to an ancient willow-tree. When there, the sufferer must tie three knots in one of its branches and say: "Good-

morrow, Old One; I give thee the cold; good-morrow, Old One;" upon which the accommodating "Old One" relieves the patient of his troublesome complaint. The somewhat unchristian doctrine of "Pass it on to somebody else," is noticeable in many once popular charms. To get rid of warts, a good plan was to wrap up in a parcel as many grains of barley as there were warts to be charmed away, and to leave it on the public road. Whoever found and opened the parcel, inherited the warts; a "heritage of woe" in this instance. Persons bereft of their senses fared badly in the so-called good old times. "In case a man be lunatic," says a cheerful "leechdom," "take skin of a mere swine or porpoise, work it up into a whip, swinge the man therewith, soon he will be well. Amen." The amen gives a peculiar unctuousness to the prescription. Nor was the rod of benefit to lunatics only, for the Rev. S. Baring Gould writes of a German physician, of 1608, who apparently deemed it a cure for pretty nearly every sort of ill that flesh is heir to. According to this enthusiast a sound thrashing was better than any patent medicine invented since the days of Noah. It "cleared the brain, stirred up the stagnating juices, circulated the blood, and braced the nerves;" moreover, for the melancholy that resulted from love, it was simply the cure. What would the sighing Strephons and languishing Adonises of the nineteenth century say to having their love sickness doctored in this summary and unsentimental manner? "Whip him well," remarks the sage, speaking of a youth "down" with the amatory complaint, "and should he not mend keep him locked up in the cellar on bread and water until he promises amendment."

In Swan's *Speculum Mundi* we also come across some very quaint medical conceits. Feverfew, we learn, is good for "such as be sad, pensive, not desiring to speak;" the herb sowbred is a capital amorous medicine, and will cause you to fall in love, while as has just been observed, a judicious application of the rod will make you fall out. A sly waggishness lurks in the description of the mustard, and the author on this occasion drops into poetry—

She that hath hap a husband bad to bury,
And is therefore in heart not sad, but merry,
Yet if in shew good manners she would keep,
Onions and mustard seed will make her weep.

It would be a shame if we omitted to place rosemary on the list of strange and wonder-working herbs, for, indeed, the virtues of rosemary were formerly very great, although now they appear to have fallen into abeyance. The materialism of this century has certainly much to answer for. It has taken away our charms and our philters, it has put to flight our familiar fairies, and dispersed most, if not all, our hobgoblins; it has removed the ancient landmarks and dealt a deathblow to the old superstitions. In return it has given us what a well-known writer has been pleased to designate "machinery," by which he means a vast deal more than engines and things with wheels that "go wound." However, what machinery is or is not, has nothing to do with this paper, which deals merely with a few of the uprooted landmarks; so to return to our rosemary. If hung about the porch and doorposts it kept away thieves; but its most remarkable property consisted in making old folks young again. Precious, precious rosemary; could you but accomplish that now, gold of Ophir would be your price!

There was once—and Galen is our authority for this story—a gouty and crooked old queen, who, being minded to recover her lost youth and beauty, took six pounds of the magic herb and ground it in a "stownde." The powder thus obtained was mixed with the water in which she bathed three times a day, and the result was that she became so young and sprightly that instead of repenting her of her sins, and considering her latter end, her rejuvenated majesty began to look out for a husband. So much for Galen and his rosemary. Another of our "common or garden" plants which has lost its prestige in these degenerate times is the periwinkle. Such a list of virtues as it possessed, too! Not only was it "of good advantage" against evil spirits, snakes, wild beasts, poisons, envy, and terror; but those who wore it were prosperous and ever acceptable. Truly a "consummation devoutly to be wished!" Prosperous and ever acceptable! Old Herrick could never have known this, or surely he would have written:

Gather ye periwinkles while ye may;
Old Time is still a-flying.

Suspended Animation.....Spallanzani's Experiments.....New York Post

Ordinarily, if oxygen, water, nourishment, or heat be removed, death ensues. Experiments, however, have shown cases of suspended animation in which the absence of one or more of these essentials to life has not produced death. Spallanzani experimented with a great many microscopic forms of life and attained some interesting results. Some of them he dried eleven times, expecting to see them killed, but they revived every time. Doyère did the same, then heated them to 150 degrees F. and placed them in a vacuum for four weeks, but they revived when he poured water upon them. Baker kept them dry for four years, and then revived them by water. Lately, however, it has been proved that the forms which revive are not identical with those which were dried up. The animalculæ themselves died, but their eggs withstood the severe heating of 150 degrees. In boiling water they would have perished.

Spallanzani has proved that the common snail may be deprived of any of the four conditions of life and yet survive. It simply retires within its shell and goes to sleep. Spallanzani cut small openings in the shells of the snails. Through these he could clearly see the functions of life in operation. As the temperature gradually diminished, these operations became weaker and weaker; at zero all movements ceased and the snail appeared to be dead. As soon as the temperature was raised, movements indicative of life began again; by raising the temperature to the normal height, the snail regained its powers. Thus the experimenter quickened and reduced life at his pleasure.

To prove that the absence of heat suspends the snail's animation through the winter season, Spallanzani made the following experiments: When the snail retired within its shell, it closed it hermetically, and both shell and operculum were impenetrable to air. The scientist bored a very small hole in the operculum and fastened a fine glass tube in it, excluding the possibility of air getting in. He then placed the snail under water and forced air into the shell through the tube. If there were any fine openings in the shell or the operculum, or if the snail before entering had

filled the shell with air, the air forced into it by means of the tube would cause air-bubbles to be visible through the shell; but Spallanzani could not detect any. He made another experiment to test this. He bored a hole in the operculum of another snail, and again fitted an air-tight glass tube into it, and filled the tube with quicksilver. He then turned tube and snail upside down and dipped the end of the tube into a cup filled with quicksilver. If the snail's shell was absolutely without air, the tube would show it, for it would act like a barometer. Spallanzani found that there was no air inside of the shell. During the winter he placed several "snail-barometers" side by side with ordinary barometers for comparison. The "snail-barometers" acted exactly as the regular ones.

Spallanzani, however, went further. It was possible, he thought, that the snail, before shutting himself up, might have lain in a supply of air. He therefore extended his experiments to many specimens, making examinations just after the snail had retired, in the middle of winter, and in the spring, and proved to his satisfaction that the snail had not breathed during the winter. He also kept a number of snails during the winter on the bottom of glass jars filled with water, oil, and quicksilver, proving conclusively that they had no air supply during that time. To prove that it is want of oxygen that puts the snails to sleep, he set them in a vessel filled with hydrogen. For about ten minutes the interior organs acted as usual, breathing the hydrogen; but suddenly they ceased and the snail closed the shell by the operculum and lay still. At the end of five hours Spallanzani forced a little atmospheric air into the lungs of the snail, and almost immediately the heart began to act and the blood to circulate. When he stopped the supply of air the operations of life also stopped. The snail remained immobile when carbonic gas or hydrogen was forced in. It is, consequently, the oxygen which sets the organism in motion.

Samoan Head Hunters....Robert Louis Stevenson's Protest...Chicago Lamp

There was a renewal of the practice of "head hunting" in Samoa during the recent troubles between the partisans of Malietoa and of Mataafa; and upon the occasion, in violation of old Samoan customs, the heads of girls, as well as of men, were taken by the native troops engaged to fight for the triple protectorate which exists under the authority of the British, German, and American governments. By advices received in Washington from spies a short time ago, it was learned that an attempt to put a stop to the practice had been made by the American jurist, Mr. Ide, of Vermont, who was last year appointed to the office of chief justice of Samoa, but the attempt was unsuccessful, as it was not sustained by the resident consuls. When the government troops went out to fight Mataafa's people in the rebellion of this year, he warned them that they would be punished if they indulged in the practice of head hunting; and yet, notwithstanding, as soon as hostilities were begun the head hunters broke loose, and when they returned from the field they brought with them the heads of their victims, which were laid at the feet of the king, with the knowledge of the foreign consuls serving under the protectorate. On account of the peculiar circumstances of the case Chief Justice Ide found himself unable to measure out the punishment which he had threatened to inflict. The ruling authorities would give

him no assistance; the offenders could not be identified. The native warriors disregarded his warning; he had no means of enforcing his orders. "I can look for no support here, physical or moral," says the Chief Justice. For reasons that are not to their credit the Europeans living in Samoa declare that barbarous practices must be tolerated until the rebellious natives are wholly crushed; and so they are opposed to any interference with the old Samoan institution of head hunting. The next outbreak in Samoa, therefore, will probably again give evidence of the existence of the abominable practice in an enlarged assortment of human heads.

The strongest of all the protests against its continuance under civilized authority has just been made by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, the celebrated novelist, who, in a letter sent from Apia, tells of some of the scenes that were recently witnessed there. He says that the government troops, upon returning from the field where they had fought the Mataafans, not only brought with them the heads of rebel warriors, but also those of girls. They marched in procession to Molinuw, carrying the girls' heads which they had taken, and "made of them an oblation to that melancholy effigy, the king," who sat on the veranda of the government building, offered thanks to the head hunters, and crowned as heroes those who should have been hanged as criminals. The three members of the Anglo-German-American consular triumvirate "unanimously winked" upon the occasion, as they had previously winked at other incidents not less shocking, perpetrated under the responsibility of the protecting powers—England, Germany and the United States.

When the girls' heads were brought in Mr. Stevenson went to the British consul, Mr. Cusack-Smith, and pressed him to take some action, yet he only drafted a protest, which was put under a paperweight, where it lay until the savage ceremony was ended. He then spoke without any good result to some of the fighting men who had taken heads, and some of whom had contented themselves with taking only the ears of their dead victims, as trophies. He next conferred with the American chief justice, who, however, as has already been said, was powerless. "I must not wonder, though I may still deplore, that Mr. Ide accepted the situation." It is but fair to say, however, that since Mr. Ide took office he seems to have done all he could to prevent head hunting. It is the governments under whose authority he holds his place that refuse to give him the power to put a stop to it. The old king, Mataafa, who was dethroned and has been sent into banishment by the protectorate, forbade the taking of heads in war; but the king who now rules by the grace of the protectorate is devoid of squeamishness in regard to it, and even this year has shown himself ready to accept an oblation of girls' heads.

Mr. Stevenson declares that many horrible atrocities have been perpetrated during the last campaign against the followers of Mataafa. He tells the "story of Manono," where the aged Mataafa flung himself on his knees before a British captain and implored protection for his women and children. Very soon afterward at the time of nightfall, flames were observed to rise from the island. There was wild disorder all through the night; the houses were burned, the women stripped naked, the food trees hewn down, the animals killed, and a great part of the island was reduced to ruins.

TREASURE-TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

Ben Bolt.....Thomas Dunn English.....Select Poems

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Don't you remember the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Where together we've lain in the noonday shade
And listened to Appleton's mill?
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt;
The rafters have tumbled in,
And the quiet which crawls 'round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain,
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys that were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt;
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends,—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

The Universal Prayer.....Alexander Pope.....Poems

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me in this dark estate
To see the good from ill,
And binding nature fast in fate
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun;
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away.
For God is paid when man receives—
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee, Lord, alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
Or lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise,
All nature's incense rise.

The Forced Recruit, Solferino, 1859...Elizabeth Barrett Browning...Poems

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips, over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see!) never was loaded—
He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands—
"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands.

"Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me
A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away!"

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? Many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side.

One tri-color floating above them,
Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honor,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her—
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here;
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory—let him have a tear.

The Mother's Last Song.....Barry Cornwall.....Poems

Sleep! The ghostly winds are blowing,
No moon abroad, no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!

We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,

To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire
('Twas melted away by his looks of fire),
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;

But now we'll go

Where the waters flow,

And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel, the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,

But to fly—fly

From the cruel sky,

And hide in the deepest deeps—and die?

Thanatopsis.....William Cullen Bryant.....Poems

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abode of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Autumnal Dreams.....Bayard Taylor.....Poems

When the maple turns to crimson
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster's on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut burrs are opened
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail,
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail,—

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that still is dear;
She is near me in the Autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

*Inharmonies in Married Life....Paolo Mantegazza...Art of Taking a Wife**

Fish, birds, and mammals, when they feel themselves fit for love and wish to win it, develop new organs, new songs, the newest seductions, and with æsthetic or musical fascination engage in the pleasant warfare of voluptuousness. They show the female all they have of the best, all that is most irresistible, and thus obtain the prize of victory. So do men and women. They adorn themselves, hide their defects, and make a show of their beauty, but as the battle between them is fought on a higher plane, each one polishes up rusty virtues, invents new ones, and sends his vices or moral weaknesses to prison or into exile. Painters, carpenters, artists are about the house from morning to evening in order to make everything clean and bright, as if in expectation of an illustrious guest or a great personage. And they are right, for the guest they expect is no less a one than Love.

The fish, birds, and mammals cease to sing and shed their horns when the breeding season is over, and become lowly and ordinary, even as they were before the marriage. And the companion, who has been enticed by the representation now realized, finds no room for odious comparisons or regrets, for she and her mate are already separated and neither thinks of the other. With man, however, when once the victory is gained, the curtain of the comedy of love falls. But the marriage remains. It remains with the defects which return to view, with the vices which spring afresh from the pollard boughs; and with the little sins returning from their exile and creeping home, one after the other. This is one of the most fruitful sources of the deceptions of matrimony, and it must be prevented. We ought to discover the real truth under all the coquetry of the sex, and to know what metal lies beneath the varnish and polish. This artificial beautifying of man and woman who woo is not hypocrisy, but a natural and irresistible desire of showing our best to the person we love, and hiding from him our worst. But from this innocent desire we mount a flight of many steps, until we come to the blackest hypocrisy, which transmutes brass into gold, glass into diamond, demon into angel. Exceedingly few see clearly when they have the spectacles of love before their eyes, and love has, not unjustly, been painted from the remotest antiquity with his eyes bandaged. The lover is so blind, or, perhaps one would rather say, is so afflicted with altruism, as to mistake colors, and, under such an hallucination, to see virtues where there are vices, to find weakness of character agreeable, a lie a jest, and treachery a game. The most acute spirit of observation, the most profound knowledge of the human heart, do not suffice to protect us from these seductions, which make us see the loved one through a rose-colored glass.

Yet discord of character is the gravest peril, and unfortunately the commonest to marriage, and it may reach such a degree as to oblige husband and wife to separate. Where the law permits divorce, it becomes the terrible situation, which, in official and legal language, is called "incompatibility of temper." And what does this dreadful word mean? What monster is this,

that can divide what love has joined, that can transform sensual pleasure to torture, honey to gall, heaven to hell? When I write my book, *I Caratteri Umani*, which I have been meditating and working at for so many years, perhaps I may be able to get more light upon this obscure point of individual and national psychology. But at present I am satisfied to treat the problem on wide lines, and only as far as it contributes to the happiness of marriage. In the meantime let me state the terrible fact, once and for all, that among the many discords which are possible between the man and the woman, none exercises a more weighty influence than that which arises from want of union in character. There may be happiness between a rich man and a poor woman; between a poor man and a rich woman; an elderly woman and a young man; an old man and a young woman; between two different intellects and educations; we have rare but well-confirmed examples of harmony between all these contemporaneous discords. But when characters cry out against and strike one another, "*Lasciate ogni speranza o voi che entrate,*" then desperation will be the habitual state of the dual existence.

Incompatibility of character does not mean a difference of taste, affections, aspirations; for differences are necessary to perfect harmony, and the man and woman (we have repeated it a hundred times) love each other better and better the more the man is a man and the woman a woman—which is as much as to say the more different they are. In common language, incompatibility of character means, for example, to harness an ox and a horse of Arab breed to the same carriage; to put a tortoise and a deer to walk together; to tie a goose and a swallow to the same cord, and condemn them to fly together; and if these comparisons fall short of the reality, it is because their enormity does not reach by a very long way the psychical discords of men and women. In that monstrous pairing of the deer with the tortoise, the horse with the ox, the swallow with the goose, only locomotion is treated of; but for the race that a man and a woman must take through life it is a matter not only of velocity, but of environment and measure; of all that can modify senses, sentiments, and thoughts. To find a comparison which at all suits or pictures truthfully the tortures of two badly matched individuals who must live together, I can only take that of a fish and a bird condemned to live together. But this comparison is not even good, for either the fish or the bird would die surely and quickly; but of the man or woman neither dies, but live a death in life, feeling nothing of life but disgust, pain, and wrong.

Convicts are also paired with a chain without any regard to their sympathies, but they have at least the psychical relationship of crime, and often vice, which brings them near each other, and also that other common hope of escape that makes them allies and even brethren; but in that other galley of a badly assorted marriage there is not one chain alone, but a hundred and a thousand, all invisible, with as many nerves connecting two existences condemned to the sad communion of a common torture which is doubled for each by the suffering of the other. There is the chain of the

* Published by G. W. Dillingham.

heart, the chains of taste and sympathy, the chains of antipathy, habits, desires, and regrets; and along the length of these chains there runs currents of spite, hatred, rancor, malediction, vengeance, and retaliation. The slightest movement on one side is communicated to the other by the chains, and makes that other feel his pain, which he returns doubled by its own force and rendered crueler by the desire of revenge. So each wrong has an echo, and the echo is doubled and increased a hundred-fold, until the whole life becomes a torment, as if every nerve and tetanus, and every organ of body and soul was transformed into a tooth suffering spasms of pain. When a long-forgotten wound is cicatrized, and a rougher movement than usual reopens the wound anew, in that martyred frame there is not a member which does not suffer nor a single feeling that is not pain. This is the meaning of incompatibility of character, which has been adjudged with reason by legislators as a sufficient cause for divorce; and it is, and ought to be, more so than impotence, bad treatment, or any other cause of separation.

This want of harmony in sentiment has only too many and too varied forms, but at the foundation there is always this skeleton: "That which I like you dislike; that which makes you happy makes me suffer." Woman is an ermine, who allows herself to be killed rather than cross a field of snow soiled by mud. Man, on the contrary, is like a chimpanzee, who loves dirt and soils himself with it. There is no part of his body or soul which does not love this mud. How can two such creatures live together?

He is an optimist even to cynicism, an egoist even to adoration of himself, and his motto is, "*Après moi le déluge*." She is a pessimist from having placed her ideal so high that no human hand can reach it. She cannot live an hour without loving and dedicating a thought, an act, or a sacrifice to the good of some fellow creature. How could they live together?

He has never felt the want of the supernatural, and believes neither in God nor in a soul. She was born a mystic, and the maternal education has made her religious and superstitious. She has a very strong tendency to asceticism. How could two such beings be happy together?

He is frank, expansive even to imprudence, impetuous even to wrath. He says out straightly what he thinks, swears and curses, only to forget within an hour the storm which overwhelmed him. She is close, shut as with seven seals, timid, diffident, and only expresses the tenth part of what she feels, and even regrets that slight expansion. Susceptible as a sensitive plant, she starts if she meets a grain of sand, a hair, or a feather which touches her. She finds an offence and want of respect in everything, suspects evil everywhere, and even in good, seeks bad intentions with all the zeal of an inquisitor. Will these two live happily together?

He is a misanthrope from indolence and diffidence; he detests society and avoids it. She adores cheerful society, garrulous and merry talk, theatres, balls, not that she may seek an opportunity for sin in these places, but simply because she adores what is noisy and deafening. Joining these two together—how can they possibly bless matrimony?

By instinct and education he is democratic, detests all forms of despotism from the tailor to the government. He is a socialist, and would be an anarchist if he had

not a sound heart and did not love his kind passionately. She is of a decayed noble family, keeps and adores the family coat of arms; when any one from politeness calls her marchioness she reddens with pleasure, and her heart swells with pride. She has a profound and sincere respect for authority, and bows reverently before priests, soldiers, millionaires and princes. Can these two together bless "life"?

He is avaricious, but will not confess to it; he makes a secret of his income to be able to complain constantly of his poverty. Nothing escapes his domestic financial inquisition. Not a halfpenny is given in alms at his door, not a match burnt uselessly. Coffee-grounds are never thrown away without first extracting a second and third edition. The querulous wailings of his laments over excessive expenditure and taxation fill the air around him with a bad odor of mildew and closeness. She is generous, and noble in her hospitalities and charities. She likes enjoyment herself, and to make the enjoyment of others, and to hear it responded to by all with "Thank you, thank you!" She cannot understand how one can torment oneself to-day thinking of the still distant day after to-morrow; even the fascination of an uncertain to-morrow allures her. She believes warmly in Providence and Fortune, and earnestly defends the thoughtless. And these two are husband and wife!

He is always in a state of febrile excitement or of depression. He declares to all that the most unhappy man is he who feels no enthusiasm, and that the most happy man is he who feels everything, and hopes that he himself is such an one. She, instead, is always cold, derides every form of enthusiasm, because it seems to her a species of madness; detests poetry, all psychical pleasures, and all passions when they pass 10 degrees centigrade; derides heroism, sacrifice, and martyrdom, contenting herself by declaring it to be the matter of a novel or a stage play. And these two—can they live happily together?

These few examples, taken from the stage of the real world, will be sufficient to give you an idea of the many discords of character one finds in the union of marriage. Certainly all are not so flagrant or so keenly accentuated, but they are more complex and complicated, whilst the discord is rarely upon a single subject, upon one note only, but upon many together.

The Morality of America.... A Japanese View... K. Ukita.... The Independent

What is the condition of morality in America? This is a great question. In order to discuss this problem we must investigate thoroughly the condition of domestic and social morality. What is the moral condition of men and women before their marriage? What after marriage? We must, moreover, consider the political and economical morality. Since I cannot discuss all these points, I will express my opinion, taking domestic morality as my standard. One good custom of America is the social freedom of men and women. We must admire the small number of mistakes in this air of liberty. There is another custom, the respect which man shows to woman, which we ought to learn from them. Since men and women are acquainted with each other before their marriage, have mutual respect and love, and become husband and wife by their own choice, they ought to be very happy in their sweet home. But, on the contrary, in contrast with the purity and morality

among unmarried men and women, the morality between husband and wife is not so perfect as that above mentioned. This is a great defect in the family morality in America. According to the statistics, there is one divorce on an average to every sixteen marriages, and in some States the ratio is one to ten. There are several causes for this phenomenon, but the chief are:

1. The imperfection of law. In America, each State has its own courts of justice, and supreme court, and each State has independent governing power. Therefore there is no common law which has authority throughout the whole country. Moreover, in the execution of law there is a difference in the degree of strictness, according as the accused is rich or poor, native or foreign, and according to the race. The same is the case with the laws relating to marriage. In some States marriage between whites and blacks is forbidden, while in other States it is not forbidden. It is the same, also, with reference to marriages between whites and Indians or Chinese. It is the same with the laws of divorce; although the separation is difficult in one State, it is very easy in other States. We cannot but be surprised at the ease with which a wife is separated from her husband. In the State of New York in some cases successive marriages after divorce are allowed. Some say that ease of divorce is necessary to prevent illegitimate children, and for social morality; but in England, where divorce laws are very strict, the per cent. of illegitimate children is only fifty-four in a thousand, while in America it is seventy in a thousand. From this we see that facility of divorce is not advantageous to the morals of society.

2. The American woman receives the same education as a man; and after she reaches womanhood she rides on a horse or a bicycle, just as a man. It is the custom for men to show special politeness to women. Therefore in every social position woman stands before man. Sometimes she goes so far as to regard this as the natural right of woman. Therefore, in my opinion, the American woman, even if in her dress and body there is a vestige of woman, her spirit is that of a man, and there is very little difference between man and woman. To be silent, not to criticise others, such is woman's real nature; but the American woman is talkative, critical, and she esteems social life more than domestic life. She sometimes neglects home education and takes charge of social business. Recently there are many women who want to have political rights. In reply to Spencer's opinion that, since woman cannot bear arms as a soldier, she ought not to have political rights, a woman argued in an American magazine that if this is so, then, since man cannot bear children, he ought not to have political rights; because to be a soldier is a negative duty, to protect society, but to bear children is a positive duty, to produce society. As a woman's argument this may be all right; but it is no profit to society for woman to neglect family life and esteem social life more than the family. That is not the way to develop woman's character and minister to her welfare. If it is the proper object of woman to lead an independent life, then I have nothing to say. But home is the basis of society; to be a good wife and a wise mother must be woman's holy mission.

3. There were three divine tools in ancient Japan which we ought to respect. The first is the chivalric spirit of the men of Japan, which is represented by a

sword; the second is the womanly virtues of the women of Japan, which is represented by a mirror; and the third is the refinement of the Japanese people, which is represented by the curved gem of the Emperor. The ideal of the Japanese people is above that of the Western nations. The fine art of the West is very beautiful; but it is too realistic, and there is very little difference between it and a photograph. The women of the West are very refined, but they are so destitute of a noble ideal that they might be classed with the women of semi-civilized countries. When I see this fact I am always grateful to the grace of Heaven which has given me a Japanese woman as a mother and a Japanese woman as a wife. I am convinced that what will manifest the glory of Japan in the world in the future will be the character of the women of Japan. I tremble to see that much of the education of the girls of Japan is now in the hands of American women. There is nothing more harmful for fine art, for woman, or for man, than to have a mean ideal, and there is nothing more dangerous than to have no ideal. At the present time people of America idealize a man of success, and do not inquire into the means which he uses. In their eyes success does not mean to be benevolent; but it means to get much wealth. Therefore a Washington, or a Lincoln, is not called successful, but a Jay Gould. There is only one thing which we admire about the American people, and that is their prudence and good common sense. But in social morality they make utility the standard of all things.

In the ancient time Mencius said, "If all from high to low seek after utility, that country is in danger." But the morality and peace of the present America is maintained by the principle of "seeking after utility from high to low," and not by laws nor by constitution, nor by military power, nor even by righteousness. It is said that when the Japanese see the American custom in regard to money, they are disgusted. This is because they see money with Japanese eyes. If the Japanese wish to know how the Americans feel about money, they must take out their swords, which were styled the spirit of the men of Japan, and compare the feeling of the Americans about money and the feeling which our ancestors had when they saw the swords. The sword is the spirit of the warrior. Money is the spirit of the common people. The sword is a harmful tool to hurt others. Money is a useful tool to benefit the world. From the standpoint of reason, money is holy and the sword a savage. But when we realize that in the feudal society of Japan, peace and morality were maintained by virtue of the sword, we need not be surprised that they prize it most highly and think little of money. In the feudal age evil was committed by an abuse of the sword; in a society organized on the principle of utility evil is produced by the worship of money. In America there are many examples of family calamities and social evils produced from this evil. For example, it is said that a man killed his mother-in-law on account of strife in regard to the division of bequeathed property, or that a husband was murdered by his wife, or the reverse, etc. There are many such great accusations brought before the courts. For this reason, in marriage, what comes to mind at first is wealth, rather than beauty of character and countenance. For this reason young women often marry old men. Although in law this is a legitimate marriage, it is really

the same as concubinage. It is surprising that in a Christian civilized country neither the parties themselves nor their parents nor society in general is disgusted. On this account, although the Bible clearly prohibits divorce except for adultery, the American people are not careful about this prohibition. The fact that there are so many divorces is a natural result of the condition of things mentioned above.

In Oriental countries the system of concubinage was established by Confucianism; the position of woman was degraded by Buddhism, and Mohammedanism could not supplant the detestable custom of polygamy; therefore, in regard to morality between men and women, Japan is in a much lower condition than America. But in regard to morality and social righteousness of the refined, spiritual kind, Japan is above the West. Especially, the realization of an ideal by woman, her self-denial and her patience are far above the reach of the American woman. In a word, the Western nations are great in their material civilization, but their moral civilization does not compare with it. For some reason, the Japanese people gave up the way of Confucius at the same time that they imported the Western arts, and they abolished the characteristic morality of Japan at the same time that they gave up the swords of feudal knights. This was a great mistake. As a political system, feudalism is not to be compared with a constitutional system; but the moral ideal of feudalism is far above that of a constitutional system. Feudalism is not only a legal system, but also a moral system, and its ideal is an ultimate attainment of human morality. Loyalty and righteousness are not limited to the relation of suzerain and vassal; if we apply them to all the relations of human affairs they may be made the basis of universal morality. Therefore, for the Japanese people to give up the moral ideal of feudalism at the same time they abolished feudalism, was great rashness. Because, for the Japanese people to give up their morality, is the same as for a knight to give up his sword. In the sphere of utility the use of policy may be all right, but in reference to righteousness one must have courage to do as he ought to do, even if he stands at the verge of death. It is no shame to a man to die for righteousness' sake; for a country to be destroyed for righteousness' sake is not the most deplorable thing. In life there is death. In death there is life. Shame with life is not worth as much as glory with death. Of this there can be no doubt.

Where Women Have Suffrage.....Political Progress.....Farmer's Vindicator

The countries of the world where women already have some suffrage have an area of over 18,000,000 square miles and their population is over 350,000,000.

In England, Scotland and Wales women vote for all elective officers except members of Parliament.

In France the women teachers elect women members on all boards of education.

In Sweden women vote for all elective officers, except representatives; also, indirectly, for members of the House of Lords.

In Norway they have school suffrage.

In Ireland they vote for the harbor boards, poor law guardians, and in Belfast for municipal officers.

In Russia women householders vote for all elective officers and on all local matters.

In Finland they vote for all elective officers.

In Austria-Hungary they vote, by proxy, for all elective officers.

In Croatia and Dalmatia they have the privilege of doing so in local elections in person.

In Italy widows vote for members of Parliament.

In the Madras Presidency and the Bombay Presidency (Hindoostan), the women exercise the right of suffrage in all municipalities.

In all the countries of Russian Asia they can do so wherever a Russian colony settles. The Russians are colonizing the whole of their vast Asian possessions, and carrying with them everywhere the "mir," or self-governing village, wherein women who are heads of households are permitted to vote.

Women have municipal suffrage in Cape Colony, which rules a million square miles.

Municipal woman suffrage rules in New Zealand, and, I think, at parliamentary elections also.

Iceland, in the North Atlantic, the Isle of Man (between England and Ireland), and Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific, have full woman suffrage.

In the Dominion of Canada women have municipal suffrage in every province and also in the Northwest Territories. In Ontario they vote for all elective officers, except in the election of members of the legislature and Parliament.

In the United States twenty-eight States and Territories have given women some form of suffrage.

School suffrage in various degrees is granted to women in Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont and Wisconsin.

In Arkansas and Missouri women vote, by petition, on liquor license in many cases.

In Delaware suffrage is exercised by women in several municipalities.

In Kansas they have equal suffrage with men at all municipal elections.

About 50,000 women voted in 1890. In Montana they vote on all local taxation.

In New York they can and do vote at school elections. The question of the constitutionality of the law is still undecided. They vote also in many places in this State on local improvements, such as gas and electric street lighting, paving, sewerage and municipal bonds.

In Utah women voted until disfranchised by the "Edmunds law," when they promptly organized to demand its repeal.

In Pennsylvania a law was passed in 1889, under which women vote on local improvements, by signing or refusing to sign petitions therefor.

In Wyoming women have voted on the same terms with men since 1870. The convention in 1889 to form a State Constitution unanimously inserted a provision securing them full suffrage. This constitution was ratified by the voters at a special election by about three-fourths majority. Congress refused to require the disfranchisement of women, and admitted the State July 10, 1890.

And let it not be forgotten that in the Senate of the United States, February 7, 1889, a select committee reported in favor of amending the Federal Constitution so as to forbid States to make sex a cause of disfranchisement. Congress adjourned, however, on March 4 following, without reaching the subject.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD*

A SHORT STORY. BY C. J. OBERALM

"Let me put the facts before you, sir. I am the richest man in all the world!—richer than Rothschild, and Jay Gould, and the Vanderbilts all put together! When you came into my shop just now, you didn't think the richest man in all the world was standing behind the counter? Oh, I think not. He-he-he!"

"Look out of this window at the big Tennen Gebirge Mountains: eight thousand feet high—nine miles long! Well, I could put enough gold on the top to make the whole chain as high as the Great Glöckner in Tyrol!"

"When you tourists come along, and admire the mediæval streets, and the buttressed houses, and the green window-shutters—how I get to know the phrases!—I look out at you, and laugh, and rub my hands; I say to myself that you are all fools. You don't know what the real curiosity in Hallein is—ay, or in all Austria, with Hungary thrown in—when just at the level of your eyes, with six feet of wall between, the richest man in all the world is standing watching you."

"You go to Salzburg, and see the graves of Blue-beard's wives, and the catacombs in the rocks, and the Jesuits' Cathedral. And then you come on here and look at our queer streets; and—when you are not too lazy—go up into the mountains to the Bavarian frontier; and then you come and gape and yawn under my window, and never know that the greatest wonder in the whole country is here beside you—'a little yellow-haired man in spectacles, with baggy pockets,' you would say: yes, sir, but the richest man in the whole wide world, with gold—gold—gold—thousands of tons!—pure virgin gold, with never a speck or flaw!"

"But come into my back-parlor, and let me put the facts before you. Hansl can sell packets of salt to the blockhead burgers' wives, and ten kreutzers' worth of ammonia, to take away mosquito-bites, to you green tourists; and I'll put the facts before you, and tell you how I became the richest man in the world."

"Come and sit down here, while I put the facts before you. You don't mind my long pipe, I hope? No German can talk without a big pipe hanging down his chin. Look at this big map, and follow it, as I tell you the facts. I have joined two maps together to show the whole of the Pacific Ocean. Here, you see, I've marked two spots with yellow, and drawn a dotted line between them. That's my great discovery!"

"This spot on the east side—no, I suppose it's the west—west side of Pacific, east side of Asia; yes, that's it. Well, this spot is Amooria and the town of Blagovestchensk. Now, although you are a tourist, and have been airing your legs in every country in Europe—and Asia and America too, for all I know—I'll lay a wager you didn't know there was such a place."

"And here am I, sitting in my shop-parlor, a shabby little provincial chemist—oh, I know very well that's what you think me, although you do nod your head, and try to look polite: I know all about it."

"Well, this yellow spot is Blagovestchensk, in Amooria. And the other yellow spot over the water—east side of Pacific, west side of America; I have it right this time, I know—this other yellow spot is Red

Pyramid Bluffs, in California, and the dotted line goes from the one to the other. Doesn't that tell you anything? No? Well, I never did think much of you tourists. Perhaps you know Amooria is the centre of the big gold-deposit that the Siberian convicts work? Yes, you know that much, at least. And you know Russian engineers say the Amoorian gold ridge is richer than Australia and California put together? and that one day Russia will be the biggest gold-owning country in the world? Well, you know that gold is said to have been found in California? He-he-he! I have found something you do know at last!"

"Well, Red Pyramid Bluffs is the mathematical centre of the Californian gold-mines, just the same as Blagovestchensk is the centre of the gold-deposits of Siberia; and the dotted line goes from one to the other. You begin to get some idea of what I mean?"

"Thank Heaven for small mercies! If there's gold in Amooria, on one side of the Pacific, and gold in California, on the other side, you can see what follows from that? Why, of course, that there is a line of gold under the Pacific joining the two, thousands of miles long, hundreds of miles broad, and, maybe, as deep as the eternal centre of the world!"

"And all that gold is mine by right of discovery. A big yellow ridge of it, right under the Pacific, from Amooria on the one side to California on the other. Bright gold—yellow gold—as pure as light—as soft as butter from the Alps! Gold—gold—gold! and all of it mine by right of discovery—by diggers' law."

"All very possible, you say? Why, it's certain! Why, it's clear as daylight! And how am I going to get it up? I thought you were an ass; now I know it! You don't suppose that Nature put all that gold there to waste? Nature isn't an ass—or a tourist, either! I'll tell you how I am going to get it up."

"You see this line of volcanoes, right across the top of Behring Sea, along the Aleutian Islands! Yes? And you see the line they make is exactly parallel to the dotted line of my gold-mine? Yes; you see that? Well, the volcanoes come down Kamchatka to the mouth of the Amoor River, and then they disappear."

"Where they go to? Anyone could tell that. They go under the sea. Why doesn't anybody see them? Because they are not at the top yet. But they will come. First jets of steam; then smoke and ashes; then islands like St. Helena and Ascension—submerged mountain-tops."

"Take some time for the volcanoes to grow? Not a bit of it! They are due to come up in three years."

"The eruptions started in the Aleutian Islands, just off Alaska, twenty years ago. And then they worked backward across the Pacific, along the Behring Sea, and then started down Kamchatka, and then crossed over to Amooria. In three years more they start along my dotted line, and begin to heave up gold. I've plenty of time to close the shop, set sail for Siberia, and be there on the spot when they come up."

"But what beats me is, where am I to put it. There aren't cellars enough in Vienna to hold it, nor locks and bars enough to keep it safe!"

* From Cassell's Family Magazine.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Samson in Feathers...Doings of an Athletic Macaw...Philadelphia Telegraph

They have a lot of wonderful animals at the Zoo, but the most wonderful of all just now is a bird. He is barred up behind three layers of heavy wire mesh, such as is used for coal sieves, and even this is hardly enough to relieve a constant feeling of suspicion concerning him. The bird is a species of the parrot known as the macaw, and his native country is Brazil. The warm breath of summer seemed to inspire him with a confidence peculiar to any creature that itself erects a home, and the activity of some of his exploits has surprised the keeper of the aviary as well as the officials of the gardens, who have never had the opportunity of seeing the macaw on his native heath. He has only been in this country a short time, and until a few days ago had sole possession of one of the row of cages along the eastern wall of the aviary. In an adjoining cage were a flock of talkative but peaceful cockatoos, with feathers as white as snow. He observed them with comparative indifference for a time, but a few nights ago he decided to make them a neighborly call, and now the garden is one cockatoo less in its group of specimens of winged creation. How it happened no one knew until the next morning, when the macaw was found in the cockatoo cage, sitting comfortably on a perch, while beneath him lay a dead cock in the pit. The other cockatoos kept themselves as far as possible out of sight in a corner. Three bars of thick wire partition between the cages had been pulled out to make way for the macaw's exit. Apparently this might have been an easy thing for a man to do, but it is doubtful if a man could have done it more neatly or completely than did this adventurous macaw.

The macaw was not put back in his cage. He was given quarters in a private cage, a stout portable inclosure about three feet square, with a floor of galvanized sheet iron, and iron bars as thick as an ordinary lead pencil. The bars were supported around the sides with cross pieces, or stringers of thick iron, so that their length was not over six inches in any part of the cage. It was thought that the macaw was pretty safe in that kind of a cage, but to make assurance doubly sure he was placed in a small room in the corner of the aviary and the door closed, which proved a wise precaution. The next morning the keeper of the aviary nearly fell dead with paralysis to find the macaw at large, perched quietly on the top of a feed box. The box was empty. With his jaw dropped with consternation the keeper, who had charge of all the birds that ever came there in the twenty years of the garden's existence, stood and surveyed the scene. The bars on the heavy iron cage had not been pulled out as in the larger cage, but they had been bent and almost broken, leaving a space large enough for the macaw to make his exit. How he did it is still a puzzle for the Zoological Society to solve, if not a puzzle for a good mechanical engineer familiar with the tensile and other properties of iron.

The keeper who found the bird, first felt the bars with his fingers to see if they had been made out of soft metal by mistake, but they were not. Then he got a pair of plumber's plyers and tried to bend them straight again, but he had not force enough in his wrist to do it. Then he sat down and wiped the cold perspiration from his

face and looked at the macaw with a suspicion that the bird must be supernatural, while the bird sat as serenely as possible, calmly returning his gaze. The macaw is a silent bird. He does not talk like other parrots. The keeper secured the windows and doors and went for advice and assistance. The macaw is back in its cage now, but the bars are still bent just as he left them, because there is not a pair of plyers in the garden strong enough to straighten them. Around the outside of the cage are three layers of the thick wire mesh of the kind used to sieve coal, hiding the bird almost completely from view, except at one corner left open to feed him.

The macaw's feat is the most astonishing thing that has been seen in the garden since it was founded. The bird is nothing but a parrot of somewhat extraordinary size, being over two feet in length, and having a head on him probably larger than a big Florida orange and an enormous bill for a bird. His plumage is dark and rather subdued in comparison with the smaller parrots, but it is very handsome. Since he twisted the bars of his cage the keepers are wary in handling him for fear he will get his fighting blood up and take a man's finger off, which he is capable of doing. What will be done with him has not been determined yet. There was a proposition to confine him in the new bear pit, but it is probable that he will be put in an outdoor cage for the summer, where the bars are as thick as those used to confine the eagles and vultures. The strength of his bill is marvelous.

Fireflies and their Lamps.....Rene Bache.....Boston Transcript

The retirement of Prof. C. V. Riley from the post of United States entomologist removes from Government employment one of the most eminent investigators of the day. Science, under Uncle Sam's auspices, has done no more important work than has been accomplished in the study of insects. In that branch of the animal creation Secretary Langley of the Smithsonian Institution has made perhaps the most picturesque research—relating to the light afforded by fireflies. This light, Prof. Langley has discovered, is the most economical illuminant in the world. It is one hundred times as cheap as gas. That is to say, there is no waste, whereas the waste in burning gas or lamps is more than 99 per cent. In other words, the consumer pays a dollar for every cent's worth of light he gets. With electricity the waste is less, but still enormous. The firefly light expends no energy in the shape of heat. So here is what might be termed a cold light, without waste. It a process could be invented for producing it in large quantities by artifice, the discovery would be of enormous benefit to mankind. Incidentally, electricity and gas would be driven out of use for illuminating purposes. That the secret will be found sooner or later is not at all unlikely. The notion formerly held, that the light was part and parcel of the life of the firefly, has been exploded. It is now believed to be simply a product of chemical combustion.

Such being the case, it ought to be practicable to reproduce the phenomenon in the laboratory, or even on a large scale. This peculiar light, termed "phosphorescence," has received little attention from scientists up to date; it affords an attractive field for investigation.

The supposition is that it is made by the slow combustion of materials secreted under the control of the nervous system of the insect. It is produced at one four-hundredth the cost of energy expended in a candle-flame. Nothing is lost in the shape of heat, the light-giving organs having the same temperature as other parts of the animal. More than 150 families of animals on land and in water, embracing tens of thousands of species, produce such phosphorescent light. They yield enough of it to illuminate London, Paris and New York. The surface of the ocean is alive with luminous crustaceans, jelly-fishes, etc., not to mention innumerable vegetable organisms, each of which is a tiny lantern. In the depths swim lamp-bearing fishes. On land crawl glow-worms and "electric centipedes," while in the air fireflies and "lightning-bugs" of many kinds disport themselves. All of this light crowded into one place would hardly affect a thermometer.

The most brilliant light afforded by any land animal is that of the famous firefly of the tropics known as the cucujo. Thirty-eight of them yield one candle-power. Photographs have been printed by two-minute exposure of bromide plates to their illumination. People in Cuba confine them in paper lanterns for going about the country at night, or for indoor lighting. Sometimes they attach one of the insects to each foot for travelling in the dark, to serve as a guide to the path. Also they use them as ornaments for the dress and hair. It is with these fireflies that Professor Langley conducted his experiments. They are beetles, beginning life as grubs. Skip-jacks or spring-tails they are sometimes called, because, when placed on their backs, they jump over with a clicking sound. A small species of the same family is found in Florida and Texas. They have two luminous spots on the thorax and another on the abdomen. Damp evenings are most favorable to the light-giving, the object of which is presumably to attract the sexes. The young larvæ feed largely on snails, to which their bite is poisonous. The luminous organs are developed before the insects leave the eggs. Now, a theory formerly held was that these fireflies stored up light in the daytime for emission at night—as is done by the so-called luminous paint of calcium sulphide. But it was found that they shone as brightly as ever after being confined for ten days in darkness. Some that were carried all the way from Cuba to Havre in the pitch-black hold of a vessel were brilliant on their arrival. A more striking disproof, however, was afforded by a batch of larvæ hatched in the dark, from eggs laid in the dark in a piece of rotten wood, the young insects being kept in darkness for the first six months of their lives. They shone as brilliantly as any of the other fireflies.

Prof. Langley decided that the light did not depend on the vital principle of the insect. He found that the eggs became luminous on being shaken in a glass receptacle. Then he dried the eggs and kept them in that condition for a long time. On being moistened they shone. The dried eggs were powdered in a mortar, but they gave light on being wetted. The beetles themselves, twelve hours after being killed by electricity, were still luminous. So the Professor infers that nothing more than a chemical combustion is concerned in the manufacture of this cheapest light. He thinks there is hope that we may be able to reproduce it some day. To make a light equal in brilliancy to that of this tropical insect, we must produce a temperature of 2,000 degrees.

The firefly's lamp creates no heat that can be detected by the most delicate instruments. Its energy is entirely expended in illumination. Nature, while offering object-lessons in the art on every hand, laughs at man's efforts to imitate her in this field. There is a device known as Geissler's tube, by which a much greater light than that of the firefly is made without any heat, electric sparks being flashed through rarefied gases; but it is only a plaything of the laboratory.

There are a good many kinds of fireflies in the world. Those which give an intermittent light are popularly distinguished as "lightning-bugs." The glow-worm of literature is the female of a European firefly. She never acquires wings. Her luminous substance is a soft, yellowish grease, extending in a thin layer along the inner sides of the abdomen. A few glow-worms exist in the United States, but they are rare. The common fireflies of this country have wings, females as well as males. The larvæ are stout-bodied and grub-like, found under stones and logs. They yield some light. Mosquitoes are the favorite prey of the Cuban fireflies. It is a pity that our own species have not the same taste. The "electric centipedes" already referred to are black crawlers with many legs, which have been likened to serpents' skeletons in miniature. They move in snake-like fashion, forward or backward, leaving a bright trail of light. However, they are most accustomed to appear in the daytime, when the illumination they afford is not visible. A little after sunset the "lightning-bugs" begin to creep up spears of grass and to show their lights. They fly irregularly upwards, flashing at intervals, to a height of forty or fifty feet.

Fishes that Do Strange Things.....Aquatic Marvels.....London Standard

Imagination had a boundless range in devising legends and marvels about fish until Knowledge clipped her wings. Much of Izaak's charm lies in his quaint manner of reference to these fictions. But the loss of such pleasant errors is compensated by facts more extraordinary and even more wonderful which science has revealed. Izaak would have spurned in a gentle way the most revered of his authorities had he found the assertion that oysters can hear and even utter sounds, that fish climb trees and live in woods. But the first statement is now assured, the second is upheld by grave evidence, the third is a commonplace, and the fourth must be called a pardonable exaggeration. We have a species entitled "*Percha scandens*." When Lieut. Daldorf of the Dutch East India service reported to Sir Joseph Banks that he had caught a fish on the stem of a palm-tree five feet above the ground, and still mounting upwards, even Sir Joseph's acceptance of his tale did not preserve that officer from an outburst of universal mockery. It was asked, with reason, what on earth the fish expected to find useful for its purposes at the top of a palm-tree? The earliest reporter of this fact, Abouzeyd, who wrote in the ninth century, had a sufficient explanation. He was not bothered with science. The creature went up to feed upon the fruit, and when satisfied it returned to the water. But this would not do for the savants even a hundred years ago. They pointed out that "*Percha scandens*" lives on water insects, that it could not and would not eat fruit, and that if its fins and gill-covers be so framed that it might possibly climb a tree, they are so framed also that it

could not make even an effort to descend. Their objections are not yet answered, nor, so far as we are aware, has any fish since been caught nine feet above the ground. But the habit of climbing is admitted, whatever the motive. In fact, the Cingalese cover their fish-traps with a netting, because, as they explained to Mr. Layard, some species would creep up the poles and escape over the side. A few hours' sojourn in almost any tropic realm will convince the stranger that fish can climb, if he spend them on the banks of a tidal river. The funny little mud-fish scurry and paddle there all day long, mounting to the top of the rocks, however smooth; running up and down the mangrove roots as active almost as lizards. Not least curious of their peculiarities is the trick of running over the surface of the water, for a distance which seems bounded only by their inclination.

As for fish that live in the woods—barring exaggerations—they also abound. The morachung of Bootan is most famous. It is never caught in rivers or even in standing ponds, though, as some accounts say, its abiding-places always communicate with water, so that it can return to its "native element" when so disposed. However that may be, they are caught not by hook or net, but by the spade; and they are worth some digging—two feet long perhaps, disproportionately thick, and always in pairs. Plenty of other species are taken in the same way during the hot months, and plenty more divert themselves with a stroll on dry land occasionally. Sir R. Schomburgh saw negroes going out to fish in the jungles of Guiana with nothing but a basket or two, and they brought back as many as they could carry. Sir John Bowring constantly observed the fish go ashore and "lose themselves amongst the trees" upon the Siamese River Meinam. Mr. Morris was inspecting a leaking tank by Trincomalee when heavy rain came on. His man suddenly raised a shout and galloped up a "knoll," the far side of which—that distant from the tank—proved to be alive with fish climbing upwards at prodigious speed; we are to suppose that they had left the pool when the water escaped, but hastened to return, knowing that the rain would refill it. As for burying fishes, they are numberless. We have a grave report of one species found nineteen feet below the surface of a field. It is not necessary to believe this. But in Abyssinia they are dug up six feet or more below the river bed when it is dry. So common is this excavating in Ceylon that an ingenious magistrate was able to decide a question of landmarks, which seemed hopeless, by taking advantage of it. One native accused another of diverting the course of a stream which was the ancient boundary of their respective lands, thus securing a strip which did not belong to him. There was evidence on both sides, of course. The magistrate invited plaintiff to point out the original channel, now dry ground, and there he dug. At the proper depth fish were found—corpses, naturally; for it is not alleged that these odd creatures can live permanently without moisture. But the jury were satisfied, and the guilty man confessed.

"Talking fishes" make a very antique jest. We have it, indeed, on the grave authority of Valentyn, the learned historian and naturalist of Dutch India, that a mermaid was taught not only to speak, but to spin and to understand the tenets of Christianity; but a mermaid is not quite a fish. It is not commonly believed that fishes have any power of utterance, but although the

fact is not proved absolutely yet, so far as we have read, there is such a mass of testimony from divers regions, contributed by observers of such credit, that the fact is no longer doubtful. Sir Spencer St. John recounts that in one of his Bornean expeditions he continually heard a booming sound which rose indubitably from the water; his Malay crew asserted that it was made by a fish of which they caught a specimen presently. If we may trust our recollection of the passage in *Forests in the Far East*, it proved to be a creature resembling the lamprey in the respect that it attached itself to the boat. Somewhat similar, apparently, is the occalcoc, the drummer fish of the Niagara, the voice of which is described as "buzz-buzz." So it is reported by Pallegoix that a fish called by the Siamese "dog's tongue" fixed itself to the timbers of a boat "et fait entendre un bruit très sonore et même harmonieux." At the mouth of the Pascagola River, in the State of Mississippi, a bay on the north coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and at Baltimore, the same phenomenon is asserted; in the last instance they attribute it to a species of cat-fish. The Swan River, in Australia, has its "trumpeter," and the fishing folk of Lisbon assert that the corvina, which does not seem to be identified, utters a droning sound. At Caldera, in Chili, near the landing-place, a very pleasing serenade is heard sometimes. The music resembles that of a harp, with a range of four notes at least; the incurious people of the neighborhood have no theory about it. But a like concert is usual at various points off the Indian coast; and there, of course, its origin is well understood—that is, the natives may be right or wrong, but they have an explanation. Dr. Buist describes it "as long distinct sounds like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitch-pipe or pitch-fork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note." It became much more sonorous when a listener put his head to the planks of the vessel. Next day the boatmen presented Dr. Buist with a number of fish which, as they said, produced the music—a species very p'entiful, in size and shape like our perch. Sir Emerson Tennent heard such stories in Ceylon, and he paid a visit of inquiry to Batticaloa. They were amply confirmed. To Sir Emerson the notes sounded like "the gentle thrills of a musical chord or the faint vibration of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each distinct and clear in itself, the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass." As usual, the harmony deepened in volume when the ear was applied to the woodwork of the boat. In Ceylon, however, it is assigned to mollusca, and Sir Emerson satisfied himself at least that the theory was consistent with the circumstances, for the musical creatures were certainly stationary; he could pass beyond their range and return to it, when the concert recommenced. And later discoveries assure us that the idea is not so absurd as it would have seemed formerly.

Nature's Most Invincible Creatures... Eugene M. Aaron. Scientific American

We are apt to consider ourselves the most powerful and all-conquering members of the animal world, and next to us we range such creatures as the lion, tiger, grizzly bear, and elephant, as capable of maintaining their own against all comers in an open hand-to-hand or mouth-to-mouth fight. Yet in doing so we err greatly,

simply because we consider mere bigness or muscular force, forgetting the energy and the intellectual powers that make one of nature's tiny creatures, when combined in the vast numbers in which they are always found, by far the most formidable animal force known on land. Therefore, when the question is put to us, "Which do you consider the most resistless of all animals?" it is always safe to reply that, if warlike manifestations are referred to, the soldier or driver ants are far and away the most terribly invincible creatures with which we can be brought in contact.

Monsieur Coillard, a French missionary in the Barotse Valley of South Central Africa, thus writes of these terrors there: "One sees them busy in innumerable battalions, ranked and disciplined, winding along like a broad black ribbon of watered silk. Whence come they? Where are they going? Nothing can stop them nor can any object change their route. If it is an inanimate object, they turn it aside and pass on; if it is living, they assail it venomously, crowding one on top of the other to the attack, while the main army passes on, business-like and silent. Is the obstacle a trench or a stream of water? Then they form themselves at its edge into a compact mass. Is this a deliberating assembly? Probably, for soon the mass stirs and moves on, crosses the trench or stream, continues in its incessant and mysterious march. A multitude of these soldiers are sacrificed for the common good, and these legions, which know not what it is to be beaten, pass over the corpses of these victims to their destination." Against these tiny enemies no man, nor band of men, no lion or tiger, nor even a herd of elephants, can do anything but hurriedly get out of the way. Among the Barotse natives a favorite form of capital punishment is to coat the victim with grease and throw him before the advancing army of soldier ants. The quickness with which the poor wretch is despatched is marvelous when it is considered that each ant can do nothing more than merely tear out a small particle of flesh and carry it off. Yet in a surprisingly short time the writhing victim will have been changed into a skeleton of clean and polished bones that will make the trained anatomist envious.

All are familiar with the tales of how these armies of ants enter a tropical village and take entire possession of it, driving its inhabitants out in terror, and at last in a few hours or a day or two abandoning it cleaner than the arts of the most orderly housekeeper could ever make it. These are not travellers' tales. The most gifted pen must fail to give an adequate idea to the uninitiated of just how thorough and searching these creatures are in ridding a house of every bit of animal or vegetable matter in it. Perhaps, however, the narration of the following bit of personal experience may help to illustrate it. I had returned from a day's tramp in the hills, laden with trophies in the shape of tropical insects, some of them, perhaps, new to the eyes of scientists, and all of certain value, when I was called out of my house by the cry, "The driver ants, the driver ants." Hastily placing most of my collections in glass jars and tin boxes, so as to be out of the reach of the invaders, and gathering such clothes as I would need for a day or two, I made a rather undignified retreat. After I had done so I remembered that I had left some rare beetles pinned in a box that was in the pocket of my collecting coat, but as the coat had been placed in a strong chest and this chest was heavily scented with

naphthalin or "tar camphor," and the lid fitted down very tight, I felt that they were safe. The next morning when I went back, after a night spent in my hammock in a tamarind tree, I found that of a bunch of bananas, consisting of a thick stem and about one hundred of the fruit, there was no trace whatever, save the dangling string with which it had been hung from the ceiling; and not a vestige of bread, chocolate, coffee, and other eatable odds and ends could be found on the thoroughly cleaned shelves on which some food had been left. Even the cracks between the floor-boards had been cleaned out, the particles of edible matter having been carried away or devoured and the mere dust left where it could easily be swept away.

This was not so bad, for a good cleaning never hurts a house in the tropics; but when I came to examine my chest and found that a hole quite two inches in diameter had been torn in one end through an inch board of hard wood, that the box in my coat-pocket had also been pierced and every one of the pins on which my beetles had been arranged stood in place as empty and clean as when taken out of the paper, I had a better idea of the thoroughness of these wondrous, tiny scavengers of Nature than ever before. Life in the tropics is a continuous revelation, from day to day, of new wonders of animal life in all its phases.

War on Chinch Bugs.....Utilizing Contagious Diseases.....Chicago Post

Chinch bugs are reported to be doing much damage in Kansas, Illinois, and other sections of the West. In some localities the farmers are afraid that their crops will be ruined by the bugs, particularly as the season is a dry one. The chinch bug thrives on drought, and always accompanies it. Its ravages were unchecked until Professor F. H. Snow, of the Kansas University, discovered by means of a series of experiments how to inoculate healthy bugs with a fungus contagious disease. The sick bugs being then placed in different parts of the field soon communicate the disease to the field bugs, and as a result the field will be, in a short time, covered with dead insects.

This remedy has been used successfully in Kansas for the last three years. Other stations, too, have taken up and carried on the work. Bulletin No. 34 of the Nebraska station gives the result of last year's labors in that State in this direction. Infected bugs were sent to 164 persons, 45 of whom reported successful results, 14 were partly successful, and 12 doubtful, while in 30 cases the infected bugs failed to produce the desired result. All adverse conditions considered, this is a remarkably good showing. The chinch bug disease—or diseases, for there are three of them—works best when the insects are most numerous, says the bulletin. Coming in contact with one another is necessary in order to impart the disease. The remedy is only valuable, then, when the bugs are injuriously numerous. At other times such precautions as will tend to keep the insects in check are resorted to. These are principally what might be termed "agricultural" methods. "Clean" farming, clearing up all rubbish in and about the edges of the fields, and destroying all the watering-places, as weedy hedgerows, ravines, old and neglected meadows and pastures. Notwithstanding the frequent visits of the chinch bug, there are two insects frequently mistaken for the pests—the false chinch bug and an insect commonly known as the gray plant bug.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

The Reciter of the Park....A London Sketch....W. Pett Ridge....To-Day

"Mind you, *I* don't beg, ladies and gentlemen. Understand that; understand that, once for all. *I'm* 'ere simply and solely to give you a few recitations, which have been received, I may say, with much apprecyition not only in this park, but [with a magnificent wave of the arm] in other parks. I purpose giving you this evening, memory serving, first of all a poem called, or should I sy entitled, 'Phil Burke's Crime'; awfter which I shall give a pop'lar ricing sketch; awfter which a draymatic sketch taken from that well-known drarmar, 'Lorst in London,' by Watts Phillips, Esquire. 'Lorst in London,' by Watts Phillips, Esquire. And [with a sudden acerbity] if you don't stand a bit further back, you kids, and give a chap room to breathe, I'll——"

Although it is a June evening it is quite fine. The moon, tired of staring down on the world, has gone under a gray cloud. 'Buses crowd up thickly from Oxford Street, and the drivers of the 'buses which excitedly come, and the conductors of the 'buses which reluctantly go, exchange spirited remarks on each other's personal appearance. Domestic with wrinkled foreheads, waiting for belated lovers, look up at the illuminated clock, and stamp their boots and say "Bother."

"Ladies and gentlemen."

The reciter pauses. He is a spare old-young man; his face is rather red at the nose, as though from exposure to the sun, and his habits are by no means irreproachable. His coat, especially, is very shiny.

"Ladies and gentlemen."

"'Ear, 'ear." This ironically from a green girl with a shy sweetheart.

"Yus, *I* know you're there, my dear," retorts the reciter, briskly. "*I* know you're there. I 'eard your foot-steps as soon as you come in the park." [Green girl turns red, and her shy sweetheart says, with some satisfaction, that upon his word, if it don't jest serve her right.]

The reciter passes his hand negligently over his forehead, and looks up at the moon as might a burlesque actress at the limelight man.

"Phil Burke's Crime!"

In a voice of such surprising volume that the ladies in the crowd cry, "Oh!" and shift back nervously.

"Phil Burke's Crime!"

Not the same effect this time, the crowd having become accustomed to the report.

"Phil Burke's Crime."

"Well!" inquires a man impatiently on the inside of the semi-circle. "Well, wot of it?"

The reciter runs his hand through his smoothly-parted hair and steps back.

"Oi was niver a wan for the drink, sor,
Never mixed up with the boys,
Always——"

Just where the park leaves off wearing gravel and tries green for a change are five other large groups. Mainly they are argumentative groups, with a man on the railing in the centre, and they quarrel a good deal, and everybody complains of everybody else not being logical, and they never, by any chance, convince each other, and when eventually they disperse they will part on the worst possible terms. A colored gentleman

[shining silk hat, gray gloves, gleaming teeth], who would be much more popular if he were to give a plantation song and dance, is shouting his opinion, and pounding one gray hand into the palm of the other in a fruitless endeavor to be lucid. "We go to Eyp, my frens, and wha do we find? Wha do we find in Eyp? When we go to Eyp, wha do we find? We go to Eyp and we find there—well, you know wha we find there." The manner reminds one pleasantly of the smaller St. James's Hall.

"—— till I stand at the joodgment seat,
Will *I* lose sight for wan moment of that [slowly]
murdered Woman's Face."

"It's a lick to me," remarks a man in the crowd, "it's a pawsitiv lick to me 'ow he keeps the words in his blanky 'ead. That's wot get's over me. 'Ow does 'e learn 'em? That's wot I want to know. 'Ow does he——"

"It's a gift, dear," explains his wife, "it's all a gift. My sister Meeria's little boy's much the sime. You put that boy on the tible in the front room, and you sy to him, 'Now, Willy——'"

"Oh, shut it." The man is much annoyed. "Shut it, for Gawd's sike. You're orways a-gassin' about your sister Meeria. Mikes me tired."

The reciter has taken up the few coppers that have been thrown on the graveled space, and is fanning himself with his hat. It is warm work. He comes forward with an exhausted air.

"How I Won the Cup; or, a Race for Honor."

The crowd shifts its feet with anticipation, and nods at its friends, as who should say, "Now there's something good coming." The reciter wipes his lips with a deplorable handkerchief, and assumes a tremulous voice indicative of old age.

"Do you see that old 'orse yonder, there where the poplars grow?

That's good old Bonnyventure, as won the Cup years ago;

An' I was the jock, sir, that rode him, and——"

A moving poem. The green girl, her frivolity vanished, holds her shy sweetheart's arm tightly, and when Miss Alice bids farewell to the owner of Bonaventure, whom she loves, as he goes off to the race, the green girl's lips move nervously, and she is obviously moved. When Miss Alice returns to her room to kneel at her bedside and pray, then the green girl throws off all reserve and sheds sympathetic tears. Men in the semi-circle press forward the better to hear, and feel in their pockets for a copper as the horse wins by half a length the race. The last lines come:

"And sometimes the mistress comes 'ere, and she's
always a kiss for him,
For she never forgets Bonnyventure, and the
'usband he 'elped 'er to win."

If one penny has fallen on the gravel, there have been at least seven. The reciter permits a momentary look of gratification to flicker across his face as he slips the coins into his waistcoat pocket. He looks wistfully out Edgeware Road way.

"My lawst selection, 'Lorst in London,' by Watts

Phillips, Esquire. I select, with your permission, Ack Two, Scene Five."

It is a little difficult to follow, because so much has to be presumed. "Kindly imagine," says the reciter, "that you are looking at a 'andsome suite of rooms in Piccadilly. Elegant pictures on the walls; on a table is wine and whiskey" [the reciter's mouth seems to water], "wine and whiskey and cigars and what not, the 'ole giving a idea of prodigal luxury. Enter Gilbert Featherstone. He has run away with Nellie. Her 'usband is outside the 'ouse watching 'em. Enter the 'usband. 'Oi be Job Armroyd, o' th' Bleakmoor mine.' 'The reason of this intrusion, if you please?' 'Whar is she?' 'I decline to say. You have chosen a strange time. Come to-morrow, and——'"

It becomes easier to follow on discovering that when the reciter looks Kensington way he is the erring wife, when he looks at the Marble Arch he is Gilbert Featherstone, when he looks Park Lane way he is the husband. The husband (I gain from the reciter's accent) is from the country, but what part of the country claims him I am not able to decide. The struggle between the two men is just at its height; the reciter is wrestling with himself with a "Ha' a care, lad," and a "Fellow, unhand me," when there is a sound of many voices up near the Arch.

"Fah! fah!" "Clear the way!" "Fah! fah!"

Fire it is. At any rate, a fire-engine is racing along from Oxford Street, making cabs and 'buses move nervously to the kerb. In the wake of the snorting, dashing, spark-emitting engine a crowd, to which is added, as it passes the park entrance, a good proportion of the erstwhile listeners. I do not think the reciter minds. The colored person has tied himself in so difficult a knot that he, too, I fancy, is not sorry at the way out made for him. One or two of the others look cross.

"We will now conclude," says the reciter, taking up his hat, "by sying *good* night, and 'oping to meet you all another evening."

Rams his hat on. Counts once more his coppers. Saunters off through Marble Arch, and proceeds, I think, to take the drink that he finds most mellowing.

No. 110.....A Story of the Prison.....Donohue's Magazine

The iron door of the great prison clangs loudly after No. 110, as he emerges from the gloom of the corridor into the bright world outside. He stands for a moment gazing straight ahead, stupidly, trying to realize that his prayers are answered—that freedom is indeed his.

The warm sunshine rests kindly upon the pathetic figure, bowed, not by the weight of years, but by sorrow's burden; and like a caressing hand it touches the silvered locks that were as dark as night but a dozen years ago, when first he entered the grim prison door.

A dozen years he has borne the stigma of a crime of which he is innocent! What now avails the tardy confession of the criminal? Can it blot out the misery endured, replace the years filched from manhood's prime? His wife—his child—how have they fared? Thank God they knew not of his disgrace. Though his tortured heart cried for them by day and by night, his lips have been silent as the lips of the dead. Now he is free to go to them, free to take up the broken threads of his life, and yet—what right had he, No. 110, to cloud their lives with shame? True, he is guiltless, but the prison-taint still clings to his garments.

He will seek them out, be near them, watch over them, but they shall never know. Has he not kept silence all these years.

With slow, faltering steps he passes down the busy thoroughfare. The jangle of car bells and the cries of street venders confuse him; the careless glances of passers-by fill him with alarm. What if the change were not so great after all—what if he should be recognized.

Set amid green fields and smiling gardens, but a day's journey from the metropolis, is the little village where the happiest days of his life were passed.

Once again he follows the winding path across the meadow—who so well knows the way? Here is the lane that leads to the orchard, there, through the swaying branches of the elm, the moss-grown roof of the cottage is visible. With slouched hat pulled low upon his brow, he creeps, in the shadow of the hedge, to the very doorstone.

Empty! Deserted!

The shutterless windows give free entrance to storm and sunshine alike; spiders have spun their webs across the doorway, and weeds, breast high, flourish in the garden walks. In a neglected corner of the village churchyard he finds what he seeks.

* * * * *

A travel-stained wanderer drags himself wearily along until he reaches the iron-barred entrance of the great prison. "Take me in! Take me in!" he cries hoarsely. "I have no other home than this."

Death of the HeroFragment of a "New" Novel.....Pick-Me-Up

He was six feet four, and he had a red face.

"How are you?" he said, in a purple tone.

"If you were going to be hanged," she said—rather irrelevantly he thought—"I believe you would say 'peep-bo' to the hangman."

He quailed, and felt his stature diminish by a couple of inches under her calm and scornful gaze.

"I think we shall have rain," he murmured, limply.

"Do you really think so?" she said, with sudden earnestness. "Sometimes I think I think things, and sometimes I think I only think I think things."

"Ah! that must be very profitable," he said.

"Profitable! How commercial you are! If you had been Adam I believe you would have turned fruit-er as soon as you found that the public taste—that is, Eve's—had created a demand for apples."

A cold perspiration broke out on his brow as he shrank another six inches, and he looked furtively at the door.

"What is your theory of life?" he gasped, in a pathetic attempt to rise to her conversational plane.

"How sudden you are," she sneered. "Some people try to hatch eggs by boiling them."

"No?" he said, with ingenuous interest. "How silly!" Then he remembered that New Heroines speak in metaphors, and with a flop he fell from his chair on to the floor, crushed and helpless.

"Will you stay to lunch!" she said. "Lunch is like the letter 'S'—it comes before tea."

He plunged his head into a large Dresden bowl of water. "Ah!" she remarked, "you are trying to collect your thoughts. We are all introspective this season. A woman who does not keep a watch on her feelings is like a man who does not keep a clock on his mantel. She may start up suddenly and find it is too late."

"Too late!" he gasped.

She did not reply for a minute, and the tense lines about her mouth made him think it more prudent to retire under the table. As he was now only about eighteen inches high this was all the more easy. The silence turned from blue to green, and thence to a pale straw color, decorated only by little crimson knocks. He could bear it no longer. He peeped out:

"Mrs. Yeller-Buke?" interrogatively. "Mrs. Yeller-Buke, don't you hear some one knocking?"

She laughed. "It's my husband in the coal-cellar."

"Oh! Does it amuse him?"

"I locked him there," she said, coldly. "I think he took me for the parlormaid. He tried to kiss me."

"No!" he shrieked, blushing furiously.

He could see her instep arching proudly as she crushed the garish carpet beneath her high-born feet.

"He's not a bad fellow," he said at last.

"I hate him," she hissed, and then her voice rose to a shriek. "Fool, dolt, idiot! You are my affinity, my idol. I love you."

"No, no, no," he screamed in terror, as she chased him round the room. "No, no; anything but that. I'll be good, I'll be good."

But in his crushed and diminished condition the shock proved too much for him.

"Ah, well!" she said, regarding his lifeless form, "he *was* rather like the Channel Tunnel—a well-intentioned bore. James, take it away, and serve luncheon."

An Old Lady's Treasures.....By the Terms of the Will.....New York Tribune

Not long ago, when Mrs. Van A., an old lady who had enacted a prominent part in social life during the latter half of the century, joined very unwillingly the "mixed crowd" which constituted the "great majority," her entire wardrobe, consisting of the most curious accumulations of years, was turned over to the many granddaughters and great-granddaughters.

To their eager curiosity the mysterious trunks and boxes had long been objects of exciting speculation, for their venerable ancestress, although very generous in her own peculiar fashion (bringing out now and again unexpected treasure-trove in the way of a rare bit of lace or curious old jewel), always guarded her numerous possessions from eyes profane with the most jealous care, and allowed no one to touch the sacred coffers, save an ancient maid who was as old and peculiar as herself. When after her death her will was opened, wherein the bulk of her large property was disposed of, a clause in regard to her personal effects in the way of clothes, laces, and jewels was worded as follows:

"I will and bequeath to my direct female descendants now living the contents of my twelve large trunks, of which said trunks Abigail Guttermann is the custodian. I also request that a month later than my decease, on the same day of the week and at the same hour, my female descendants shall meet together in the large south room of my house, where the said trunks are kept, and that my eldest daughter, receiving the keys from Abigail Guttermann, shall open and equally distribute the contents of the twelve trunks among those present, in all harmony and peace, all disputed questions being settled by a referee, who shall be appointed by vote."

"You can fancy," said one of the great-granddaughters who was describing the occurrence after-

ward, "what a curious scene it was. There were eighteen of us in all, every one, of course, in mourning; and after we were all seated, with Abigail Guttermann standing, grim as death and almost as ghastly, by the huge 'saratogas,' my grandaunt Mary rose and said tremulously that she felt she must have an assistant in the task before her, and that she would, with our permission, appoint my mother as her helper, leaving us to name and vote upon the referee. This was settled by our elders, as we younger ones were too scared and awe-stricken to utter a word.

"Then the bunch of keys was received by Aunt Mary, the boxes were opened, and the work of distribution begun. Costly furs, rare laces, old-fashioned jewelry, and rich dresses in perfect preservation—all were unpacked and divided with careful impartiality. It was a wonderful collection, and must have been made for years with this very end in view, for our great-grandmother never could have used a quarter of the costly garments herself. Finally the last trunk was unpacked, and nothing remained but a long black case, which looked not unlike a coffin.

"That box contains my mistress's ascension robe," said the harsh, cracked voice of old Abigail, breaking the hushed silence. "Her what?" a number of us exclaimed involuntarily; and then my grandmother explained how, many years ago, our ancestors had joined a sect called the Second Adventists, who looked for our Lord's coming in a certain year, now long gone by, interpreting the Scriptures in some extraordinary fashion so as to corroborate their belief. Many of the more zealous disciples of this curious creed had actually prepared robes for the great occasion, when the faithful should be 'caught up,' while still clothed in their mortality, into Heaven. It was a grewsome and uncanny sight, that glistening gown lying like a shroud in the narrow box and yellowed with age, while its owner, well stricken in years, had succumbed in ordinary fashion to the great destroyer and was buried out of sight in the tomb. We all shrank involuntarily from receiving this last remaining bequest.

"Give it to me," said Abigail Guttermann, tottering forward and clasping her strange share of the rich and valuable wardrobe. The old woman sat down in the nearest chair and wept aloud. It was the strangest scene—one I shall never forget—it would take the pen of a Hawthorne to do justice to its weirdness."

Plantation Courtship...Uncle Gilbert's Method...Jour. American Folk-Lore

Among the slaves there were regular forms of courtship, and almost any large plantation had an experienced old slave who instructed young gallants in the way in which they should go in the delicate matter of winning the girls of their choice.

"Uncle Gilbert" was the shoemaker on a plantation where there were a hundred slaves. He was very learned in the art of courtship, and it was to his shop the slave lads went for instruction. I never had the honor of being one of the old man's pupils, being too young when I knew him to make inquiry along the courtship line, but I tracked many young men to Uncle Gilbert's shop in the interest of general gossip.

The American slave's courtship words and forms are the result of an attempt at imitating the gushingly elegant manners and speech of his master. Uncle Gilbert's rule of courtship was that a "young man mus' tes' an'

prove a gal befo' offerin' her his han'. Ef a gal gives a man as good anser as he gives her question, den she is all right in min'. Ef she can look him squar in the face when she talks to him, den she kin be trusted; an' ef her patches is on straight an' her close clean, den she is gwine ter keep de house straight an' yer britches mended. Sich a ooman is wuth havin'."

Here is a sample of a courtship conversation:

He.—My dear kin' miss, has you any objections to my drawing up my cher, and revolv' de wheel of my conversation around de axle of your understandin'?

She.—I has no objection to a gentleman addressin' me in a proper manner, kin' sir.

He.—My dear miss, de worl' is a howlin' wilderness, full of devourin' animals, and you has got to walk through hit. Has you made up your mind to walk through hit by yersef, or wid some bol' wahyer?

She.—Yer 'terrigation, kin' sir, shall be answered in a ladylike manner, ef you will prove to me dat it is not for er form and er fashion dat you puts de question.

He.—Dear miss, I would not so impose on a lady like you as to as' her a question for a form an' a fashion. B'lieve me, kin' miss, dat I has a pertickler objick in ingagin' yer in conversation dis afternoon.

She.—Dear, kin' sir, I has knowed many a gentleman to talk wid wise words and flatterin' looks, and at de same time he may have a deceivin' heart. May I as' yer, kin' gentleman, ef you has de full right to address a lady in a pertickler manner?

He.—I has, kin' miss. I has seen many sweet ladies, but I has never up to dis day an' time lef' de highway of a single gentleman to follow dese beacon lights. But now, kin' miss, as I looks in yer dark eyes, an' sees yer hones' face, and hears yer kind voice, I must confess, dear lady, dat I would be joyous to come to yer beck and call in any time of danger.

She.—Den, kin' sir, I will reply in anser to your 'terrigation in de fus place, sence I think you is a hones' gentleman, dat I feels dat a lady needs de pertection of a bol' wahyer in dis worl' where dere's many wil' animals and plenty o' danger.

He.—Den, kin', honored miss, will you condescen' to encourage me to hope dat I might, some glorious day in de future, walk by your side as a perteckter?

She.—Kin' sir, ef you thinks you is a bol' wahyer, I will condescend to let you pass under my observation from dis day on, an' ef you proves wuthy of a confidin' lady's trus', some lady might be glad to axcept yer pertection, and dat lady might be me.

This brings us to the point where the two agree to become lovers, and, as love's language is not reducible to writing and repetition, we will leave them.

Just Time to Think....An Apache Episode....Tom Hall....Harper's Weekly

There was not very much time to think. He could see the muzzles of their guns sticking out of the rocks. The little puffs of smoke that they emitted seemed as innocent as stray clouds in a summer sky. Once in a moment or so he could see the red head-band of an Apache as he aimed—that and the smoke, the rocks, and the sunlight were quite all he could see.

And he was going at a full gallop straight at them, followed by a pitiful handful of men—a handful that is called a platoon in the insignificant army of the strongest nation on the earth. In a few minutes, seconds perhaps, he would cease to exist, whatever that meant.

He would be simply another young army officer carried on the papers of the regiment as "died in action." The businesslike United States does not erect monuments to men who meet their death in mere Indian warfare.

He tried to calculate the number of seconds of life left to him. Two hundred yards was about the distance, and he was going at a good swinging gallop. But he could not remember the length of a charger's stride at the gallop to save him. It was exasperating. He had recited on that very subject at the Academy only a few months before. So he tried to think of people.

And first of all he wondered whether any people were of value to the world at all? He had heard older officers say cynically that mere men were never missed by the world, no matter who they were. But it did seem wrong that he, young, strong, ambitious, and splendidly educated, should die thus in the very budding of his manhood without an achievement accomplished and without a friend satisfied. Then his mind took a queer turn, and he began to think of perhaps the very humblest of his acquaintances. He began to think of McCarthy, of his own troop, who had been left behind at the post with half-a-dozen others.

He had tried to teach McCarthy to read and write, even though his Captain had laughed at him, and his comrades had chaffed at him for his adolescence. But he had always felt the necessity of doing something in the way of work, and so he had undertaken McCarthy; and he feared now that perhaps even McCarthy had laughed at him, things go so strangely in this world.

Then he thought of a girl back in the East, to whom he was engaged.

His father had laughed at him when he announced the engagement, and told him that he would be engaged a dozen times in all probability before he was settled for life, and his mother had merely smiled in a knowing way, and remarked that she had heard "that she was a very nice young lady."

But he and she knew how much they were to each other. He remembered, too, how many delicious day-dreams he had pictured for her when he was back at the Academy in the glory of his first-class year, and she was one of "the ladies who come up in June" to all but himself. And he remembered how she would smile and blush and agree with him in all his plans with the delightful confidence and trust of a young girl who is experiencing young love.

He wondered whether she would remember him—always, as they had promised each other. He wondered if she would wear black for him and pray for him, dead, just as she told him she prayed for him every night while living. He could see her in her white dress, slender and fair, standing in the doorway of the cloak-room, waiting for him to come and take her to the ball-room. He could almost count the roses she used to hold in her hand, and he even thought he could detect their perfume.

And then he thought of his mother—and he almost wished to cry aloud to her as he used to when he was a child waking from a bad dream, and ask her to take him in her arms. But instead he remembered that though barely of age he was a trained soldier. So he rose in his stirrups and waved his revolver over his head, crying very bravely, "Come on, boys; wade in!" just as a hideous Apache squinted along a gun-barrel and pulled a trigger—and he thought no more forever.

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

The Doll's Wooing.....Eugene Field.....Chicago Record

The little French doll was a dear little doll
 Tricked out in the sweetest of dresses ;
 Her eyes were of hue
 A most delicate blue,
 And dark as the night were her tresses.
 Her dear little mouth was fluted and red,
 And this little French doll was so very well-bred
 That whenever accosted her little mouth said :
 "Mamma ! Mamma !"

The stockinet doll, with one arm and one leg,
 Had once been a handsome young fellow,
 But now he appeared
 Rather frowsy and bleared
 In his torn regimentals of yellow ;
 Yet his heart gave a curious thump as he lay
 In the little toy cart near the window one day
 And heard the sweet voice of that French dolly say :
 "Mamma ! Mamma !"

He listened so long and he listened so hard
 That anon he grew ever so tender,
 For it's everywhere known
 That the feminine tone
 Gets away with all masculine gender.
 He up and he wooed her with soldierly zest,
 But all she'd reply to the love he professed [guess'd] :
 Were these plaintive words (which perhaps you have
 "Mamma ! Mamma !"

Her mother—a sweet little lady of five—
 Vouchsafed her parental protection,
 And although stockinet
 Wasn't blue-blooded yet,
 She really could make no objection.
 So soldier and dolly were wedded one day,
 And a moment ago, as I journeyed that way,
 I'm sure that I heard a wee baby voice say :
 "Mamma ! Mamma !"

Song of the Rocking-Chair.....Jack and I.....Vogue

Our rocking-chair is a dancing yacht,
 And, oh, but the seas run high !
 I once was wrecked on this very spot,
 But we swam, did Jack and I.
 It's risky sport for a little girl,
 But feel the spray, see the billows curl.
 It's getting rough ; how the boat does toss !
 And, dear, but it blows a squall !
 Afraid, sweetheart ? Why, we're safe, of course ;
 We've got to the other wall.

It's a coach to-day, and we spin along
 With you on the box with me ;
 The air is fine and the horses strong,
 And plenty of things we'll see.
 How the horses dance ; they're full of fun ;
 But, whoa ! I fear they're going to run,
 And they can't be held ! Oh, how they tear !
 Now each is worst of the four.
 Just see that hill that's before us there !
 Ah ! saved by the closet door.

And what shall it be to-night, dear heart ?
 A train with its rumbling sound ?
 Now off it moves with a quiet start—
 It's a drowsy train we've found ;
 Just hear its clickety-clicking song
 As it takes us two on our way along.

It's dark outside except for the stars,
 Our eyes are as dull as lead,
 And now, as they've stopped the rumbling cars,
 Does my lady change for bed.

At Last.....Coventry Patmore.....Poems

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
 I struck him and dismissed
 With hard words and unkind—
 His mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
 From his late sobbing wet ;
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put beside his reach
 A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle of bluebells,
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art
 To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I prayed
 To God, I wept and said,
 "Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
 Not vexing Thee in death,
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then fatherly, not less
 Than I, whom thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say
 'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

The Dreamer.....Arlo Bates.....St. Nicholas

When I am sleeping in my bed,
 The little people in my head
 All sport and frolic, dance and play,
 As they never do by day.

They play at being king and queen,
 Or catching fairy-folk unseen ;
 They act out giant, troll, or gnome,
 Or in far Afric's forests roam.

They go with Sinbad on his trips,
 Or take command of pirate ships
 And capture galleons of Spain,
 Pearl-freighted on the Spanish Main.

Yet each one still pretends he's me ;
 While I am sound asleep, you see ;
 They play, I run and shout and leap—
 And yet I'm lying fast asleep.

They have such jolly lots of fun,
 And see such sights ! Yet never one
 Will wake me up that I may go
 To share the joys that please them so.

And if I wake and try to hear,
 Or at their frolics try to peer,
 Then all the sly things in a thrice
 Are quiet, and demure as mice !

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

Problem of Southern Exploration....Charles Morris....New Science Review

For half a century past, next to nothing has been done in the work of exploring the south polar area. The first voyage in this direction was that of the celebrated Captain Cook, in 1774, in which a latitude of $71^{\circ} 15'$ south was reached, and the Great Southern Continent of old maps disproved. In 1823 Captain Weddell pushed through the dense pack ice of that region to $74^{\circ} 15'$. But the period of most active south polar exploration was about 1840, at which time nearly all that is known of this region was learned. Of the several voyages made, the most valuable in results was that of Sir James Ross (1839-1843), who followed what appeared an ice-bound coast for a distance of five hundred miles. The land seemed high, and a lofty range of mountains was seen, containing the volcanic peaks Erebus and Terror, the former twelve thousand four hundred feet high. After strong efforts to make his way through the ice, he reached, on February 4, 1841, the high southern latitude of $78^{\circ} 15'$, the nearest approach to the South Pole that has yet been made.

The Wilkes exploring expedition of 1838-1842 sailed for a considerable length along the coast of what seemed to be an ice-bound continent, and to which the name of Antarctic Continent has since been applied, though its actual existence is in doubt. After this period, exploration in that direction ceased, the more recent voyage of the Challenger only reaching the latitude of about $66^{\circ} 30'$ south. In truth, the seas in that direction, with their mountains of floating ice, were so forbidding, the land was buried under such vast masses of ice and snow, and the polar region was seemingly so surrounded and closed in with frozen lands and icy precipices, that the most daring adventurers gave up the idea of further exploration as impracticable.

Dr. Cook—a worthy namesake of the first voyager of these seas—is of a different opinion. In his belief there is much still to learn, and he does not despair of even reaching the Pole. What else there may be to discover in that continent of ice, only the effort can tell. He deems it not impossible that men may dwell there, improbable as it may seem. Valuable minerals and precious stones may, possibly, be discovered. Whatever there may be, there is certainly the unknown, and this has always a strong attraction for the human mind. Dr. Cook then, in short, proposes to winter on the Antarctic Continent—if continent it be—and to try what can be learned in a sledging journey to the south, after the fashion of Peary's journey to the north.

His plan of action is the following: He will take a steam whaler of about three hundred tons, the vessel to be provisioned for three years, and to leave New York about October 1, 1895. A supply of pemmican will be made from beef and tallow procured in South America, and the vessel will then steam southward to Graham's Land, reaching the point known as Louis Philippe, where an ice-boat will be left, as a means of retreat should disaster be met further south. From that locality the steamer will advance south, pushing its way through the ice as far as possible. This may be much farther than has yet been attained. Steam-power has never been tried in these seas, except in the case of the

Challenger, in 1874. Sir James Ross might have gained a higher latitude had he possessed steam-power. He saw many times an open sea ahead, which could not be entered for want of wind to fill his sails.

If, at the highest latitude reached, there exist land and safe anchorage, winter quarters will be established there, a structure being built proof against the winds and so constructed as to form an adequate protection against the cold. In this the adventurers propose to spend the winter. Smaller buildings for scientific purposes will be erected, and observations in meteorology, etc., will be steadily continued, while exploring parties will be sent out for preliminary work. When the long polar night has passed, and a new day dawns on the far south, the most important work of the expedition will be adventured, a party of three or four selected men being sent on an overland journey to the south, with the aid of snow-shoes, sledges, and Eskimo dogs. If possible, they will be preceded by a party which will establish an advance station several hundred miles to the south. The sledging party is to proceed with all possible diligence, continuing until a certain time has elapsed, or two-thirds of its provisions are gone. A full set of scientific instruments is to be taken, and accurate observations made. Dr. Cook thinks it not at all improbable that a well-equipped sledging party, starting from about 80° south, may reach the Pole, provided, of course, a smooth expanse of snow, such as Peary found in Greenland, exists. During the absence of this party, those at headquarters will explore and observe. The sledging party is expected to return about April 1, 1896, when the retreat to the north will begin.

As regards this projected expedition, all that can now be said is, that it is full of possibilities. Chance may favor it, or may be against it, and circumstances may render necessary a complete change of programme. However adverse chance may prove to be, something of interest is very likely to be learned. Dr. Cook is not at all troubled about the cold of the southern ice cap. He believes fully in the resisting effects of fur clothing, as tested by him in the north. He is having clothing made which will be a modification of the Eskimo dress, and will provide for himself an undergarment of bird-skin, whose value he has learned. With such clothing he is confident that extreme cold can be endured. The winter quarters will, of course, be heated with coal fires, as were those of Peary in the north. All that can be said further concerning this proposed exploration is, that it is by no means lacking in promise.

Food of the Future....Prof. Berthelot's Prophecy....Chicago Evening Post

All the ingenious prophets, from Bellamy to Astor, who have foretold the extraordinary conditions of the year 2000 A.D., have omitted to deal with one highly important and deeply interesting question, namely: "What is the Man of the Future going to Eat?" This particular prophecy has now been undertaken, not by an imaginative writer, but by one of the greatest living men of science, Professor Berthelot, of Paris; and it may be said at once that but for his scientific eminence and the undeniable facts upon which he bases his forecast his predictions would pass the limit of human belief.

In the course of an after-dinner speech before the Society of Chemical and Mechanical Industries in Paris Professor Berthelot predicted that in process of time, say the year 2000, new sources of mechanical energy would largely replace the present use of coal, and that a great portion of our staple foods, which we now obtain by natural growth, would be manufactured direct, through the advance of synthetic chemistry, from their constituent elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. "I not only believe this," said Professor Berthelot, "but I am unable to doubt it. The direction of our present progress is along an easily discerned line, and can lead to only one end." The professor considers it highly probable that all our milk, eggs and flour will eventually be made in factories. It is many years since Professor Berthelot succeeded in making fat direct from its elements. "I do not say," said the professor, "that we shall give you artificial beefsteak at once, nor do I say that we shall ever give you the beefsteak as we now obtain and cook it. We shall give you the same identical food, however, chemically, digestively and nutritively speaking. Its form will differ, because it will probably be a tablet of any color and shape that is desired and will, I think, entirely satisfy the epicurean senses of the future."

There is, of course, a distinction between the laboratory stage and the commercial stage of any given discovery in food making. From the scientific standpoint the laboratory result is the important one. The commercial result follows inevitably in time. Once science has declared that a desired end is attainable, the genius of invention fastens upon the problem, and the commercial production of the result slowly attains perfection by gradually improved processes at less and less cost. Take aluminum, for instance. Once a very expensive metal, its steadily decreasing cost in production is bringing it within the reach of all. The use of sugar is universal. Sugar has recently been made in the laboratory from glycerine, which Professor Berthelot first made direct from synthetic alcohol. Commerce has now taken up the question, and an invention has recently been patented by which sugar is to be made upon a commercial scale from two gases at something like one cent per pound. The professor says he has not the slightest doubt that sugar will eventually be manufactured on the largest scale synthetically and that the culture of the sugar cane and the beet root will be abandoned because they have ceased to pay. He cites the case of alizarin. Alizarin is a compound whose synthetic manufacture by chemists has destroyed a great agricultural industry. It is the essential commercial principle of the madder root, which was once used in dyeing wherever dyeing was carried on. The madder root was grown to an enormous extent in Persia, India and the Levant, and spread from there to Spain, Holland and the Rhine Provinces. Continental Europe used it in enormous quantities, and twenty years ago its annual import into England was valued at \$6,250,000. The discovery was made, however, that alizarin could be manufactured synthetically, and the artificial production of it has so far supplanted the natural that the madder fields, so far as Europe is concerned, have practically ceased to exist. So with indigo. The chemists have succeeded in making pure indigo direct from its elements, and it will soon be a commercial product.

But these scientific wonders do not stop here. To-

bacco, tea, and coffee, are to be made artificially. Not only this, but there is substantial promise that such tobaccos, such teas, and such coffees as the world has never seen will be the outcome. The essential principle of both tea and coffee is the same compound. The difference of name between theine and caffeine has arisen from the sources from which they were obtained, but they are chemically identical in construction. It has often been made synthetically. Theobromine, the essential principle of cocoa, has been produced in the laboratory. Thus synthetic chemistry is getting ready to furnish the three great non-alcoholic beverages in general use. The tea plants, coffee shrubs, and cocoa-trees must some day follow the lead of madder and indigo.

Now as to tobacco. Professor Berthelot has obtained pure nicotine, whose chemical constitution is perfectly understood, by treating salomine, a natural glucoside, with hydrogen. Synthetic chemistry has not made nicotine directly as yet, but it has very nearly reached it, and the laboratory manufacture of nicotine may fairly be expected at any time. The parent compound from which the nicotine of commerce will be made exists largely in coal tar. The choicer growths, with their individual characteristics, from individual circumstances of growth, will be longest cultivated. The tobacco leaf is simply so much dried vegetable matter, in which nicotine is naturally stored. Chemistry will first make the nicotine, and impregnate any desirable leaf with it to any degree of strength. Later on, if necessary, it will also make the leaf. In some directions it is not difficult to improve upon nature, and the best chemical medium for carrying nicotine might easily prove superior to the natural. Of course there is something more in fine tobacco than merely nicotine and vegetable fibre. But science has taken this into account. Leaving aside what the manufacturers may add, there are delicate flavoring oils which chemistry will also create. Vanilla, a flavoring compound of very general use, has always been obtained until recently from the tonka bean. Now artificial vanillin, the same compound made chemically, threatens to drive the natural vanilla out of the European market, and will doubtless succeed in doing so as its manufacture is perfected. In fact, some of the chocolate and confectionery manufacturers are already taking it up. All the essential oils will eventually be made direct. Vanillin is very near in its chemical constitution to the aromatic, the distinctive principle of cloves and allspice. Artificial cloves and allspice will, therefore, probably come next. Flower perfumes, too, have been fully analyzed, and in time will be largely synthesized. One of them, meadow-sweet, is being largely compounded and sold. There are no virtues in the natural tobacco likely to be missed in the artificial. In fact, the contrary state of affairs is probable.

The Limit of Scientific Discovery.....Boston Herald

There has been of late some discussion of whether we have reached the boundaries of discovery in physical and mechanical science, and whether all that is left to future generations is to fill in the details and supplement what has already been done. The inquiry seems a rather idle, if not somewhat arrogant, one, when it is remembered that the advancements of two generations cover all that we call modern scientific progress, and certainly include all that belongs to the practical applications of the two great modern agents—steam and electricity.

And yet how very crude and wasteful continue to be the methods of producing and applying both sources of power. For instance, what a huge percentage of the potential energy stored up in a ton of coal is wasted in passing through a furnace, and what an infinitesimally small percentage of the electric energy generated for the production of light is actually made available.

Why should the modern applications of steam for the production of motion be regarded as a final expression of human ingenuity in this direction? Is there not better reason to regard them as mere tentative efforts to draw on the storehouses of natural energy for the use of man? It is admitted that the furnace of a steam boiler is a lame and wasteful way of doing this, but it does not follow that progress is to be sought merely in the direction of a better designed furnace and further advance in boiler construction. Why should it be impossible to dispense with boiler, furnace and steam together, and, in the words of a recent scientific commentator, "by some simple and practical process reduce coal to a condition in which it will, when brought into conjunction with the inexhaustible reservoir of oxygen in the atmosphere, give us the necessary elements for the production of an electric battery"? Or, why, without drawing on the reservoir of solar energy stored in the bowels of the earth, not utilize the daily stream of sunlight for direct conversion into some other form of force?

These can hardly be said to lie outside the ordinary limits of human attainment. They are in the direct line of the progress of physical investigation which is rapidly reducing the number of what are called the laws of nature by revealing the identity of its processes. We are really only beginning to interpret nature in a comprehensive way, and applied mechanics necessarily lags behind the advance of speculative physics. But it is not at all improbable that the century which has witnessed the subjugation of steam to the service of man, with all the marvelous phases of material progress that have attended it, may also see the steam engine rank as a discarded invention. The process began with the interposition of the electric dynamo between the steam engine and the machinery to be moved; it will take a tremendous stride when it is demonstrated that power running to waste in Niagara Falls can be converted into electricity, and reconverted, two or three hundred miles from the primary motor, into light, heat or motion. This latter problem is in course of being resolved. The rapidity of recent advances to its solution may be held to be a measure of the time needed to eliminate from it all the elements of uncertainty. Every electrician recognized in Tesla's discovery of the rotary magnetic field the possibility of a revolution in electrical engineering, but it required some years of mechanical progress to perfect the rotary field motor, with its enormous gain in simplicity and compactness over its predecessors. But for this there would be no such excellent prospect as there is for the profitable transfer over a wide area of the 50,000 horse-power received from the turbine wheels already installed above Niagara Falls.

The first step, apparently, to the laying aside of steam as a primary source of power, is to connect with the water-wheel, which steam displaced. Thus the age of steam may come to be reckoned a mere interlude, if not somewhat of a hindrance, in the process of scientific and mechanical evolution. For if the power of a cataract can be successfully transmuted into a more subtle power,

capable of economical transmission over great distances, why not the power developed in the rise and fall of the tides? That is stopping very far short of the utilization of sunlight, and is probably enough for one generation to accomplish. But in the experiments that go to the demonstration, first, of the scientific, and next, of the commercial possibility of such things, there is the promise of discoveries still more advanced.

Unseen Powers of the Air.....Making Nitrogen.....N. Y. Sun

There is to be exhibited soon in the neighborhood of this city an apparatus which, it is claimed, will demonstrate the success of certain new discoveries in chemistry, the far-reaching effects of which would be like the wonders of a fairy tale. The gentlemen who explained the operations of this alleged marvel to the writer were convinced that it could not fail to support its promises. Perhaps they are mistaken, and the wonders they predict may never materialize. History does not reach back far enough to chronicle the time when man's great problem, either in childhood or age, was not to be able to eat one's cake and have it, too. The great spirit of modern progress has been invoked by one inventor after another to solve this riddle, and although the final answer may be as far off still as the time when one may lift himself over a fence by pulling on his boot straps, project himself into space and visit other planets or square the circle, yet it must not be forgotten that much has been done in the right direction. How many great industries are there in which the economies of modern methods have not almost or quite left the primary products free of cost, at least of the cost of the processes of preparing them for market, all of these expenses being paid out of that which used to be wasted without a thought? How many others are there in which twice or thrice the value is now gotten out of the raw material? The wealth of the Armours and the Rockefellers has come from just such processes. Could one now buy better kerosene oil at ten cents a gallon than was once sold at fifty cents except for the hundreds of valuable by-products which are made and sold from the things which used to be thrown away? Only a few years ago our bays and rivers were polluted to such an extent with sludge acid from this very industry, that legislation was invoked to protect our fish and oyster products, and it is said now that sludge acid products pay all the expense of running the refineries. Few slaughter-houses are left in the East. "We can't compete," the owners here say, "for the houses in Chicago pay all the expenses of butchering out of what we throw away." With old-fashioned engines, boilers and furnaces the Great Eastern could not have carried coal enough to drive her across the Atlantic at the speed of a modern greyhound. The Bessemer process of steel making, which put steel in place of iron on our railroad beds and into bridges and buildings, is said to have added more to the wealth of this country in twenty years than the public debt amounted to at the close of the war. Now comes an inventor who declares that he can take two tons of coal, 866 pounds of crude oil, make a profit of \$30 or so by passing them through his furnace, and then have at the other end of it a fuel gas as a by-product equal in heating power to five-eighths of the original material and of greater utility for many industrial purposes. All of this, it is averred, has been done experimentally. When the public demonstration

is attempted the world will be invited, and no question will be left as to its success or failure.

If it is a success it will revolutionize every industry in the world in which fuel is an important factor. But this, it is alleged, is but a fraction of the good which mankind may expect of it, for the primary purpose of the process is to take captive the nitrogen of the air and put it in bonds so that it may be restored to the soil. Accomplish this and Malthusianism gets its death-blow, at least for centuries, for there will be no worn-out farms, no sterile soil, and from the abundance of a universal Eden such multitudes may be fed as might congregate upon the earth thousands of years hence, even if wars and pestilence be banished meantime. Nitrogen is all that is needed, but it is such an elusive stuff that, although it makes up more than three-fourths of all the air, we can't catch enough of it to go around or to make up the waste of nature. Some of it, to be sure, is found already caught, and Colonel North, the Nitrate King, as he is called, has got richer than Monte Cristo ever dreamed of being selling the nitrate of soda deposits of Peru to rejuvenate the lands and for other purposes. The most valuable form in which nitrogen can be supplied to the land, the agricultural scientists say, is in ammonia. This is the form in which our inventor proposes to get it, and by a process which he declares is the true one, whereas the present commercial supply is now produced accidentally as a by-product in gasworks and coke furnaces. Ordinary gas-coal contains but about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of nitrogen, and the production of ammonia is consequently small— $6\frac{1}{2}$ pounds to the ton of coal, or about 23 pounds of sulphate of ammonia. Sulphate of ammonia sells for \$60 a ton. Ammonia contains 82.35 parts nitrogen and 17.65 of hydrogen. It is not produced by a direct combination, for nitrogen can be caught and wedded only by a hot and skillful wooing. In the gas retort at a temperature of $2,200^{\circ}$ and in the presence of lime, soda, or potash, it will combine with carbon and form cyanogen, and then further combine with the alkali to form a cyanide. There is steam in the retort, and, as nearly as the gas chemists can make out, the nitrogen promptly divorces itself, gives up the carbon to the oxygen of the steam, and, taking the hydrogen to itself, becomes, for the time at least, a fixed if volatile substance, but ever ready to enter into new alliances.

The great problem has been, heretofore, to get the nitrogen to make its first combination with the carbon. Fixed carbon, such as that of coal, has been tried in vain. The man who now says he has solved the problem gets his carbon in the form of oil as crude petroleum. This, then, is how he proposes to make ammonia, and thereby to upset and redirect the economics of agriculture and the arts. In a diagram of the apparatus was shown an upright double furnace, the outer part of brick and the inner of fire-clay pipe. At the top of the inner cylinder is a device for sending down a shower of powdered lime, and at the bottom a vat of water through which all the gases resulting from the operations of the device pass, and where in part, and partly also in the washer to the right, the ammonia and its salts are caught. It was also seen that at the left, at the bottom of the outer cylinder, is an inlet for gas, but the gas let in there plays no part in the chemical process except to circulate round about the inner cylinder and, burning with the air let in a little above,

furnishing the necessary 2,200 degrees of heat for the operations which are to take place within. The products of this combustion escape at the top, and their spare heat is to be used in recovering the ammonia products from the washer waters. Now we come to the real process. The gas used is similar to the Siemens, made by forcing a great volume of air through a deep body of hot coal. In such gas the nitrogen of the air is free, the carbon of the coal having taken up all the oxygen and made it into carbonic oxide or carbonic acid. Down comes this gas into the hot retort, through the inlet seen above, and half way below it meets the vapor of the crude petroleum, while a shower of powdered lime falls through them both to aid their juncture. Here, it is claimed, will be found cyanide of lime, and lower down, where the pipe marked steam enters and furnishes a supply of moisture, the double reaction takes place which produces the ammonia. Five-sixths of this product, it is estimated, will be free ammonia. Beyond the washer will emerge the fuel gas, made up of hydrogen, 47.10; carbonic oxide, 27.88; nitrogen, 24.22, and traces of carbonic acid and marsh gas.

Here is a calculation of the results: 4,114 pounds of coal and 866 pounds of crude oil are to produce one ton of sulphate of ammonia and 104,000 cubic feet of fuel gas. The heat equivalent of this gas is claimed to be 261.93 heat units as against 100 for the Siemens gas, of which a ton of coal produces 160,000 cubic feet, therefore equal to five-eighths of the original heat value of the materials, counting the oil as equal to 1,300 pounds of coal. With sulphate of ammonia at \$60 a ton, and allowing for the cost of recovering it, in round figures the profit is to be \$10 a ton for every ton of coal used. Socialists say the secret of wealth is extravagance, but no one ever pointed out so simple a way as this for big corporations to prove it. Just think of it! The New York Steam Company uses 500 tons of coal a day. They would burn 800 tons a day to get a residual gas equal to that amount and make \$8,000 a day, and then get their steam heat for nothing, and the more they burned the more the profit. We could have steam heat in every house and afford to warm the parks. Think what would happen to the Sugar Trust people. A ton of coal refines $16\frac{2}{3}$ barrels of sugar of 325 pounds each. They refine 45,000 barrels a day, and the profits from sulphate of ammonia would equal the duty they ask of $\frac{1}{4}$ cent a pound, or \$9,112,500 a year. The elevated railroads use 500 tons of coal daily, and are getting rich at that. If the ammonia process succeeds, they can burn it all in a central station, drive the trains by electricity, and reap a profit of \$2,920,000 a year in addition. Trolley car companies, steel and copper works would all have the same chances. We could all afford to have fuel gas in our houses, and in fact no one could afford not to under penalty of the loss of the \$10 a ton profit. As to illuminating gas the companies would all have to go into the new process or go broke if the calculations hold good, for, according to the inventor's figures, even if sulphate of ammonia should go down to \$20 a ton, this gas would cost, after carbureting it, seven cents less than nothing in the holder. The company, which is getting ready to demonstrate to the scientific world that there is no humbug in their claims, say they have already, in a small furnace, in their merely experiment work, made six hundred pounds of sulphate of ammonia to every ton of coal used.

THE BURIAL AT SEA: CAPTAIN TIMAR'S RUSE

By MAURUS JÓKAI

Selected reading from Timar's Two Worlds. By Maurus Jókai. D. Appleton & Co. Michael Timar, the hero, is captain of a small oaken ship on the Danube. At this time the Government is guarding against the invasion of the plague from Turkey, and a "purifier" or quarantine officer is kept on every vessel. Tschorbadschi, the father of Timéa, a girl passenger, has just died.

Timar remained alone with the dead body, with a person sunk in a deathlike stupor, and with a buried secret. The silent night covered them, and the shades whispered to him, "See! if you do not do what has been committed to you—if you throw the corpse into the Danube, and do not wake the slumberer but let her sleep on quietly into the other world—what would happen then? The spy will already have given evidence in Pancsova against the fugitive Tschorbadschi; but if you anticipate him and land at Belgrade instead, and lay information there, then, according to Turkish law, a third of the refugee's property would fall to you; otherwise it would belong to no one. The father is dead, the girl, if you do not rouse her, will never wake again; thus you would become at one stroke a rich man. Only rich people are worth anything in this world—poor devils are only fit for clerks."

Timar answered the spirits of the night—"Well, then, I will always remain a clerk;" and, in order to silence these murmuring shadows, he closed the shutters and he drew back the curtain from Timéa's berth.

The girl lay like a living statue; her bosom rose and fell with her slow breathing—the lips were half open, the eyes shut; her face wore an expression of unearthly solemnity. One hand was raised to her loosened hair, the other held her white dress together on her breast.

Timar approached her as if she were an enchanted fairy, whose touch might cause deadly heart-sickness to a poor mortal. He began to rub the temples of the sleeper with the fluid from the bottle. In doing so, he looked continually in her face, and thought to himself, "What, should I let you die, you angelic creature? If the whole ship were filled with real pearls, which would be mine after your death, I could not let you sleep away your life. There is no diamond in the world, however precious, I should prefer to your eyes."

The lovely face remained unchanged, in spite of the friction on brow and temples; the delicate meeting eyebrows did not contract when touched by a strange man's hand. The directions were that also over the heart the antidote must be applied. Timar was obliged to take the girl's hand, in order to draw it away from her breast; the hand made no smallest resistance; it was stiff and cold,—beautiful and icy as marble.

The shadows whispered—"Behold this exquisite form! a lovelier has never been touched by mortal lips; no one would know if you kissed her."

But Timar answered himself in the darkness, "No—you never have stolen anything of another's in your life. This kiss would be a theft." And then he spread the Persian quilt, which the girl had thrown off in her sleep, over her whole person up to her neck, and rubbed above the heart of the sleeper with wetted fingers, whilst, in order to resist temptation, he kept his eyes fixed on the maiden's face. It was to him like an altar-picture—so cold, yet so serene.

At last the lids unclosed, and he met the gaze of her dark but dull eyes. She breathed more easily, and Timar felt her heart beat stronger under his hand; he drew it away. Then he held the bottle with the strong essence for her to smell. Timéa awoke, for she turned her head away from it, and drew her brows together. Timar called her gently by name.

The girl started up, and with the cry "Father!" sat up on her bed, gazing out with staring eyes. The Persian quilt fell down from her lap, the nightdress slipped from her shoulders. She looked more like a Greek marble than a sentient being.

"Timéa!" and as he spoke he drew the fine linen over her bare shoulders. She did not answer. "Timéa!" cried Timar; "your father is dead." But neither face nor form moved, nor did she notice that her nightdress had left her bosom uncovered. She seemed totally unconscious.

Timar rushed into the other cabin, returned with a coffee-pot, and began in feverish haste, and not without burning his fingers, to heat some coffee. When it was ready, he went to Timéa, took her head on his arm and pressed it to him, opened her mouth with his fingers, and poured some coffee in. Hitherto he had only to contend with passive resistance; but as soon as Timéa had swallowed the hot Mocha, she pushed Timar's hand with such strength that the cup fell; then she drew the quilt over her, and her teeth began to chatter.

"Thank God! she lives; for she is in a high fever," sighed Timar. "And now for a sailor's funeral."

On the ocean this is managed very easily: the body is sewn up in a piece of sail-cloth, and a cannon-ball is suspended to the feet, which sinks the corpse in the sea. Corals soon grow over the grave. But on a Danube craft, to throw a dead person into the river is a great responsibility. There are shores, and on the shores villages and towns, with church-bells and priests, to give the corpse his rest in consecrated ground. It won't do to pitch him into the water, without a "By your leave," just because the dead man wished it.

But Timar knew well enough that this must be done, and it caused him no anxiety. Before the vessel had weighed anchor, he said to his pilot that there was a corpse on board—Trikaliss was dead.

"We must moor over there by the village," continued Timar, "and seek out the minister to bury him. We cannot carry the body on in the vessel—we should be under suspicion as infected with plague."

The village of Plesscovacz, which was nearest at hand, is a wealthy settlement; it has a Dean, and a fine church with two towers. The Dean was a tall, handsome man, with a long curling beard, eyebrows as broad as one's finger, and a fine sonorous voice. He happened to know Timar, who often bought grain from him.

"Well, my son," cried the Dean, as soon as he saw him in the courtyard, "you might have chosen your time better. The harvest was bad, and I have sold my crops long ago."

"But this time it is I who bring a crop to market," Timar answered. "We have a dead man on board, and

I have come to beg your reverence to go over there, and bury the corpse with the usual ceremonies."

"Oh, but, my son, that's not so easy. Did this Christian confess? Has he received the last sacraments? Are you certain that he was not a heretic? For if not I cannot consent to bury him."

"I know nothing about it. We don't carry a father-confessor on board, and the poor soul left the world without any priestly assistance—that is the lot of sailors. But if your reverence cannot grant him a consecrated grave, give me at any rate a written certificate, that I may have some excuse to his friends why I was not in a position to show him the last honors; then we will bury him ourselves somewhere on the shore."

The Dean gave him a certificate of the refusal of burial; but then the peasant threshers began to make a fuss. "What! bury a corpse within our boundaries which has not been blessed? Why, then, as certain as the Amen to the Paternoster, the hail would destroy our crops. And you need not try to bestow him on any other village. Wherever he came from, nobody wants him, for he's sure to bring a hailstorm this season before the vintage is over—the farmer's last hope; and then next year a vampire will rise from a corpse so buried, which will suck up all the rain and the dew."

They threatened to kill Timar if he brought the body ashore. And in order that he might not bury it secretly on the bank, they chose four stout fellows, who were to go on board the ship and remain there till it had passed the village boundaries, and then he could do what he liked with the dead man.

Timar pretended to be very angry, but allowed the four men to go on board. Meanwhile the crew had made a coffin and laid the body in it; there was nothing more to do but to nail the lid down.

The first thing that the captain did was to go and see how Timéa was. The fever had reached its highest point; her forehead was burning, but her face still dazzling white. She was unconscious, and knew nothing of the preparations for the burial.

"Yes, that will do," said Timar, and fetched a paint-pot and busied himself in marking Euthemio Trikaliss's name and date of death in beautiful Greek letters on the coffin-lid. The four Servian peasants stood behind and spelt out what he wrote.

"Now, then, you paint a letter or two while I see to my work," said Timar to one of the gazers, and handed him the brush. The man painted on the board an X, which the Servians use like S, to show his skill.

"See what an artist you are!" Timar said, admiringly, and got him to draw another letter. "You are a clever fellow. What is your name?"

"Joso Berkics."

"And yours?"

"Mirko Jakerics."

"Well, God bless you! Let us drink a glass of Slivovitz." They had nothing against the proposition. "I am called Michael; my surname is Timar—a good name, and sounds just the same in Hungarian, Turkish, or Greek;—call me Michael."

"Egbogom Michael."

Michael ran constantly into the cabin to see after Timéa. She was still feverish, and knew no one. But that did not discourage Timar: his idea was that whoever travels on the Danube has a whole chemist's shop at hand, for cold water cures all maladies. His whole

system consisted in putting cold compresses on head and feet, and renewing them as they got hot.

The dead man lay out on the upper deck; they had spread a white sheet over him—that was his shroud. Toward evening Michael told his men that he would go and lie down for a spell—he had had no sleep for two nights; but that the vessel might as well go on being towed till it was quite dark, and then they could anchor. He had no sleep that night either. Instead of going into his own cabin, he stole quietly into Timéa's, placed the night-lamp in a box, that its light might not disturb her, and sat the whole time by the sick girl's bed listening to her delirious fancies and renewing her compresses. He never shut his eyes. He heard plainly when the anchor went down and the ship was brought up; and then how the waves began to splash against the sides! The sailors tramped about the deck for some time, then one by one they turned in. But at midnight he heard a dull knocking. That sounds, thought he, like hammering in nails, whose head has been covered with cloth to muffle the sound. Before long he heard a noise like the fall of some heavy object into the water, then all was still.

Michael remained awake, and waited till it was light and the vessel had started again. When they had been an hour on their way, he came out of the cabin. The girl slept quietly, the fever had ceased.

"Where is the coffin?" was his first question.

The Servians came up with a defiant air. "We loaded it with stones and threw it into the water, so that you might not bury it anywhere ashore and bring bad luck on us!"

"Rash men! what have you done? Do you know that I shall be arrested and have to render an account of my vanished passenger? They will accuse me of having put him out of the way. You must give me a certificate in which you acknowledge what you did. Which of you can write?"

Naturally, not one of them knew how to write.

"What! You Berkics, and you Jakerics, did you not help me to paint the letters on the coffin?"

Then they came out with a confession that each only knew how to write the one letter he had painted.

"Very well; then I shall take you on to Pancsova. There you can give evidence verbally to the Colonel in my favor; he will find your tongues for you."

At this threat suddenly every one of them had learnt to write; not only those two, but the others as well. They said they would rather give a certificate at once than be taken on to Pancsova. Michael fetched ink, pen, and paper, made one of these skillful scribes lie on his stomach on the deck, and dictated to him the deposition in which they all declared that, out of fear of hailstorms, they had thrown the body of Euthemio Trikaliss into the Danube whilst the crew slept, and without their knowledge or aid.

"Now, sign your names to it, and where you live."

One of the witnesses signed himself "Ira Karakas-salovics," living at "Gunerovacz," and the other "Nyegro Stiriapicz," living at "Medvelincz."

And now they took leave of each other with the most serious faces in the world, without either Michael or the four others allowing it to be seen what trouble it cost them not to laugh in each other's faces.

Michael then put them ashore. Ali Tschorbadshi lay at the bottom of the Danube, where he had wished to be.

LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY: ETERNAL QUESTIONS

The True Philosophy of Life.....Dr. Southwood Smith.....Sermons

You know how the human character is formed and how the faults and vices which degrade it, and which afflict the world, are generated. Pity their unhappy victims; treat them with mercy; pour, if it be possible, the light of knowledge on their minds, and infuse, by obliging them to witness its excellence in your own disposition, the love of goodness into their hearts. In the family and in the world be what your views of philosophy and religion ought to make you—f forbearing, generous, just, the intrepid defender of others' rights, the uniform observer of your own duties, the master of yourself, the servant of all. Endeavor, at all seasons, and by all means, to diffuse the blessings of knowledge; deem no labor too protracted or too severe which may terminate in the removal of an error. Let no calumny or invective excite in you a spirit of resentment or force from your lips a harsh expression. Make those whom you strive to enlighten feel that you wish them to embrace your views only that they may be inspired with the same cheerful, amiable, and benignant spirit of which your heart is full; rejoice in the good that is; live but to labor to increase it; believe that every event is so arranged by infinite wisdom as to perform its necessary measure in securing its ultimate and universal triumph. This is the true philosophy; this is genuine Christianity; this is the way to live happiest, to die happiest, and to prepare best for glory, honor and immortality.

The Death of Children.....Leigh Hunt.....Complete Works

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices betwixt us has of necessity been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive, but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less when the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven. . . . Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. The other children grow up into manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth.

Desolation of Death.....Christopher North.....Noctes Ambrosianae

When the hand of death has rent in one moment from fond affection the happiness of years, and seems to have left it no other lot upon earth than to bleed and mourn, then in that desolation of the spirit are discovered what are the secret powers which it bears within itself, out of which it can derive consolation and peace.

The mind, torn by such a stroke from all those inferior human sympathies which, weak and powerless when compared with its own sorrow, can afford it no relief, turns itself to that sympathy which is without bounds. Ask of the forlorn and widowed heart, what is the calm which it finds in those hours of secret thought which are withdrawn from all eyes? Ask what is that hidden process of nature by which grief has led it on to devotion? That attraction of the soul in its uttermost earthly distress to a source of consolation remote from earth, is not to be ascribed to a disposition to substitute one emotion for another, as it is hoped to find relief in dispelling and blotting out the vain passion with which it labored before; but in the very constitution of the soul, the capacities of human and divine affection are linked together, and it is the very depth of its passion that leads it over from the one to the other. Nor is its consolation forgetfulness. But that affection becomes even more deep and tender in the midst of the calm which it attains.

Belief in Immortality.....W. A. Cram.....Religio-Philosophical Journal

What if we were limited by our senses and organs of life to the study and use of only the roots and life of plants underground, to study the heavens without telescope or spectroscope; what if the best of our literature were only rude pictures and coarse cuttings on bark or stone, our music no better than drums and whistles of savages, our homes such as that of the cave-dweller; then by some natural metamorphosis of a night, or sleep, we were led forth and awakened to see and know and use the wonderful abundance and wealth of knowledge and art of our present world, our natural science, our music, painting, and literature, all of the best of our homes to-day. A marvelous and glorious awakening it would surely be, into a state of wealth and power, of wisdom and delight, such as we could hardly dream of, and yet it was all about and just over us, a very real and natural world of being all the while we in our lower condition foresaw and knew it not as our richer world and truer life to be. The new estimate of immortality reveals and announces to us more and more clearly that death is as such a night, a passing sleep and glorious awakening into the upper world and life that touches and rests about, unseen, our world of to-day; that thither we surely tend. In the light of this new estimate of life and immortality all things, all human hopes and strivings, all loves and aspirations for more and better, though often appearing so weak and imperfect, sometimes as if aborted and destroyed, yet are foreseen through and over all, triumphant and rounding into divine completeness of immortal love and beauty and goodness. In God's eternal ages of providence not one useless, not one thwarted or destroyed even in death. The feeblest throb of kindly love, the faintest aspiration for beauty and goodness, the most halting struggle for the right, the tenderest bud of hope for better things, are mightier than all the powers of seeming ill and destruction, for they rest in, and flow from the eternal reality of all being, the soul; they reach upward, and holding immortality fast on the eternal, can know no defeat or death forever, unless the soul and God are defeated and die.

THE INNER MAN: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

The Origin of Curacao.....A Favorite Cordial.....The New York World

Off the northern coast of Venezuela lies a little island named Curacao, or Curacao, about forty miles long and ten wide at its widest part, which has cut quite a figure in history. It was settled by the Spaniards as early as 1527, and 107 years after it was seized by the Dutch, then at the height of their maritime glory. In 1798 and again in 1806 it fell into the hands of England, but was finally ceded back to Holland in 1814. Since then its only claim to fame or talisman for the attraction of commercial attention has been the dreamy, luscious, truly tropical liquor, or cordial, which bears its name. The thrifty Dutch planters, after exporting for many years sugar, cotton, indigo, tobacco and salt, which is now the main export of the island, discovered that from a species of small, bitter orange, the citrus aurantium curassuviensis, which grew in wild abundance and to which no special heed was paid, a peculiarly pleasant drink was rudely distilled by the negro slaves in their hours of leisure.

Here, though it has no bearing on the bitter orange trees, an anecdote about these Curacaoan negroes is well worth interpolating, so illustrative is it of that love of liberty admired by all Americans. During the '40s the republic of Venezuela abolished slavery and enacted that whosoever stepped on Venezuelan soil by that act became free. The negroes of the neighboring Dutch island heard of this and they also learned the scientific fact that during a certain period of the year the Gulf Stream makes a curious sharp curve around the island and carries with fierce current towards the mainland. Unable to make or steal boats, many of these negroes, although usually well treated on the mainland, used to cut down trees, lop off the superfluous limbs, and, lashing themselves to these trunks on dark nights when the wind was blowing strongly with the current, these daring navigators would trust themselves to the tempest and the ocean in the hope of being cast up on the land of the free. Many perished. Some succeeded. Such was the type of colored man who invented the cordial curacao. Of course the Dutch planters with superior methods of distilling, improved on the rude invention, and in process of time only the peel of the bitter orange came to be used, not the fruit itself. This peel was cut off in rings or pendant spirals and then dried, after which it became an article of commerce, sent principally to Holland, for it was only for a few years that the liquor was made on the spot in any large quantity.

To-day curacao is made in Italy, France, Germany, Spain, England and America besides, but still the Dutch brand is considered by connoisseurs as far superior. Of this there are several varieties, but le ruban-vert, or green ribbon, curacao is accounted the best. This again is subdivided into two kinds, the red and the white, and of these there are four grades, the doux, or sweet, the demi-doux, the sec, or dry, and the triple sec. The oranges whose peel is preferred are now mostly grown in the south of Europe, and a yellow kind as well as a green is much in vogue. These oranges are peeled nowadays in quarters as well as in spiral strings or ribbons, but one of the principal manufacturers of this cordial in this city imports chiefly the green ribbon kind, but be-

cause there is much less waste to it, the peel being twice as thin, and therefore half as leathery. Every true preparation of cordial should be a re-distillation, with the very purest brandy as an alcoholic base. But the market is flooded with many dangerous imitations, which are composed of a blend of cheap spirits with the essential oil of orange peel and some mineral drugs to give it a warm color. All cordials when first distilled are white, and the coloring is given by the addition of peel and the leaves of aromatic plants afterwards.

There are probably at least fifty different formulas for the making of this beverage, orange peel lending the essential character to all, and being easily detectible in its perfume and its taste. Some makers take green peel alone, some yellow. Others mix the two in the proportion of four to one, three to one, or two to one, and distill with a variety of spices—cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Hence the exceeding richness, the cloying tropicality of taste, which curacao possesses. American curacao of good quality may be bought for \$8 a dozen quart bottles. The duty on Dutch ranges from \$9 to \$16 per dozen bottles, according to grade. As an after-dinner drink this cordial, in the estimation of the scientific gastronome, has no superiors, and, perhaps, when absolutely pure and like Cæsar's wife, no equal. But no man is equal to much of it at a sitting, and this ought to be borne in mind concerning all cordials. They are not meant to be taken like wine. Three thimblefuls make the limit of wisdom. Consumed in excess they produce dyspepsia of the meanest kind—a mixture of heartburn and headache, like modern love without money enough. A cordial is the crown of a banquet, and no crown should be so heavy as to lower or sink the head that wears it. All the good things of life may be transmuted into evils by transgressing the golden rule of Horace: "Medio tutissimus ibis," which may be freely translated: "Steer a moderate, middle course in the midst of many courses, and don't drink curacao by the wineglass!"

Chinese Drinking.....Tippling without Drunkenness.....The New York Sun

Of the many odd features of life in China, none is more remarkable than the way in which the people treat the liquor problem. It is startling to one who has lived in New York and seen the endless trouble about excise and internal revenue license and police. Here is a vast empire with four hundred millions or more of population. It has no saloons, no inebriate homes and no chronic drunkards. There is no excise or internal revenue or tax. Anyone can wholesale and retail wine and liquor to his heart's content, as freely as he can sell potatoes or kindling-wood. The pauper can get drunk if he chooses, with the greatest ease, for nowhere on earth is the product of the fermenting tub and the still so cheap as here. Sam-shui or rice wine can be bought as low as two cents a quart, and no-ma-jou or rice-gin for fifteen cents a gallon. European sailors come ashore and get fighting drunk at an expense of five cents. It is cheap and its use is universal. It is served on every table, no matter how humble, and at every meal. Nevertheless, the heathen Chinese does not drink to excess. The drunkard is practically unknown, except-

ing where he is a civilized Christian, and the diseases resulting from the abuse of alcohol have no place in Chinese pathology.

There are no restrictive features as to drinking in the religious system of China, and the laws do not punish toppers so much as those in force in England and America. It was not always thus, however. Long before the Christian era, in the times of the Chan dynasty, John Chinaman was wont to whoop it up with the wine bowl. The grape wine flourished in those years, and over a hundred localities were famous for the wines they produced. There was the same variety in China in 1894 B. C. that there is in Europe in A. D. 1894. There were sturdy farmers who had learned to ferment wheat and barley in the north and rice and millet in the south, and who turned out a very respectable beer; only, where the English farmer flavored his brew with hops and herbs the Chinese employed fruits and flowers. There were herdsmen in the north who made kumyss out of mare's and goat's milk. There were small distilleries which made brandy, spirits and whisky, and made them so well that they were sent into foreign lands and there sold as medicine. But wine was the prime favorite. Everybody used it, and in some parts of the land used it to excess.

The downfall of wine was effected by a moral spasm on the part of one of the emperors of the Chan dynasty. On one occasion he took more than was good for him, and the sobering up was so painful that he became a new man. He decreed the destruction of all the distilleries, of all the vineyards and, last of all, of each and every vine. The imperial ukase was carried out. Grapes vanished from China. In after years the bull was annulled and grape culture started again. But it has never amounted to much. The Chinese in the meantime had invented hundreds of other drinks and had lost the taste for the juice of the grape. Nevertheless there is much hope of a market in China for the California wine grower. In the past ten years the propensity for strong drinks has grown weaker among the Chinese and there has been a noticeable increase in the use of imported wines. The moderation of John Chinaman is well illustrated by his wine cups. Nearly all are so small as to seem comical to an American. They are not on an average so capacious as the toy cups which are employed to furnish doll-houses. The vast majority contain a tablespoonful, while a few contain two tablespoonfuls. The tumbler, goblet, stein, schoppen, toby, mug, tankard, pewter, Tom and Jerry cup, and the schooner are unknown in the far East. Alcoholic drinks in China are regarded and treated as food. They are served on the dinner table, and seldom or never at other meals. They are never used alone. The idea of a man going into a cafe, no matter how gilded and artistic, and taking a cocktail, sour, or punch would scare the average Mongolian out of his senses.

At the table of a Chinese gentleman the standard wine is shoa-shing. It is of a pale brownish color, a pleasant taste, and bouquet suggesting ripe hickory-nuts. It contains a small percentage of alcohol and a minimum of organic matter and of lime. It is cloudy when cold. When heated it is filtered before service. The warmth brings out the flavor and perfume, and makes it much more appetizing. What shoa-shing is to gentlemen sam-shui is to the masses. Sam-shui, by the way, is not a Chinese name, but two Chinese words meaning "third

water" or "third fluid," and means what we call a "triple extract" or a triple distillate. The early Europeans who first visited China liked strong liquor, and in the triple distillate of rice beer found a fluid exactly to their liking. The fact that it was practically cheap raw spirit did not lessen their appetite for it. They used it with avidity, and used its name for all Chinese stimulants. Many Chinese have adopted the name for its convenience, so that the term is in general use in the far East to express all the common sorts of intoxicants, and more especially rice wine, rice beer, rice whisky, and other distillates of that class. A popular form of sam-shui is rice wine, which is cheap and insipid when fresh, and very liable to turn sour. When well barreled and put away in a cellar or loft it improves slowly for two years, rapidly for three years, and then slowly again for two, when it reaches its best form. It is now crystal clear, aromatic and about as vinous as old Burton or an Amon-tillado sherry. This kind is very difficult to obtain in the open market, the cost, risk and trouble of keeping it making it too expensive for 99 buyers out of 100.

From a Mongolian millet, known as koa liang, is distilled a liquor of the same name. It bears a strong relation and a family resemblance to the rye, wheat and Bourbon whiskies of America, the John Barleycorn of Scotland, and the korn brantrin of Denmark. It is a plain, raw whisky, uncolored and unsweetened. Its chief use is in the fabrication of liqueurs and medicines. These are made by digesting in koa liang all sorts of fruits, herbs, leaves, roots, flowers, grass and drugs. In the official list compiled by authority of the government there are over 1,000 enumerated. As a matter of fact it may be questioned if 500 of these are ever employed except by doctors. The medical faculty of Cathay prescribe many medicinal liqueurs. They correspond closely to such preparations as "beef, iron and wine," "wine of pepsin," and "maltose and beef extract," and are for similar ailments. The seventy-five articles named are those used in a vast majority of instances. Of the liqueur made using koa liang as the base, ung-ka-peh or wo-chia-pi is the best known. It is thick, oily, and yellow, about half way in appearance between yellow chartreuse and benedictine. It owes much of its color and flavor to turmeric, a popular East Indian root, which is familiar to the American palate in the form of an ingredient of curry-powder and curry-paste. The taste of wa-chia-pi is sweetish, aromatic and cloying. It is not attractive the first two or three times it is used, but is said to grow upon a person with practice.

Other liqueurs made from koa liang are moo qua, of which the leading ingredient is melon; meu-kwai-loo, or rose dew; ying-too, or cherry wine. There are hundreds of others of similar characteristics. From rice beer is extracted an ardent spirit similar to koa liang, but a trifle lighter in strength and flavor. It is distilled and rectified so as to produce four standard grades of rice brandy. From the highest the native distiller extracts an impure alcohol or French spirit known as fun chin. It is the strongest product of the still in the East. Its chief uses are for making medicines, medicinal extracts and tinctures, and also as a basis for a series of cordials. These are made by mixing fun chin with a wine derived from rice, sweetened and moderately flavored. They are sweet, oily, clear, and mild flavored. Age improves their quality the

same as with wine. They are put up in little round jars of brown earthenware, and are found in every part of the world where there are Chinese.

Another class of inebriating compounds are made by digesting in koa liang or fun chin such fresh fruits as grapes, cherries, pears, peaches, sweet grass roots, pineapples, and mulberries, and then diluting the extracts with sweetened water. This makes a very pleasant beverage in nearly every instance. It comes very close in two cases to our own, viz., brandied cherries and brandied peaches. Still another class is made by fermenting fruit juices or crushed fruit mixed with considerable water. That from pears or cherries is the best, and it is quite agreeable to the taste. The flower wine, made by steeping leaves or petals in spirits a long time and then diluting and sweetening the resultant fluid, is a snare and a delusion. It sounds pretty and reads pretty, but does not appeal with the same success to an American palate and stomach. Geranium wine is almost equal to ipecac in its practical working, and rosebud wine is not far away. Bayleaf wine is a horrible travesty on bay rum, and orange flower wine suggests the cough remedies put up by village druggists. It will be easily seen from these brief remarks what an immense field is open to the tippler in the Orient. There are over 2,000 distinct liquids which are vehicles for the subtle spirit of wine. But of all these not one is equal in finish, beauty, purity, and delight to the great vintages of France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal and our own country.

A Persian Dinner-Party.....Edward G. Browne.....A Year Among Persians

When the host thinks that the entertainment has lasted long enough, he gives the signal for supper, which is served either in the same or in another room. A cloth is laid on the floor, round which are arranged the long flat cakes of "pebble-bread" which do double duty as food and plates. The meats, consisting for the most part of "piláws" and "chiláws" of different sorts, are placed in the centre, together with bowls of sherbet, each of which is supplied with a delicately-carved wooden spoon, with deep, boat-shaped bowl, whereof the sides slope down to form a sort of keel at the bottom. The guests squat down on their knees and heels round the cloth, the host placing him whom he desires most to honor on his right side at the upper end of the room (i.e., opposite the door). At the lower end the musicians and minstrels take their places, and all, without further delay, commence an attack on the viands. The consumption of food progresses rapidly, with but little conversation, for it is not usual in Persia to linger over meals, or to prolong them by talk, which is better conducted while the mouth is not otherwise employed. If the host wishes to pay special honor to a guest, he picks out and places in his mouth some particularly delicate morsel. In about a quarter of an hour from the commencement of the banquet most of the guests have finished and washed their hands by pouring water over them from a metal ewer into a plate of the same material, brought round by the servants for that purpose. They then rinse out their mouths, roll down their sleeves again, partake of a final pipe, and, unless they mean to stay for the night, depart homeward, either on foot or on horseback, preceded by a servant bearing a lantern.

Such is the usual course of a Persian dinner party; and the mid-day meal (*nahár*), to which guests are some-

times invited, differs from it only in this, that it is shorter and less boisterous. Although I have described the general features of such an entertainment in some detail, I fear that I have failed to convey any idea of the charm which it really possesses. This charm results partly from the lack of constraint and the freedom of the guests; partly from the cordial welcome which a Persian host so well knows how to give; partly from the exhilarating influence of the wine and music (which, though so different from that to which we are accustomed, produces, in such as are susceptible to its influence, an indescribable sense of subdued ecstasy); but more than all from the vigor, variety, and brilliancy of the conversation. There is no doubt that satiety produces somnolence and apathy, as is so often seen at English dinner parties. Hence the Persians wisely defer the meal till the very end of the evening, when sleep is to be sought. During the early stages of the entertainment their minds are stimulated by wine, music, and mirth, without being dulled by the heaviness resulting from repletion. This, no doubt, is one reason why the conversation is, as a rule, so brilliant; but beyond this, the quick, versatile, subtle mind of the Persian, stored, as it usually is, with anecdotes, historical, literary, and incidental, and freed for the time being from the restraint which custom ordinarily imposes on it, flashes forth on these occasions in coruscations of wit and humor, interspersed with pungent criticisms and philosophical reflections which display a wonderful insight. Hence it is that one rarely fails to enjoy thoroughly an evening spent at a Persian banquet, and that the five or six hours during which it lasts hardly ever hang heavily on one's hands. It is so novel in its appointments and so exhilarating in its piquant atmosphere that such an evening is one long to be remembered by a European who is so fortunate as to be able to enjoy the privilege.

Dining Two Thousand Years Ago.....New Orleans Picayune

Whatever is human possesses a certain interest to other human beings, and it is this human sympathy which makes us curious about the manners and customs of other races and of the peoples of past ages. We all know what Christmas is in the nineteenth century, but everybody would be glad to know something about the celebration of the day in the first century, in the period which immediately succeeded the nativity whose anniversary is hailed to-day with so much noisy merriment and intemperate carousing. The Christians of the first century were too much engaged in fighting with wild beasts and more savage men in the circuses and theatres of the Roman Empire to think much of public rejoicings over the advent of their religion, but even in the days of the most bloody persecutions they did not fail to assemble for worship and to hold their great feasts of charity and fellowship.

To-day the chief feature of the festivities of Christmas-Day is dinner. No matter what pinching and saving it may have cost, the Christmas dinner is, at least, to be something to be enjoyed. A turkey will grace many a generous board, and this bird, essentially American, is the choicest fowl that has ever headed the fragrant and smoking phalanx of a dinner-table. The Romans, who were the most luxurious people in the world and the most colossal gluttons and gourmards, brought delicacies for their tables from every known

country. They imported the peacock from India, and it held the place in their dinner programmes which is occupied by the turkey in ours. Later, in Europe, the goose was a favorite fowl with the bon vivants, but all have given way to the American bird. But if the Romans of the first century ever celebrated Christmas with a dinner, it would be interesting to know what they had. The poet Horace, who lived just before the first century, in the Augustan age of literature and culture, repeatedly mentions the State and other dinners in which he participated, but he nowhere describes one. He lampoons a wealthy miser with whom he had dined for having purchased inferior viands and fish of doubtful freshness because they were cheap, and he speaks of commencing the feasts with an egg hard-boiled, and ending with an apple; but he gives no list of the articles served between those extremes. We are told by the ancient chroniclers many stories of Lucullus, the world's most remarkable and extravagant epicure, who had served at his table at every meal food enough for a hundred men, and who committed suicide when he had squandered his vast fortune in luxurious feasting; but no menu of his celebrated dinners is extant.

That all those matters were written in detail there can be no doubt, but the burning and sacking of Rome, and the laying waste with fire and sword of all the Roman dominions, make it surprising that any books of ancient literature were saved. There is, however, in a complete state, a minute account of a most elaborate Roman dinner of the first century. It is preserved in the scandalous book of Arbiter Petronius, the master of ceremonies of the palace for the infamous monster, Nero. No man knew the life and manners of Nero's time better than did Petronius, a man of learning, culture and most depraved character. His book is a story of the adventures of a group of parasites, the genteel loafers and hangers-on, who lived on the wealthy profligates of Rome, making themselves welcome by their wit, jests and flatteries showered upon their patrons. They were, also, retailers of scandals, and were thoroughly unprincipled, and could be depended on for any dishonest or depraved offices in which their patrons chose to employ them. The parasite as he flourished in Rome is by no means unknown in this age, and this is the explanation how certain notorious men who have no fortunes and no visible means of support have been able to maintain themselves in intimate association with people of wealth and with politicians of the highest rank at Washington, New York and other cities.

These rascallions are always educated and often gifted men, and their jokes and scandalous stories become famous and go the rounds of common report and the press. The Roman parasites of two thousand years ago dined with a very wealthy and vulgar man who had been a slave, but, having acquired enormous riches, surrounded himself with a set of hangers-on whose business it was to flatter their master and to sound the praises of his wealth and generosity. His table was loaded with silverware, and a great number of slaves attended the guests, who reclined on couches with their heads towards the table and their feet away from it. The diners occupied three sides of the board, while the other was left so that the servants could approach and perform their offices.

The description of the dinner is very minute, but interspersed with all the table talk, which was generally

witty, often scandalous, and interrupted by recitations of poetry and songs, while bands of musicians and companies of dancers and acrobats plied all their arts to amuse the guests at the board, who were propped up on cushions. In the centre of the table was the figure of an ass in Corinthian brass, loaded with silver panners in which were olives. On silver salvers were roast dormice, dressed with honey and poppy seed; while on silver gridirons were smoking hot sausages, with pomegranate seeds beneath to represent live coals. This was the promulsis, or first course, intended to whet the appetite, while peafowl eggs, each containing a roast beccafico (a small bird which subsists on figs) done in the yolk, were served to all. The egg shells had been opened to receive the birds and ingeniously restored to their former appearance.

There was no soup; but the next course was fish, a turbot, something of the nature of our sheephead, most highly prized by the Romans. After the fish, was brought in a boar, roasted whole. A carver made a great slash in the side of the hog, when out flew a covey of live birds. These were caught, dressed, and broiled in an incredibly brief time and served up to the guests. Many special dishes of tripe and other articles much in favor with the Romans were also served, besides meat puddings and sausages of various sorts. In the meantime, wines, chiefly Falernian, of the most expensive kinds, had been freely poured out, and, when a guest wished to wash his hands, finger-bowls of wine were supplied in place of water.

The next course was headed by a boiled calf in an enormous silver dish. There were also patties of liver, grape jelly, snails, cream cheese, ham and radishes. The last course of meats was made up of thrushes stuffed with raisins and nuts and baked with pastry and roast quinces stuck full of cloves. Raw oysters and scallops were served, and finally came the dessert of sweetmeats and cakes made with honey, for sugar was unknown in Rome until it had, in later years, been brought back from India and Arabia. It will be seen from what has gone before that the cookery of the Romans was extremely gross, although the dishes embraced many articles of a delicate nature. Rome was from the beginning a nation of robbers. The Romans began by plundering their neighbors and they ended by robbing all the nations. Nothing came amiss to them. They ravaged the temples of the gods as readily as they did the treasure-house of a conquered king, and they adopted all the vices and crimes of every people. In bodily strength and solidity of physical constitution they surpassed every other race, and it required five hundred years of gluttony, drunkenness, debauchery, and indulgence in every vice to break them down so that they could be at last overthrown by the peoples whom they classed as barbarians. There will never be another Rome, because wars are no longer won by superior physical strength and prowess, but by skill and the destructive engines furnished by the ingenuities of modern science and invention. Should any nation in the future attempt to dominate the world, the others will combine against it as they did against Napoleon.

Since there can never be another race like the Romans, it is not likely that anything like a Roman dinner will ever again grow in fashion, with all its sumptuous grossness. The French are now the masters of gastronomy, and their cookery is delicate and refined.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

De Ole Sexton Belle R. Harrison Times-Democrat

Brudder Amos is de sexton,
An' he rings de Zion bell,
To warn de saints an' sinners,
Dat destruction leads to hell.

He's de bass an' tenor singer,
An' kin' beat de frogs in June;
Fur at all distracted meetings
He's de fust ter h'ist de chune.

Oh, his mouf it wuck on hinges,
He kin sing de hymn book fru,
When he leads de people follows,
Like de sheeps de shepherd do.

When he prays er pra'r fur sinners,
He kin e'enmost raise de roof.
You kin hear de shingles rattle,
When he frunders out de troof—

How de debbil on de steeple
Knows jess whar de wicked sit;
Ef dey don't mind out he'll catch 'em,
Jess ez shore ez holy writ.

"Don't you see his white teef shinin',
An' his red eyes snappin' roun'?
An' he's grinnin' like er possum
On de sinners dat he's foun'.

"When he jumps down 'mongst dese benches
Den de wool an' fur will fly—
So repent uv all your meanness
Or he'll git yer bimeby."

Oh, dis good ole brudder sexton
Is er bright an' shinin' light.
An' he'll shout right inter Glory
Jess like Enock tuck his flight.

Den de gates will swing wide open,
An' de angels dey will sing:

"Here comes Amos, de old sexton;
Let de harps an' timbers ring.

"Here's de crown er-waitin', Amos—
Hang yore hat up on er nail;
Fur de promise ter de righteous
It am nebber gwine ter fail."

The End of the Road . . . W. M. Hazeltine . . . Good Housekeeping

I was born way back at th' end of th' road.
'Twas there my remembrance of things first was,
An' there I lived, played, worked an' growed,
Jes' natural like and jes' because
I lived
At th' end o' th' road.

At th' end of the road it was much the same
This day or that—except 't was play
When up from th' turnpike some one came,
An' jes' as long as they happened to stay
An' talk
At th' end o' th' road.

If I strayed away I was glad to get home
To th' little red house where mother an' dad
An' I had a little world all our own,
An' jes' as good as any one had,
Out there
At th' end o' th' road.

From my attic window I've looked amazed
Hour after hour at th' turnpike's line,
A yellowish streak, till I grew dazed,
Wondering where an' in what long time
I'd get
At th' end o' th' road.

For where did they come from the folks that went
Jogging along th' old turnpike?
An' most all strangers that I hadn't met;
An' over th' hills—what was it like,
Somewhere,
At th' end o' th' road.

One day me an' ma' an' dad
Started off with th' old gray mare
On th' longest ride I'd ever had,
An' 'twas almost night when we got there,
I thought,
At th' end o' th' road.

When I got up the next day and see
The road still winding, winding down,
'Twas the biggest world it seemed to me,
From where th' end was, through our town,
Up home,
At th' end o' th' road.

I've travelled that road now many a year,
An' I've found some good an' found some bad;
Some up hill an' down, and I'm not clear
If I will be sorry or I will be glad
To get
At th' end o' th' road.

The Irish Wedding . . . Terrence Hourigan . . . London Spectator

Tim Malony, Andy Bourke, and his cousin, Pat O'Rourke,
Wid the bottle peepin' slily from his tails, Sir,
Och, they follow'd wid a smile each his colleen up the aisle,
And they set down their shillalies at the rails, Sir, [boy
And Father Tom McCoy, faith! his Reverence was the
That would hardly know the meaning of a deadlock;
So he laid them out in twos, and you'd barely wipe your
Ere he had 'em nately jined in holy wedlock. [shoes
Oglin' and sighin'
Comes aisy as lyin'

But you'd want a shmart boy while the knot was a-tyin'.

Each bridegroom steps aside to salute his bloomin' bride,
When his Reverence cuts among 'em like a knife, boys;
"Is it so I see yez stand?" (and he lets 'em feel the hand)
"Each a-kissin' of his neighbor's pretty wife, boys?"
Says Malony, "Wirrasthrue! och, whatever will I do?
Troth, I'd like to see my wake this blessed minute!
For your Reverence had us mixt at the moment we was fixt,
And black bigamy's the shmalest taste that's in it!"
Oglin' and sighin'
Comes aisy as lyin'

But you'd want a shmart boy while the knot was a-tyin'.

Says his Reverence, in a heat, "Had ye neither bark nor
And obsarvin' how ondecently I'd jine yez? [beat—
Faith, I spliced yez so complete that another hair 'ud beat
His Holiness the Pope to disentwine yez!" [blushin' red,
Then each bride she drooped the head, and says Andy,
"Tho' they wasn't just the special girls we courted,
We're so taken wid the charms of the colleens on our arms,
Faix! we'll stay the way your Reverence has us sorted!"
Oglin' and sighin'
Comes aisy as lyin'

But you'd want a shmart boy while the knot was a-tyin'.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

The Fireweed.....Nature's Beautifier of Destruction.....Lewiston Journal

As August comes on, one finds along quiet country roadsides and in wood openings a tall plant, often from four to six feet in height, or even higher, whose single straight stem of mingled red and green color is heavily feathered with long, narrow leaves, bearing a striking resemblance to those of the common willow. At the top waves a handsome plume, about a foot long, of deep pink flowers shaded purple, a feature of such striking grace and beauty that few of our wild flowers can compare with it. The extreme tip of this plume or raceme is a closely clustered bunch of buds; the base of it is decorated with long pods of the same color as the flowers. Between these two are the open blossoms—twenty-five or thirty, perhaps—circling around the stem on all sides. Those familiar with the common plant families will at once recognize a member of the evening primrose group, the shape of the flowers, buds, pods, and leaves, their position and habit of growth, being almost unmistakable. It is the fireweed or great willow herb; botanically, *Epilobium angustifolium*.

The promptness with which the flower rears its bright head and tosses its plumes wherever the forest has been blackened by fire or devastated by the axe, has given it one of its common names, while the other was suggested by the marked resemblance of its leaves to those of the willow. It is not confined, however to wood openings by any means; it may be met with everywhere along the quiet roadways and in open lands not disturbed by the scythe. When growing singly or in detached specimens along the country roads it is a plant of rare appearance—a tall and distinguished beauty, exciting attention at once by its striking elegance of form and unusual refinement of color. In newly-cleared lands, where it more easily gets a foothold, it often appears in large companies, and then by the mass of its color and the grace of its fine plumes as they nod in the breeze, it contrasts very pleasantly with the somber surroundings of the place. As the summer wanes, the pods begin to burst, and to shed upon the wind their multitude of seeds, each winged for flight with a tuft of silken hair. The soil is thus thickly seeded with the plant, and if it proves congenial, a large crop soon appears, disguising, perhaps, by one of Nature's happy contrivances, the sad ruin wrought by tragic forest fires.

Among the Water Lilies.....The Famous Victoria Regia.....Pittsburg Times

Suppose that a century ago a traveller had related that he saw in tropical America a water plant with leaves twelve feet across and capable of bearing the weight of two men, what would have been said of him? The same that was said of the old Greek traveller and historian, Herodotus, until time and investigation had vindicated him, and the same that is still said of old Sir John Mandeville. It should be said that the plant never attains to such size under cultivation. Only in a state of nature and in its own habitation does it do that. The largest leaf ever had under cultivation was on a plant in Kew Gardens, in London, which measured 7 feet 2 inches across. That measurement was taken in August. It is now May, and you may see in the Phipps Conservatory a leaf which measures 4 feet. If nothing

happens before the year is out our conservatory will call for the laurels. Pittsburg will beat London with the plant which is to keep green for ages the memory of the Queen. This lily was discovered in Bolivia by Haenke in 1801, but not named until 1838, when John Lindley described it and dedicated it to Victoria. It was not brought under cultivation in Europe till several years after and then through the efforts of the traveller, Spruce. It flowered in England first in November of 1849, and that first flower was presented to the Queen. It was introduced into the United States in 1853, since which time it has grown in favor till it is to be found in almost every conservatory from Maine to California. Its habitat is the still waters anywhere from Venezuela to Paraguay. The waters are shallow and the soil in which it roots enriched by the deposits of uncounted time. Nothing could give one a completer idea of the abundance and repose than the sight of one of these lilies in its home, but one who has a talent for that sort of thing may have an idea of it by looking at those in the Phipps Conservatory as they bask in the sun, the great leaves spreading motionless on the calm waters.

If the weight were only distributed rightly you might set your baby on one of those leaves, and without danger of a ducking unless he rolled overboard. But in a well developed leaf he need not, for it has a rim three or four inches high. That is why the plant has sometimes been called the water platter or water tray. Both these words suggest something to eat, and remind one that another name is water maize, because the seeds are edible. Those Americans near the equator not having any energy to spend in raising maize, picked the seeds of the Victoria and roasted them, and possibly boiled them as they were like peas. The seeds attract the water fowl, which explains the fact that often in pictures of the Victoria in its native state a long-legged and long-billed bird is seen standing on one of its leaves. The present is a good time to study the life of the plant, as it may be seen in all the stages of its development. It will be amusing, and ought to be suggestive, to note the similarity of the marking of the leaves and the skin of the young alligator which dozes in the water in the palm house. The leaf with the deep red veins seems to show some obscure relationship with the alligator. But it is not a relationship that will last; those square elevations between the depressed veins will disappear shortly, as may be learned from the larger leaf near, with the smooth dark-green surface. If one could get at its other side he would probably find it pink, and all the veins and stalk on that side armed with spines. These are its means of defense. It has to fight enemies in the water as other plants have to fight them on land.

The flowers of the Victoria are coming out now, from pure white to pink and carmine and crimson, from the soft blue of the sky to deep purple, this last pre-eminently the royal color. In an adjoining room may be seen the exquisite flower of the Australian water lily, which does not attain to the magnificence of leaf that distinguishes the American plant. The Greeks, thanks to their fine taste, knew how to make use of their beautiful superstitions, and so they dedicated the

water lilies to the nymphs. A nymph was an inferior divinity, in the form of a lovely maiden, eternally young, and a tutelary spirit of some locality or of some tribe or family. Her existence depended upon the existence of that with which she was identified. She and her companions went in the train of higher divinities, and had the gifts of poesy and prophecy. In the scientific nomenclature of the lilies is the name Castalia, and why not? At the foot of Mount Parnassus, near the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, was the Castalian fountain, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, and in which the priestess used to bathe before she gave voice to the oracles. Is not the poet a prophet? Of old his inspiration was from the fountain of Castalia, named in remembrance of the daughter of Achelous, who threw herself into it to escape Apollo, whose manners to the fair ones were not the best. What a world of poetic thought and feeling opens in the presence of the water lily! What a world of romance clusters about it, for the water lily is everywhere in some of its species or genera or tribe, or whatever the word should be. The Alaskan lover may pluck it for the maiden at his side as they stroll around Sitka, and the Paraguayan as he pants under his South American sun.

Eglantine—The Poets' Flower....M. R. S....New York Weekly Post

"Wild rose, sweet-brier, eglantine,
All these pretty names are mine,
And scent in every leaf is mine,
And a leaf for all is mine,
And the scent—Oh, that's divine!
Happy, sweet, and pungent, fine,
Pure as dew, and pick'd as wine."

—LEIGH HUNT.

This is pre-eminently the poets' flower, and its very name is more poetical than that of any other flower of which they delight to sing. One can scarcely recall a poet who has not paid it a passing tribute, though several have confounded it with the honeysuckle, which shows an indifference to its etymology—aiglante or prickly one—the sweet-brier or eglantine.

In the floral games it was the prize awarded the poet for his success. Ronsard, called the French Chaucer, was the first to bear away this dearly earned prize. Disraeli tells us: "The meed of poetic honor was an eglantine made of silver. The reward did not appear equal to the merit of the work and the reputation of the poet, and on this occasion the city of Toulouse sent a valuable image of Minerva of solid silver." This was accompanied by a decree styling him, by way of pre-eminence, "The French Poet."

Milton makes the mistake of calling it "the twisted eglantine," and Spenser in one of his sonnets says:

"Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near,"

and in the Faerie Queene he alludes to the "fragrant eglantine." That which is found in England is probably a different species from that which grows with us, and is more abundant, for they have hedges formed of it, and value the balsamic odor of its leaves. Barnfield alludes to "sweet-smelling arbors made of eglantine," as does the poet Chaucer in *The Flower and the Leaf*. Shakespeare, with his frequent references to the beauty of flowers, has, of course, not passed by the poets' flower—and in the well-known passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* he gives us:

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

And again in *Cymbeline*, with the list of the fairest flowers with which the brothers of Imogen intend to sweeten her sad grave, he says:

"Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath."

From Scott we have:

"Here eglantine embalm'd the air;"

and from Shelley:

"In the warm hedge grew lush eglantine."

Hood, in the *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, does not neglect this fairy gift:

"Plant in his walks the purple violet,
And meadow-sweet under the hedges set,
To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine,
And honeysuckles sweet."

But if we wish to hear golden words attached to the poets' flower, it is to Keats we must turn. We find, in the *Ode to the Nightingale*, it called "the pastoral eglantine," and in *Endymion*, "the dew-sweet eglantine," and the still more beautiful lines:

"Rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun."

In *Isabella*, that storehouse of beautiful words and phrases, he says:

"Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine."

These are but a few tributes culled to show the homage paid to the poets' flower—"the sweet-leaved eglantine."

History in Trees.....Nature's Meteorologic Records.....Science Siftings

It has been found that the rings of growth visible in the trunks of trees have a far more interesting story to tell than has usually been supposed. Every one knows that they indicate the number of years that the tree has lived; but Mr. J. Keuchler has recently made experiments and observations which seem to show that trees carry in their trunks a record of the weather conditions that have prevailed during the successive years of their growth. Several trees, each more than one hundred and thirty years old, were felled, and the order and relative width of the rings of growth in their trunks were found to agree exactly. This fact showed that all the trees had experienced the same stimulation in certain years. Assuming that the most rapid growth had occurred in wet years and the least rapid in dry years, it was concluded that, out of the one hundred and thirty-four years covered by the life of the trees, six had been extremely wet, sixty very wet, eighteen wet, seventeen average, as to the supply of moisture; nineteen dry, eight very dry, and six extremely dry. But when the records of rainfall running back as far as 1840 were consulted, it was found that they did not entirely agree with the record of the trees. The conclusion was therefore reached that the record of the rings contained more than a mere index of the annual rainfall; that it showed what the character of the seasons had been as to sunshine, temperature, evaporation, regularity, or irregularity of the supply of moisture, and the like.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

Man's True Humility. . . R. Le Gallienne . . . Religion of a Literary Man (Putnam)

When we battle so for free-will, we forget how a large proportion of our life is outside our will, which yet we accept without a murmur. Obviously our existence, to start with, is beyond our control. Our qualities are as inexorably fixed for us as our stature. And then the friends we meet, who, as we say, change the whole course of our lives, the man or woman we marry. We are admittedly at the mercy of so-called chance in these tremendously important matters. Where is the logic of drawing the line at our own free-will? For how these persons or various accidents may affect us is not a matter for our decision; it will depend on the relative strength of individualities and on all the conditions. This or that new friend influences me for good in proportion as my nature is open to good impressions and no more; and the fact of our meeting—like my nature—is an accident; in other words, a matter entirely outside of my control. It is simply a problem of human chemistry. What then have we to live for? Is all our aspiration and struggle a mockery? Not at all. Aspiration and struggle are processes toward the development of our nature to the limits of its expansion. Life is a reality governed by illusions, and "free-will" is one of the illusions that govern it. What have we to live for? This question, like almost every other that teases the mind of man, has its "raison d'être" entirely in that primitive egotism which makes man the measure of the Universe. The inheritor of an arrogant legend of his god-like origin and prerogatives, he sees about him laws in constant operation that pay no heed to his pretensions. Taught to believe that the world was made to please him, and finding it sometimes failing to do so, he grows puzzled and angry. If he could but realize that his ideas of dominion are absurd fancies, such as some African chief might cherish of his being sole imperator of the world; if he could but take up his position as the servant instead of the lord of creation, as but one humble link in the mysterious chain of being, as but one child born to the fatherhood of God, he would smile to see how simple all his complexities suddenly become.

When we are no longer called upon to explain Nature in accordance with the desires of one of its creatures; when we no longer stand in the centre of things, but humbly take our place in that vast circumference whose unknown centre is God, we shall see with different eyes. Then maybe we shall realize the deep meaning of the "superstitious" old text, and count it enough explanation of the life of man to say that it exists "to the praise and glory of God"—to the working out of His indefinable purposes; that we are the servants of His household, the soldiers of His army, and that the pay is life! Had He willed it, this glorious gift had never been ours. We might have still slept on un sentient, unorganized, in the trodden dust. But He has raised us up and endowed us with this wondrous framework of subtle vibrating being, that no tithe of the joy and beauty of His world should escape us.

Meanwhile, however, though the astronomy of Copernicus is taught in our schools, the world still remains Ptolemaist. We still practically believe that the whole of the firmament is an immense candelabra for lighting

this bit of an earth; that it revolves round us instead of our revolving with it round some inconceivably remote centre. We are accustomed to talk as though God is our servant, and that his laws must needs square with our desires. We are silly enough to talk of our rights. Man has no rights in regard to God. He has only mercies. He exists for God, and not God for him. The incorrigible presumption and irreverence of man! It never seems to occur to him that the joy and good things of life, which he undoubtedly possesses, have come to him all unasked and unworked for—a free boon. It is as though, invited to a great feast as a favor, we should quarrel with the host because he had not consulted us as to the menu, which, nevertheless, was seen to please greatly the majority of the guests. Our rights! our grievances—against God! When we have given due thanks for our mercies: for the mere sky and sunshine, for the wonder of love, for the miracle of beauty, for the humblest joys of sensation—then it will be time to talk about those. If it appears that man has actually no say in his life, that he is but clockwork, well, it is clockwork full of sweet chimes. Or let us say that man is like a flower planted here by God to grow according to His will and for some, to us, undivine end, just as we plant daffodils in our garden plots and never tell them why. At all events, one thing is certain: that, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "God has not made a single creature who can understand Him;" and another thing is no less sure, it is not to the arrogant spirit of modern inquiry He will ever be revealed.

Sacrifice in all Religions. John A. Lant. New York Herald

India and Egypt are the fatherlands of mystery and faith. Arabia gave us language in the present cycle of the development of mankind and the numerals 1, 2, 3. According to the Koran, "every age hath its book of revelation." Religion entered the soul of man, and art and science were born. A noble reverence reared the sacred shrine, and the happy heart of humanity throbbed with hope. Philosophy and the poetic muse flourished where ancient tomb and temple mutely mark the flight of time. The modern pen cannot reveal what the Oriental of the ages gone has failed to record. The epochs that gave peoples and pointers to the world lie hidden in the grandeur of their obscurity. It is more convenient to erase the Sanscrit scroll than read it. Confucius wished for longer time to make himself thoroughly master of the wisdom of antiquity. Three thousand five hundred years had been reckoned, teeming with events before his time. He and his disciples practiced the then ancient ceremony of offering sacrifice on mountains. Brahma, according to the Vedas, is considered as having sacrificed himself for creation—self-immolated to give humanity existence—"Brahma at once both sacrificer and victim." When the Brahman altars crumbled, the prayers of mortals were addressed to images in the temples and pagodas, and these Buddha attempted to overthrow. Primitive revelation had spread throughout the world. Moses and the prophets of the Hebrews knew no Trinity—no Father, Son and Holy Ghost. God was a stern, merciless personality. Jesus taught the unity of the Supreme Being. The Apostles gathered

the brambles of trinity from the Brahminical theology of the East Brahma as God the Father, Vichu as the Son, incarnate as Christua, Siva the Spirit, were taught for thousands of years throughout India and Asia. The sacrifices and sacraments of this creed were literally lapped up by the Judaic-Christian Church. For example, baptism migrated from the Ganges to the Jordan, and in time the waters of these holy rivers rose to the baptismal fonts, because the candidates could not be conveniently presented on the sacred shores; and then followed the water of purification, seasoned with salts and aromatics to keep it sweet. Also, public confessions were the rule in the early times, but two centuries after Christ the bishops instituted private confession.

Along with many other customs of the East came the sacrifice. Christ on the cross was a voluntary sacrifice for the salvation of mankind. Sacrifice holds a most important place in all religions. It originated in a state of the human mind, which, if not quite as primitive as that which gives rise to prayer, is, nevertheless, so early that it is practically inseparable from it. The rite became an imperative duty, and worshipers vied with each other in the liberality of their offerings. It was physical or practical prayer. Society has sounded the praises of the Charity Ball, wherein the most lavish offerings of personal adornment were displayed. Was there not a sacrifice to a sentiment, the subtle promptings to which are mysterious and complex? In the month of Ramadan the Moslem world is quickened to the most devout activity. The numerous mosques throughout all Moslem lands are crowded with worshipers during this month. Devotions and prayers are observed five times a day regularly. No degree of business pressure will cause the follower of the Prophet to neglect the forms of his faith. The idea among the ancient reformers indicated that a religion, to be effective, must operate upon the material man as well as upon his mentality. The more ignorant the tribe or nation, the greater the necessity of appealing with force to the physical senses. Hence the efficacy of sacrifices and incense, pictures and images, tithes and prayers, altars and sacred robes among the unlettered worshipers of idols, the polytheists of Greece and Rome, and the followers of the Mosaic ordinances.

Primitive Christianity advanced slowly until Constantine adopted a long list of feast and fast days and times for the observance of a myriad of ceremonies, and adorned itself with the tinsel and pageantry of Diana of the Ephesians and the many material gods and goddesses of the ancients. It then took possession of the vast empire of Rome, and ruled with an iron hand for many centuries. The capacity for thought and reflection in law and religion has been an evolution out of forms. The first trials in law were represented in pantomime of the subject of the controversy by the disputants before the judge. Hence the adaptation, among other rites, of the sacrifice. The objects of sacrifice have been various and valuable in every part of the world. The Kamschatkans, however, offer nothing valuable to their gods but what is valueless to themselves. The Copts kill a sheep, lamb, or kid at a marriage for the use of the guests at the bridegroom's house. Palmer's Koran refers to the ancient custom of human sacrifice as either extinct or abolished by Mohammed. The most valuable sacrifice that can possibly be made is the human being, common among the savages of the South

Sea Islands. In Mexico the brutality of the practice was excused by the fact of the victim being an enemy. Cattle are next esteemed in value, and the largest ox in herds is selected.

The Soo Soos, of West Africa, are so careful to propitiate their deity that they never undertake any affair of importance until they have sacrificed to him a bullock. Other edible domestic animals are held worthy of the honor of sacrifice. The American Indian sacrificed dogs on the borders of difficult roads or by the side of rapids. In China, the animals slain are bullocks, heifers, sheep and pigs. Bullocks, goats and sheep were the chief sacrificial animals of the Jews, selected with great care to be without blemish. An actual sacrifice of something the owner valued is the general practice. We cover the coffin of the dead with flowers, the grave is often lined with them. Reverence and respect go with the tributes. The custom is a form of sacrifice and will not soon pass away. The ancient practice of sacrificing permeates the monotheistic Scriptures, embracing Judaism, Christianity and Islamism, but to a marked degree less in the Moslemrite. Leviticus, or the third book of Moses of the Old Testament, abounds in sacrificial ordinance.

These are the references to sacrifice in the Koran: "And when Moses said unto his people, 'Verily, God commandeth you to sacrifice a cow,' they answered, 'Dost thou make a jest of us?' Moses said, 'God forbid that I be one of the foolish.' They said, 'Pray for us and show us what cow it is.' Moses answered, 'He saith she is neither an old cow, now a young heifer, but of a middle age, between both; do ye therefore that which ye are commanded.' They said, 'Pray for us unto thy Lord, that He would show us what color she is of.' Moses answered, 'He saith, she is a red cow, intensely red—her color rejoiceth the beholders.' They said, 'Pray for us unto thy Lord, that He would further show us what cow it is, for several cows with us are like one another, and we, if God please, will be directed.' Moses answered, 'He saith, she is a cow not broken to plow the earth or water the field, a sound one—there is no blemish in her.' They said, 'Now hast thou brought the truth.' Then they sacrificed her, yet they wanted but little of leaving it undone. Strike the dead body with part of the sacrificed cow. So God raised the dead to life." "All sorts of cattle are allowed unto you to eat, except those forbidden." "Whoso maketh valuable offerings unto God, verily they proceed from the piety of men's hearts. Ye receive various advantages from the cattle designed for sacrifices, until a determined time for slaying them; then the place of sacrificing them is at the ancient house. Unto the professors of every religion have we appointed rites, that they may commemorate the name of God on slaying them." "The camels slain for sacrifice have we appointed for you as symbols of your obedience unto God. Ye also receive other advantages from them. Wherefore commemorate the name of God over them when ye slay them, standing on their feet, disposed in right order, and when they are fallen down dead, eat of them and give to eat thereof both unto him who is content with what is given him without asking and unto him who asketh. Thus have we given you dominion over them that ye might return us thanks. Their flesh is not accepted of God, neither their blood, but your piety is accepted of him."—The Pilgrimage, chapter 22. "Ye

are forbidden to eat that which dieth of itself, and blood, and swine's flesh, and that on which the name of any besides God hath been invocated, and that which hath been strangled or killed by a blow or by a fall, or by the horns of another beast, and that which hath been eaten by a wild beast, except what ye shall kill yourselves, and that which hath been sacrificed unto idols. But whosoever shall be driven by necessity through hunger to eat of what we have forbidden, not designing to sin, surely God will be indulgent and merciful to him."—The Table, chapter 5. "It is lawful for you to fish in the sea and to eat that which ye shall catch, as provision for you and for those who travel, but it is unlawful for you to hunt by land while ye are performing the rights of pilgrimage. Our messengers also came formerly with Abraham with good tidings. They said, 'Peace be upon thee,' and he answered, 'And on you be peace!' And he tarried not, but brought a roasted calf. And when he saw that their hands did not touch the meat, he misliked them, and entertained fear of them. And God hath given you some cattle fit for bearing burdens, and some fit for slaughter only. Eat of what God hath given you for food. Unto the Jews did He forbid every beast having an undivided hoof, and of bullocks and of sheep He forbade them the fat of both, except that which should be on their backs, or their inwards, or which should be intermixed with the bone."—Cattle, chapter 6. To illustrate the mysterious power of custom long established, though not commanded by the Koran, circumcision, a Judaic adaptation, is observed throughout the Moslem world. This rite is a creation of the East, from time immemorial.

The Moslem sacrifice is a devout offering to God, and a commendable act of charity at the same time. The flesh is freely distributed to "him who is content with what is given him without asking, and unto him who asketh." It is a covenant of Islam to worship no God but Him, to follow His law as revealed by Moses, Jesus and Mohammed, to avoid as abominations of Satan wine in any form, idols, games of chance and divinations; to eat no flesh of swine, nor blood, nor things strangled, nor food offered to idols, nor the flesh of any animal killed without invoking God's forgiveness" (Bismillah Allah Akbar). Thus every animal killed for food is in a sense a sacrifice enjoining compassion during the act and consequent forgiveness for it. During a pilgrimage sacrifices are made according to the will of the pilgrim, one or many, according to his means. No money can be borrowed for any expense attending this observance. Sheep, cattle, camels, perfect and without blemish, are brought from a distance or purchased in the city and killed on the sand. Throughout the Sultan's dominions the faithful observe the obligation of sacrifice, and perform a solemn fast for three days, called Eedoo'l-Qoorban, that is to say the Festival of the Sacrifice. This begins June 10. The people dress up, attend prayer in the Mosque, visit each other and make presents to servants.

Sacrifices are usual when a boy is three years old and his head is shaved for the first time. A sheep, goat, or kid is killed and the meat cooked and eaten or given to the poor. This was a custom of the ancient Arabs before Mohammed's time, and was tolerated by him to conciliate the Pagan Arabs. The victim is called in Arabic "aqeeqah" (akeekah), that is, the means of redeeming (the son). The tombs of saints are numerous

and their memories are venerated at any time by means of the sacrifice. Vows of gratitude are made on these occasions for certain fulfillments. An animal selected for this purpose is marked and turned out to graze until taken. At the funeral of a rich person the flesh of an animal killed is given to all who honor the occasion with their presence. This custom is called in Arabic "el-kaffarah" (the expiation), for it is intended to expiate, or ask that the shortcomings of the dead be forgotten. The name of Allah is commemorated devoutly at every sacrifice (Bismillah Allah Akbar). The flesh of the slain animal is taken by whomsoever, and if there is more than enough, the remainder is removed to the desert and buried. All ordure or blood is removed by the sanitary corps and disposed of in the same manner. A small tax is levied on each pilgrim for this purpose.

Pilgrims from the whole Moslem world assemble at Mecca, generally in the month of Dulhagee (June), the month of the pilgrimage. In the space of one quarter of an hour, in the Valley of Wadymuna, thousands of sheep and goats are slaughtered. The throat is cut with the animal facing the Kaaba. The extraordinary virtue ascribed to bread and wine, typical of the sacrifice, or the Lord's Supper, is prevalent in this land, and the fact of eating and drinking them in faith is held to exercise a mystic efficacy over the life of the communicant. "Christianity," says Amberly, "offers only an apparent exception to the rule of the universal predominance of this idea. We do not find among Christians the periodical and stated offerings, either of animals or the products of the soil, but the idea is carried to its extreme limits in that religion." Had it not been for the absolute necessity of propitiating the Mosaic God, there would have been no reason for the execution of the Perfect Man, Christ. The theory was inexorable—without this sacrifice God could not forgive mankind.

The Brevity of Life....Caleb Davis Bradee...Sermons for the Church (Ellis)

The future that we expect may never come; and, if it should come, every delay in goodness always brings about a loss. And why should we not be good now, why should we lose so many years of keen joy, real delight, solid comfort; and why should we waste in terrible unrest so many precious days? Suppose we do become saints just before we pass from the earth. Will our late discipleship compensate for the wrecks that we have made of the greater part of our existence; and will a few roses make up for so many thistles? Ah! we are woefully short-sighted when we come to deal with our souls; and, however massive may have been our intellect in everything else, in this one great thing we are apt to be very idiotic. In fact, if we governed trade as we govern the heart, trouble, danger, and ruin would soon be our portion, and a perfect chaos would fall upon all mercantile pursuits. If we carry the same energy, enthusiasm, devotion, and affection into the culture of our souls that we carry every day into the pursuit of our daily calling, we shall soon become what God would have us to be. We have but a short time; let us then do the best we can, for we cannot do too much; and, although we work every minute, we shall still be unfinished—unfinished, and terribly lacking. The completion of character is a duty that grows larger and much larger the more faithfully it is greeted; and it grows with our growth, expands with our efforts, forms new heights as the old ones are scaled.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

To tell mushrooms from toadstools, without eating and waiting for results, peel an onion and put it with the fungi while being cooked. If the onion remains white, you may eat with confidence; if it turns black eat it not, if you have the slightest desire for life.

Over fifty kinds of bark are now used in the manufacture of paper. Even banana skins, pea vines, coconut fibres, hay, straw, water weeds, leaves, shavings, corn husks, and hop plants are used for this purpose.

Sir Andrew Clark, President of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, has advised that each mouthful of food should receive thirty-two bites—that is, one for every tooth—if one wishes to avoid dyspepsia.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, from no fewer than sixteen different countries, and employing forty-five different hands.

Observant physicians begin to believe that appendicitis and grip have a relation of effect and cause. Appendicitis was never so common as it has been since grip visited this country, and a physician who has performed many operations for the cure of the former advances the theory that grip produces a catarrhal condition of the vermiform appendix that finally, in some cases, induces the state of acute inflammation to which the name appendicitis is applied.

Such has been the growth of popular opinion in favor of the sudden disposition of the dead by heat, that there are now in the country eighteen incorporated cremation societies, and during the past ten years about three thousand cremations have taken place.

According to Galton the patterns on the finger-tips are not only unchangeable throughout life, but the chance of the finger prints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in 64,000,000,000.

The British Museum has no less than 700 theological books written concerning the creation of the world.

All known chemical elements are represented in seawater. They are not always capable, however, of being detected by chemical analysis.

People should never go in the early morning to get boots and shoes fitted. In the latter part of the day the feet are at their maximum size.

Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fibre proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds.

Doctors say that there is a small ganglion in the throat that has control of the muscles of that region and acts very much like a true brain.

The smaller the seeds of plants the more numerous they are. A single plant of spleenwort will produce, it is claimed, over a million seeds.

It is estimated that a sum of \$600,000 was expended on floral emblems for the funeral of the late President Carnot. The coronals sent by the Czar, the City of Moscow, and Admiral Avelan cost \$6,000. One of the most artistic and remarkable of the wreaths was

from the city of Calais, and was composed of real black and white dentelles. The lace, which was of high-priced quality, was set off by flowers.

There are a large number of sovereigns now living who have never taken the trouble to be crowned. Among them are the Emperor of Germany, King of Italy, the present and late kings of Spain, the Queen of Holland, the King of Bavaria, and the King of Saxony.

The Paris-born families become extinct in three or four generations, in consequence of their feeble fecundity and high rate of mortality, and the average length of life among them is only twenty-eight years and one month, as compared with forty years and two months for the rest of France.

Astronomers claim that there are over 17,500,000 comets in the solar system alone.

The mathematical fiend has been at it again, and now makes to a shuddering world the announcement that "two persons playing dominoes ten hours a day, and making four moves a minute, could continue 118,000 years without exhausting all the combinations of the game, the total of which is 248,528,211,840."

A German scientist has succeeded in propagating sponges artificially. His first cost was \$20, cost of maintenance was almost nothing, and a crop consisting of 4,000 sponges as a result.

The returns of causes for insanity in England, France, Denmark, and the United States show that of every 100 cases 24 are hereditary, 24 may be attributed to drink, 12 to business and money troubles, 11 to loss of friends, 10 to sickness and 19 to various causes.

A piece of iron was found in an air passage of the great pyramid which has been there since 3700 B. C.

M. Louis Boutan has succeeded in taking some beautiful photographs of the bottom of the sea by the aid of a newly-invented lamp for burning magnesium powder under the water. He first descends to the bottom and selects his views, next has his apparatus lowered to him, then arranges the same for several flashes, enabling him to take as many successive pictures.

An estimate regarded as reliable places the aggregate wealth of leading countries at the following figures: United States, \$60,475,000,000; Great Britain, \$43,600,000,000; France, \$40,300,000,000; Germany, \$31,600,000,000; Russia, \$21,715,000,000; Austria, \$18,065,000,000; Italy, \$11,755,000,000. No other nation is credited with more than \$10,000,000,000. The next in rank to Italy is Spain, with \$7,965,000,000, while Greece, the last and lowest in this classification, is given but \$1,055,000,000.

Plants often exhibit something very much like intelligence. If a bucket of water during a dry season be placed a few inches from a growing pumpkin or melon vine, the latter will turn from its course and in a day or two will get one of its leaves in the water.

It is stated by authorities entitled to credence that two-fifths of the entire area of the United States consists of arid land, and that upon 616,000,000 acres of this land crops could be raised if water were supplied.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

Baireuth in 1894.....E. Irenæus Stevenson.....Harper's Weekly

There are certain fundamental elements and many genial conditions, quite aside from mere prestige, which probably will keep Baireuth's festivals attractive and valuable to the general ranks of Wagnerites during many future summers. Its day is not by any means over yet, though obviously much declined. Managed too plainly as a commercial speculation, divested of too much of its real representativeness as to Wagner's theories and as to national art, there will probably be not much worse errors in policy and practice than its recent recurrences have brought. There still is only one Baireuth. There still is only one place, even in Germany, where the serious-minded musician and enthusiast as to Wagner finds the artistic business of the day so dominant for so long a term; felt to be the first consideration, thought of and talked of as such, on all sides, and respected as such a universal magnet. Only in Baireuth does the outer and sensible world grow so remote for a little while—for art's delusive sake. Only in Baireuth is the Wagner worshiper hourly in such close touch with Wagner's maturest personality. Such a visitor can hardly dismiss the idea, as he walks about the town, or sits in the theatre on the hill, or talks with Wagner's family and friends in the salon at Villa Wahnfried, that living and lurking somewhere is the composer himself, possibly yet to be met, not unexpectedly, around some corner. Under no other conditions, too, do the mythic personages of Wagner's operas and music-dramas come to be thought of as so real. Mixed for the time into a world of noble fables, to the Baireuth pilgrim the passions of a Tristan or Tannhäuser, a Kundry or an Elizabeth, quite put out of one's head the struggle for bread and butter. To live, to be joyful, to suffer, all in musical declamation and in song, to move and have one's being to the sound of "leading motives" and of a tumultuous orchestra, seem the natural course of things.

The tenth festival, however, which has now reached a point of progress at which its general effect can be fairly estimated, appears to be extraordinarily unfavorable to Baireuth's happy outlook; much in the same degree as has been the aspect of several recent ones, but exaggerated under influences which Mrs. Cosima Wagner must be taken to uphold and to represent. Once more have artists been selected emphatically inefficient. The successive casts have presented singers whose claim to appear as representative exponents of Wagner, before such audiences and under such auspices, is to be rejected. In fact, in overlooking the group, the American musician who keeps a sharp eye on the various corps of artists in the main opera-houses of Germany and Austria wonders much how and why Mr. So-and-so or Miss or Mrs. Such-a-one should be invited to take any prominent part at Baireuth. With due allowance for the departure and dispersion of the old guard of Wagnerian artists—some of them by no means prompt to surrender, even when vocally and physically "hors de combat"—singers that one would look to find in Baireuth casts for the present season are conspicuously absent, and their places are ill supplied. It is a detail of some significance that an American soprano, a lady

who is a most valuable and highly accomplished addition to any Italian opera company, but one in no sense identified with the German, much less with the Wagnerian stage, nor eminently successful in any Wagnerian rôle, is a star and protégée of Madam Wagner.

So admirable a German dramatic soprano singer—for example, when singing Isolde—as Mrs. Rosa Sucher has been relatively unsuccessful as Kundry. As to the repertory, what with the well-worn Lohengrin as a novelty (at Baireuth) in slender supplement to Tannhäuser, which was not a success last year, and, of course, Parsifal as a third member, the selection for 1894 cannot be reckoned wise or specially tempting, except to the relatively less cultivated Wagnerian. The changed mounting of Lohengrin, by which its archæological and historic dress is made that of an earlier period of German history, where its action belongs, was interesting, but, on the whole, has proved ineffective; and, moreover, the close and now very bitter rivalry between the Baireuth Festival and the Royal Opera of Munich has seen Munich, that Wagner stronghold, slyly anticipating such a device several weeks ago—with much crimination and recrimination between Baireuth and Munich in consequence. The orchestra has lacked the direction of one of the three leaders identified with past successes of that important element of the performances, and the début of Richard Strauss as conductor this time of Baireuth's Tannhäuser has disappointed even the most friendly proclaimers of the abilities of that extraordinary young Weimar composer. Accidental drawbacks, such as illness in the corps, need not be considered, for such things must occur. The criticisms of American correspondents who can be relied on have been nothing if not qualified; and the tone of the responsible German and Austrian press has been absolutely denunciatory, in numerous notices. The Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung says that the festival "may continue to exist as a place of amusement for splenetic Englishmen and rich Americans, but has ceased to exist as the Mecca of the master's art." The Vienna Fremdenblatt declares that "no amount of advertising can restore the performances to the standard from which they have fallen."

Madam Wagner has announced that there will be positively an interruption of the festival for at least two years. Such a decision (quite likely to be rescinded, nevertheless) will be grateful to those who look at Baireuth's part in the life-scheme of Wagner from Wagner's point of view. But that such a short interval can compass what Madam Wagner, it is said, mentions as a prime object of it—the maturing of a new and more typical group of Wagnerian interpreters—is doubtful, to say the least. Such a suggestion, however, touches on a vital cause for the present unfavorable aspect of the once authoritative festival. The period seems past of that Wagnerian Walhalla, that circle of giants in their traits as German heroic singers, artists intense in their enthusiasm, derived at first hand, for Wagner's works, and for a conception of the drama in music which at the time was new and overwhelming. Not only has gone over to the majority the whole earliest generation of Wagner's chosen interpreters, male and female. Death and declining powers have set aside the array

familiar to us of later date. Of the first festival of 1876, eighteen years ago, Madam Amalia Materna is the only singer still on the stage whose right to be heard is not quite past. The rest, one by one, have dropped out. Their successors, according to kind and degree, are duly honored, and several of them preserve the traditions of their predecessors with distinction, but the ideals have departed. The heroic soprano, the heroic tenor, is a rare bird, if one comes to deliberately singling her or him out by analysis.

There are other ingredients in anything like a decline of Baireuth's festival as *ex cathedra*. The Wagner opera, the Wagner music-drama, within a decade or fifteen years, has made its way all over the world, and its satisfactory stock interpretation has become general. Baireuth would have to be blessed by conditions more than natural to cast into shade a good many other places where Wagner is well sung and well done. In Germany, Munich, under the wary and zealous care of Intendant Possart, has become a splendidly brilliant rival of Madam Wagner's charge. The "model" Wagner performances in the Munich Opera each summer surpass Baireuth's in much. In New York City, a few years ago, we were so lucky as to have representations of members of the Wagnerian repertory that were unsurpassably fine in all essentials.

Besides these factors which diminish the supremacy of Baireuth and its cause, there exists in Germany itself another, which, though it is not welcome to the ear of that Wagnerist who is more enthusiastic than broad in his feeling for art, cannot be left out of account. A musical change already has come. The world moves. The trend of music, as expressed in the operatic form, just now recognizes, frankly and sensibly, the great principles of Wagner, rather than Wagner's intensely national, and, so to say, explosive expression of them. "A wind from the Fronde has set in." The new, the on-coming German singer feels it, and realizes that Wagner was not so perfect, so transcendent, so "final," that to be a Wagnerian artist is the be-all; to serve as his recognized spokeswoman or spokesman on the Baireuth or other stage the crowning of a career. Wagner is studied carefully, undertaken with noble enthusiasm, as he deserves to be. But singers of German Europe, along with the broader critics of Europe and of this country and other lands, do not shut their eyes to the idea that with Wagner's colossal scores and types came only a period, an epoch, an episode of music. From this we are already passing away—taste and the creative gift progressing onward into some fresher phase. Its strong character will be not a little due to Wagner's majestic influence; but it is certain to be an art-expression less mannered, less national, more simple, in closer relation to musical essence, and less the result of individual theory and unique genius.

Does the Stage Educate.....Whitehall Review

Schiller devotes one of his essays to the subject of the stage as a moral institution. People are apt to smile when morality is coupled with the stage. They think that immorality is a much more likely companion. It has to be admitted that just as

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there,

so the devil takes a warm interest in the stage door, and

a very large portion of the public who look upon theatres as "temples of Beelzebub" are keenly fascinated in finding out what the devil and his friends do when they leave the playhouse. Those who most of all decry the drama are the very ones who love to listen to its tittle-tattle. Those who most admire it are sometimes apt to give it more virtues than it is really entitled to. But when the stage is viewed in its proper light—neither as something dazzlingly good nor hopelessly wicked—it passes as an instructor and educator. Of course its primary aim is to amuse. Those who preach about its benefits should never lose sight of this; but in the tempting dish of amusement there lies many a sound maxim and decree of virtue. Schiller deals very largely with this idea—the blending of amusement and instruction. He thinks it better for a man who is "oppressed by appetites, weary of long exertion," to go to the theatre than to rush "into dissipations that hasten his fall, and ruin and disturb social order." A man of public business who has made sacrifices to the State, is apt to pay for them with melancholy; the scholar becomes a pedant; and the people pant for relaxation. So, says Schiller, they find what they want at the play, "the stage combining amusement with instruction, rest with exertion, where no faculty of the mind is overstrained, no pleasure enjoyed at the cost of the whole."

This instruction most often takes the form of mental relaxation. We dip into history and annals of bygone days; we re-learn what we have forgotten as those living pictures of men and manners pass before us. The fields of fancy lie ahead, and history repeats itself; "great criminals of the past live over again in the drama, and thus benefit an indignant posterity. They pass before us as empty shadows of their age, and we heap curses on their memory, while we enjoy on the stage the very horror of their crimes." It is here that sight grows into belief. "Sight is always more powerful to man than description, hence the stage acts more powerfully than morality or law." Schiller waxes very grandiloquent, sometimes, as when he says that "When morality is no longer taught, religion no longer received, or laws exist, Medea will still terrify us with her infanticide." He loves his subject so well that he writes at fever heat, and we are apt to smile at his enthusiasm. But he settles down, as his essay proceeds, to a calmer frame of mind. He does not rush into the wild declaration that the play is meant to convert the sinner, but he does hint that, from the incidents of a play a backslider may see the error of his way. "Probably," he argues, "Molière's Harpagon never altered a usurer's heart, nor did the suicide of Beverley save anyone from the gaming-table. Nor, again, is it likely that the high roads will be safer through Karl Moore's untimely end. But admitting this, and more than this, still how great is the influence of the stage. It has shown us the vices and virtues of the men with whom we have to live. We are not surprised at their weakness, we are prepared for them. The stage points them out to us, and their remedy. It drags off the mask from the hypocrite, and betrays the meshes of intrigue. Duplicity and cunning have been forced by it to show their hideous features in the light of day. Perhaps the dying Sarah may not deter a single debauchee, nor all the pictures of avenged seduction stop the evil—yet unguarded innocence has been shown the snares of the corrupter, and taught to distrust his oaths." The story of a play may warn as

well as impress. The theatre should be a school of practical wisdom, a guide for civil life, and "a key to the mind in all its sinuosities."

Stray chapters read at random in a book, stray scenes witnessed in a play, may, and often do, leave lasting impressions. The idea received remains, and acts silently. It makes us think, and we give it firmer grasp if it has been a stage representation, because we have seen it. We need not go on the housetops and cry out about what we are thinking. The influence of the play should be felt. The theatre has the happy gift of blending intellectual amusement with its instruction. Steele has repeated very much what Schiller has said. Says Steele: "A good play, acted before a well-bred audience, must raise very proper excitement to good behavior, and be the most prevailing method of giving young people a turn of sense and breeding."

Pottery Making in India.....An Oriental Art.....Indian Magazine

Of all materials put in use by the ancient inhabitants of India, clay must, at a very remote period, have held a large place. The plains of India are bountifully supplied with clay, by the inundations of the great rivers, the Indus, and more particularly the Ganges, and the native potter found ready to his hand an unfailing supply of the material for his art. The discovery of the plastic nature of clay, and the facility with which it can be worked into any shape, is not above the capacity of the rude savage. There is abundant evidence that sundried bricks preceded the art of working vases; desiccated objects, however, have an ugly tendency of resolving themselves into their original mud, so that even in the most favored countries, as Egypt, for example, the state of the atmosphere will not allow crude clay to survive a single winter. The baking of it so as to produce an indestructible tenacity was an immense advance and probably the result of accident rather than design. The Hindoos, unlike the Egyptians, Assyrians and even the Romans, do not seem to have used bricks to impress upon them the names of their kings or their governors or the buildings for which they were intended or as tablets for their public archives, their astronomical computations, their annals, their title deeds and their religious dedications. This is much to be deplored, for, had they done so, we should not be left to grope in the dark with regard to the history of their early civilization, but we should have detailed accounts of particular buildings and the chief events connected with the various buildings of the vast peninsula. The modeling in clay the forms of the physical world gave rise to the plastic art, and Hindoo pantheism, better than any other religious creed, served to diffuse it throughout the Indian provinces.

The invention of the potter's wheel was an immense improvement upon the rude methods previously adopted in fashioning vessels by the hand alone. By the application of a circular table, laid horizontally, and revolving upon a central pivot, on which the clay was put, all combinations of forms could be produced as the wheel spun round, and vessels became symmetrical in their proportions and true in their capacity. As with every invention respecting which nothing is known, that of the wheel has been ascribed to all nations of antiquity. It is represented in full activity in Egypt as far back as 1400 B. C.; we find mention of it in the Scriptures (2 Samuel xvii. 28; Jeremiah xviii. 1-9); while vases with the marks of the wheel upon them have been unearthed

in Assyria, and we may safely conclude that fictile vessels were made at an early period in India.

On the other hand, the ancient Semites, like their kinsmen of Palestine, set no great store by the potter's art. They deemed the material too common; their love of the precious metals making them prefer gold and silver. In India, whether owing to difference of race, with its large admixture of Turanian blood, than which none is more imitative or artistically endowed, or religious scruples which will not allow natives to use the same vessel or idol twice lest it should be defiled, the fact remains that no country in the world has so great a demand for earthen pots and pans of a common kind, but ever of pleasing shapes, and must have had for countless generations. So universal is the manufacture of earthenware at the present day, that scarcely a hamlet is found without its kiln. The desire of making terra cotta less porous and better fitted for retaining liquors led to the invention of an impervious covering or glaze, consisting of opaque glasses or enamels, which in Egypt are as old as the eighteenth dynasty. The employment of copper with a little lead to produce a brilliant blue enamel was very early, both in Babylonia and Assyria; the use of tin for a white enamel, found on the encaustic tiles of Babylonia, Assyria, and Egypt, anticipated the re-discovery of it by Luca della Robbia.

Tricks of the Stage....Wonders of Theatrical Mechanism....Chicago Times

The deceptions of the stage are like fairy stories: we enjoy them, although we know they are frauds. Familiarity with the tricks of the scene-painter and carpenter does not dispel illusion any more than knowledge of the fact that it is fiction takes away the interest of a novel. The assertion is frequently made, and is commonly believed, that acquaintance with the cold unreality of property rocks, papier-maché thrones, canvas trees, and sheet-iron thunder, destroys the pleasure that one would otherwise have in witnessing a theatrical performance. This is not true. No one watches with more delight a clever bit of stage trickery than an old actor, and no one with greater readiness allows his senses to be deceived by some choice exhibition of scenic realism. The thrill of an apparently heroic leap for life or a daring escape from prison is just as great to him who knows that the hero has alighted on a mattress or tunneled through a canvas barrier as to the most innocent matinee girl. Some theatrical managers argue that the secrets of their craft should remain mysterious to the public. Yet the public cares not a whit that the moon that shines on the loves of Juliet and Romeo is made by a magic lantern and a hole in the back drop, so long as it looks real and mixes its mellow rays with the lover's sighs. Then why not, as the boys say, "give the whole thing away?" Why not tell the audience that the lightning express that rushes headlong to destruction is only a wabby strip of cloth doubled up like an accordion and hauled out when the train goes by on a swiftly revolving windlass? Why not tell them that the exciting horse race occurs on a treadle? That the buzz saw is made of profile boards? That the roaring cataract is a sickly stream, poured by a garden hose over a painted plank? That the pelting rain is the rattle of beans, the awful thunder the roll of a cobble-stone, blinding lightning a magnesium flash, the howling wind the squeaking of a piece of silk?

Chicago has had its full share of spectacular surprises

and gilded scenic deception. We have had in our midst for eight years a manager who has made a fortune by exhibiting to our impressionable gaze the genii-created palaces of Alladin, the magic pumpkin of Cinderella, Bluebeard's chamber of horrors, Sinbad's startling shipwreck, and Ali Baba's cavern of jewels. Every summer at the Chicago Opera house we see new deceptions. Last year in Ali Baba we had a dragon thirty or forty feet long that wiggled across the stage and then dissolved into a group of bewitching ballet-dancers. We also had a marvelous cataract of real water that tumbled from the flies to the stage with the appearance of a little Niagara. At the end of the World's Fair season David Henderson's American Extravaganza company gave us its pretentious revival of Sinbad, which included a wonderful marine panorama, an arctic glacier, a practical ship, and a realistic snow-storm. One of the Sinbad features is the shipwreck. The ship, as everyone knows, is shattered by a raging storm and sinks into the depths of the sea. The storm effect is very natural in appearance. The roar of the winds, the beating of the rain, the thunder peals, and the lightning flashes are perfectly simulated. These effects are all obtained by the usual mechanism provided by the property man. When Sinbad was first revised Manager Henderson was not thoroughly satisfied with the storm scene. He wanted a little forked lightning in it, so he went to Martin Krueger, his electrician, and told him his needs. Krueger experimented, and after burning out a few fuses and destroying a gross or two of magic lantern slides, succeeded in producing the zigzag flashes desired. Now, when the pirate ship is sinking, through the breaks in the lowering clouds great lightning strokes are vividly displayed. They are obtained by means of a revolving cylinder, fastened in front of a powerful electric lens. In the cylinder are six glass slides which alternately pass before the lens. The slides are blackened with lampblack, on which is scratched a zigzag line. The electric light can only pass through this clear line. The lens magnifies it until from a little scratch only a couple of inches long it becomes a lightning flash which covers the whole visible expanse of the heavens. These slides can only be used once, as the intense heat of the lamp destroys them after a few minutes of exposure.

Everybody remembers the big panorama in Sinbad. It will be recollected that it gives a view of the sea from calm to storm and shows a procession of passing craft. There are a number of light effects in this panorama which are obtained by ridiculously simple means. After the panorama has unfolded one-half its length the night comes on and the moon appears. The panorama is wound on two immense rollers which stand upright on either side of the stage. It is unwound by two men who sit on what are called cradles, risky seats which are fastened on top of the rollers. The men turn the rollers just as a brakeman turns the old-fashioned railway brake. The cloth unwinds from left to right, and travels on a little track which is hung across the stage. It is suspended from this track by means of strings, which are attached to small wooden wheels. These wheels are put on the track one by one by the man on the left as the panorama unwinds. Of course the moon and the ships are all rolled up with the rest of the picture. When the moon begins to peep from behind the roll of cloth, another man throws a light upon

it from behind and follows it across the stage. When the big Atlantic liner La Touraine plunges forth, the red and green lights on her port and starboard bows are placed in position by another man. They are simply colored incandescent lamps. The ship also shows a hundred lights streaming from her portholes. These are all made by means of one big electric calcium, which travels on rollers behind the cloth and casts its rays through apertures in the canvas which are covered by bits of white silk. The means are simple enough and the result is most effective.

Plaster Casts of Animals....From Living Subjects....New York Sunday Sun

It is said only one man in this country has been able to take satisfactory casts of a living animal; and he has not been able to get more than parts of the animal. This is William Ordway Partridge, a Boston sculptor, who has used his pet horse for a subject. Mr. Partridge designed the equestrian statue of General Grant which is to be set up in front of the Union League Club house in the Bedford Avenue plaza in Brooklyn. He wanted to get accurate casts from which to work when modelling the horse for the statue. When he talked of taking a cast of the live animal nobody believed he could do it. He first set to work training his pet horse for the operation. He accustomed him to let his legs be handled without moving them or kicking. It took a long time to do this. When he found that the horse would stand still, he prepared for the operation of casting. A thin mixture of common clay and water was first rubbed on the part of the horse of which it was desired to get a cast. This was to prevent the plaster from sticking to the horse's coat. On top of this was smeared the first layer of plaster, into which salt had been mixed to make it set quickly. Then the second layer, containing hemp fibre, was applied.

An assistant made the cast, and while he was doing so Mr. Partridge petted the horse to distract his attention. The plaster was sufficiently hard to be removed in about two minutes. After making satisfactory casts of small sections of the horse, Mr. Partridge tried larger surfaces. He succeeded in getting a good cast of the shoulders and one of an entire leg down to the hoof. In the first cast the legs were only in half relief, but later Mr. Partridge was able to get several in the round. Most difficult of all was the casting of the horse's breast. The difficulty was caused by the constant motion in breathing, but Mr. Partridge finally got that, too. These casts are perfect in their way. They show every muscle, every tendon, almost every hair; yet they lack the prime essential to the animal sculptor, which is action. They are also merely parts of a whole that would be lifeless, and inartistic were it to be built up from the various sections. No sculptor would think of casting from them in bronze. Mr. Partridge's method of taking a cast is practically the same as that employed by most sculptors. Soapsuds or oil are used for a wash more frequently than the thin mixture of clay and water noted above. In making a cast in the round—that is, in taking the solid—a simple device is used to cut the cast into sections so that it can be removed. Usually a thin piece of silk fishing line is fixed to the surface, longitudinally or laterally. The plaster is spread over this and before the plaster is hardened the silk cord is pulled through it, cutting it like a knife. Then, when the cast is hard, it comes off in sections without any difficulty.

AMERICAN LITERATURE: ITS PRESENT AND FUTURE*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

In the days of our literary dependence this country has added something to the body of literature in the English language, in poetry, in essays, in novels; and lately in history, biography, archæology, philology, and works requiring high scholarship, and distinguished by the modern methods of research and criticism. The present is a time of immense activity, and full of promise of greater achievements.

There was a time when, stung by the taunt of provincialism, the American people had a vague idea that the duty was laid on them of producing a literature that should be unmistakably American; they were expecting always the American epic and the great American novel—that is, a story of American life comprehensive enough to include the vast republic in all the variety of its development, and in all things characteristic of this country alone. That was a notion belonging to childhood, and entertained before the American people themselves comprehended the immense variety of local peculiarities in their enormous territory. The difficulty of generalization was experienced when an attempt was made to define and characterize an American. Was it a person having the manner, the habits, the speech, the spirit of Maine, or Massachusetts, or New York, or South Carolina, or Virginia, or Texas, or Ohio, or Minnesota, or California? What is the typical American? Where exactly is the typical American society that can stand for the country in a work of fiction? American novels there have been of world-wide acceptance, and an American novel which shall rank with the few great pieces of fiction of other literatures is always a possibility; but it will be great, not in an attempt to embody all varieties of American life, but in its faithful study of human nature under certain defined conditions. The ambition of bigness has passed away, and the development of a real American literature is going on in traditional inherited lines, modified by certain influences which are plainly at work here, and which may carry it very far in a distinct, commanding position in the world of letters.

The first of these is the realization of independence; the courage to strike into new paths; the consciousness that the most intelligent criticism is home criticism, and the most valuable recognition is home recognition.

The second is a more exact scholarship: the training in modern methods of research; the application of the scientific spirit to the problems of history, of biography, and to the study of men and women for the purposes of fiction. The result of this is truthfulness, the desire to see human life as it is, in its inward meaning as well as its outward manifestations.

The third is the national spirit: the historic consciousness of a country with a destiny. No author can sing the songs or make the novels or write the history of a country with which he is not identified in every aspiration.

The fourth influence is cosmopolitan. While America was in British leading-strings it took its models and its

mode of looking at life from one source. It is now opening its windows to the stimulating literatures of the world. It is hospitable to the French, the Russian, the Spanish, the Italian, the German. Its ambition is not only stimulated by contact with foreign masterpieces, but the new foreign ways of looking at life are lessons. We are in less danger of imitation than we should have been years ago; but we learn from them how to look at our own life, to see it in its reality, and to interpret it by the aid of an idealizing imagination. The lesson we have learned (and which the writers of England have also been learning) is to study our own life as the masters of foreign fiction study their life. The effect is already evident in a daily increased production of minor novels and short stories which are locally faithful and yet universal in character. There is an analogy in the sister art of painting. We may have one opinion or another about what was called the American school of landscape, but we recognize the revolution in art in all branches since our young artists went abroad, to study in the schools of drawing and painting and fell into the historic line. When the artists who have been educated abroad, or their pupils, apply their acquired skill in technique to the interpretation of American life, we shall in art have a truly national development of a high order. It is so in literature. Our literary production has become more and more American within the last decade.

This is hopeful, because the first requisite in any literature is faithfulness to time and place and to the spirit of the national life; but it is not saying that much of the production, though instinct with a new spirit, is not crude. Fresh materials, in character, in nature, in incident, and the perception of their value, will not suffice for the creation of a universal, enduring literature. Literature, even in America, will remain an art, to be cultivated like any other. There is a quality which sometimes seems to be the result of the discipline of generations of cultivation, of refined social conditions, of keen intellectual competition, of training in the use of words, of a refinement of thought which transmutes the ore into gold. This quality does not exist without form, without style—and a perfect simplicity in exhibiting the most profound and noble thought and the most complex life, but it also implies a divining power to place before us life as it is, without literary vulgarity and without exaggeration. Our present literature, in its commendable eagerness to report facts, is somewhat careless of form, and, if it does not lack keenness of observation, it lacks refinement of execution.

In concluding this brief view of the situation, it may be said that the studies of American life are very promising for the greater canvases to come, and that already many local types have been treated with excellent art. The intellectual activity that was predicted to follow the shaking up of the great war is seen in every department of letters. The production in the imaginative and in the historical fields was delayed till time should idealize the material and clarify the vision. In the science of language, and of things, in the works of research, of history, and of biography, the new republic is closing the century with brilliancy.

* A selected reading from *The United States of America: A Study of the American Commonwealth*. Edited by Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, S. D. D. Appleton & Co.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Spread of the English Language.....Ahead of All.....Chambers's Journal

The English language is spoken at present by 115,000,000 of people, distributed as follows: British Islands, 38,000,000; United States, 65,000,000; Canada (exclusive of French-Canadians), 4,000,000; West Indies, British Guiana, etc., 1,500,000; Australasia, 4,000,000; South Africa, India, and other colonies, 2,500,000. This only includes those whose mother tongue is English. If the number of persons able to speak English, but not regarding it as their mother tongue is included, the figures would be considerably increased. To this, however, one exception must be made. The large number of Germans, Scandinavians, and other alien races that have emigrated to the United States and the British colonies and become absorbed therein are included in the above figures, for English is their adopted language. They have become a permanent part of the Anglo-Saxon race and their children after them will be entirely English speaking.

No other language of modern times has made such rapid progress as English, and the increase of English speakers may be calculated at 2,000,000 annually. Three hundred years ago, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the language was spoken only by about 5,000,000 of people, nearly all of whom resided in the British Isles. It was about this time that England began her work of colonization, to which the great spread of the English tongue is mainly to be attributed. The principal languages which enter into competition with English, and which are spoken by the greatest number of people—leaving out of the account such languages as Chinese or Hindoostanee—are French, Spanish, Russian, and German. Of these, French is practically stationary as regards the number of its adherents, and in point of influence it is distinctly on the decline. It is no longer the universal language of diplomacy and commerce; in both respects it has had to give way to English. Spanish, like English, is now very largely spoken on the American continent, and like it also owes its wide distribution to the colonizing genius of its speakers. There are not wanting those who see in it a formidable rival to the English, and if Portuguese, which is practically a branch of the Spanish, is included, then the twin languages dispose of a territory even greater than the English, and with infinitely greater room for expansion, and are spoken by a population of probably not less than 70,000,000.

It is a remarkable fact that the Spanish and Portuguese have never been able to make any headway in colder latitudes. In the United States one can travel by rail more than 3,000 miles, from St. Augustine to San Diego, crossing the entire continent at its widest part without leaving territory which was all Spanish a century ago, and where the original colonists have all receded before the Anglo-Saxons. In South America the same phenomenon is to be seen; for, while the whole of that continent, with a few trifling exceptions, is occupied by the descendants of the Spanish and Portuguese, the temperate regions toward the south have never been properly colonized by them. Patagonia and southern Chile, which possess almost an English climate, have little attraction for the natives of southern

Europe. Both German and Russian are increasing rapidly in point of numbers, although the latter language has had but little influence on western civilization, which may be owing to the apathy of the Russians themselves, who are perhaps the best linguists in the world, and often more at home in French, English, or German than in the language of their own country. This refers especially to the upper classes. We frequently meet Russians who not only speak perfect English, but have not the slightest trace of a foreign accent, and, as far as their speech is concerned, might be taken for Englishmen or Americans. The number of persons speaking the above languages may be estimated as follows: Russian, 80,000,000; German, 70,000,000; Spanish, 55,000,000; Portuguese, 15,000,000.

It is a remarkable fact that while the English in their colonies and offshoots have absorbed millions of aliens, there is no record of any great body of English speakers becoming absorbed by any other race. In the United States there are millions of Germans who have become merged with the English in a single generation. Even the names are lost; Schmidt becomes Smith and Müller Miller, and the children in many cases do not even understand the parents' language. Likewise in Florida, California, Texas and other States, French or Spanish speaking settlements have become Anglicized. It is far otherwise in Canada. There the French-speaking population is increasing faster than the English. It is not because the French element absorbs the English, but rather that it crowds it out. In other parts of the world besides Canada the French language has shown considerable vitality and power of resistance, but nowhere is it absorbed so readily as other European languages by the Anglo-Saxon. In Egypt the French language was all-powerful in official and commercial circles some ten or twelve years ago, but here also it has lost ground before the English, owing to the occupation of the country by the British, and to the increase of British influence in the administration of the Suez Canal.

The spread of English in other parts of the world is scarcely less remarkable. In South Africa the republics of Transvaal and the Orange Free State only ten years ago were almost entirely Dutch in their speech; but English is now dominant in both countries, Boer Dutch being relegated to the country districts, where it is retreating year by year before the advances of its more powerful rival, in spite of the determined opposition of the Boers themselves. This result is, of course, mainly owing to the rush of settlers and adventurers into these countries, consequent on the discovery of gold and diamonds; but the apathy of the Boers and their inaptitude for business must also be reckoned a contributing cause. The shopkeepers and men of business are invariably Europeans, the Boer contenting himself with farming pursuits, which easily accounts for the ascendancy of English in the towns. Even without the stimulus of the gold discovery, there is little doubt that the same result would have been attained, though more slowly. Besides the above there are other small States where English is either the official or dominant language; among these may be mentioned Liberia, the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, and some of the other petty

States of the Pacific, where English is rapidly driving out the native dialects. Even in Japan the English language has been recognized as a semi-official one, and is the one selected for intercourse with foreigners.

The rapid spread of English is largely to be attributed to the simplicity of its grammar, which is less complicated than that of any other western nation. Its marked poverty of inflections, as distinguished, for example, from the German, is a great point in its favor, and thus it is much easier for a German to learn English than for an Englishman or American to learn German. On the other hand, the extraordinary orthographic inconsistency of the English language is a decided drawback; and there is little doubt that if English were written on phonetic principles, as Spanish or German, its speed would be much more rapid, to say nothing of the great boon this would be to the Anglo-Saxons themselves, who spend years of unnecessary toil in learning to read and write their own language. It is likely, however, that any change in this respect must be looked for in America, where a few innovations have been already introduced. English speakers may be divided into four great branches, as follows: (1) The European, (2) the American, (3) the South African, (4) the Australasian. Each of these branches has its peculiarities, and the divergence between the four is becoming more marked every year. Of the extra European branches, American, although the oldest, has diverged least from the parent system. It is surprising what a number of American words have been introduced into England, many of which are now considered indigenous to the soil. A large portion of the slang spoken by the middle class in England may also be said to have an American origin.

Worship of St. Baksheesh....Tip-Takers, High and Low....New York Tribune

Although we are accustomed to regard "baksheesh" as a distinctly Oriental institution and to associate it with other characteristic phases of corruption peculiar to the semi-civilized countries of Asia and Africa, yet it thrives quite as well, if not better, on Western soil, and has become just as much of a recognized practice in Europe—it would not become me as a foreigner to add America—as in the Lands of the Rising Sun. The only difference between the Orient and the Occident is that in the latter "baksheesh" is called by different names. Some people style it "perquisites," others "vested rights," while some again describe it as "tips." But no matter what name is used for the purpose, it is in every case one and the same thing, namely, in the words of the dictionary, "an emolument, or gift, attached to some place, office, or transaction over and above the settled remuneration." It is a sort of extra income beyond the amount stipulated in the bond. Nor is any one exempt from the potency of its charms. Monarchs, great statesmen and plutocrats are just as alive to the attractions of the system of perquisites as the humblest restaurant waiter; and there is assuredly no shrine that possesses so many devotees of every class and race as that of St. Baksheesh.

That menials should hanker for tips, and that parliamentary and even municipal legislators should insist on their perquisites, is only natural. People expect it of them, and they are, as a rule, careful not to disappoint the public anticipation. But there are assuredly many readers of *The Tribune* who will be interested to learn

that European sovereigns, great dignitaries and nobles, are just as eager and greedy about what they are pleased to regard as their perquisites as is a boodle alderman of New York or a Panamaist politician at Paris. Indeed, the most enthusiastic and fervent disciples of St. Baksheesh are to be found at the Royal and Imperial courts, where rich pickings abound. These sometimes treble in amount the oft merely nominal emoluments of the function or office, and it is this that renders the maintenance of a Royal or Imperial household so expensive. True, monarchs have often endeavored to check the practice; but how can they attempt to embark upon any such enterprise of reform so long as they themselves continue not only to demand, but even to insist upon their own perquisites?

One of the worst offenders in this respect is Queen Victoria, whose perquisites are numerous and whimsical in character. Among the most curious of them is her right to every whale or sturgeon captured on the coast of the United Kingdom and brought to land. Both of these perquisites date back to the days of the Norman kings, and it appears that in the case of the whales the monsters were divided between the sovereign and his consort, the queen taking the head in order that her wardrobe might be replenished with the whalebone needed for the stiffening of her royal garments. While I do not remember hearing of Queen Victoria laying claim to any whale captured or stranded on the coast—possibly because she has long since become indifferent to the advantages to be derived from whalebone—yet the fact remains that every sturgeon caught is at once impounded by the local authorities, no matter who the captor, and forwarded to Her Majesty. Another of the Queen's baksheesh is a certain number of magnificent cashmere shawls, which are dispatched to her every year from the Kingdom of Cashmere. They vary in value, as a rule, from \$300 to \$1,200 apiece, and the Queen is accustomed to present one of them as a wedding present to every young girl of the aristocracy or in whose future she is in any way interested. Every tailor holding a patent of "Purveyor to Her Majesty," if he conforms to ancient tradition and usage, should present her with a silver needle each year. Another class of Royal purveyors are called upon to present annually to her a tablecloth, while from other sources again she is entitled to an annual contribution of such varied baksheesh as white doves, white hares, catapults, curry-combs, fire tongs, scarlet hosiery, nightcaps, knives, lances, and cross-bows. Moreover, at the coronation, the Lord of the Manor of Addington must present to the sovereign a "dish of pottage" composed of "almond milk, brawn of capons, sugar and spices, chicken parboiled and chopped." At the same ceremony the Lord of the Manor of Haydon is obliged by virtue of his tenure from the Crown to present the monarch with a towel, the Lord of the Manor of Work-sop giving the sovereign a "right-handed glove." These are only a few of the various baksheesh to which Queen Victoria is entitled by tradition and usage, though, of course, not by statutory law, and I may add that she has likewise a vested right in all treasure-trove, wreckage, ownerless animals, and in the estates of people dying intestate and without any legal heirs.

Nor should I omit the perquisites which she annually receives from the fat Duke of Wellington, and likewise from His diminutive Grace of Marlborough. These

consist of a small Royal English standard from the former and a French flag from the latter. That presented by the Duke of Wellington is delivered to Her Majesty on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, while the Duke of Marlborough's French flag is presented on the anniversary of the Battle of Blenheim. At the end of each year they become the perquisites of the officer of the guard who happens to be on duty at the Castle of Windsor on those two respective days.

This is by no means the only baksheesh of the officer of the guard, and, indeed, there is hardly a single member of the court, from the Lord Steward and Master of the Horse, who are at the head thereof, down to the official rat-catcher, who does not supplement—nay, sometimes double or treble—his official pay by means of perquisites. And it is this, as stated above, that interferes with every project of economic reform attempted by the Queen or suggested by her advisers. Her husband, the late Prince Consort, did quite a good deal to put a stop to the system, and incurred no end of unpopularity in consequence. But since his death little has been effected, and the Queen's recent decision to abolish the Hampton Court stud farm and horse-breeding establishment is one of the first reforms of a financial character that she has ventured upon since she lost her husband. It is needless to say that it has given rise to no end of protests and discontent on the part of those whose sources of baksheesh are injuriously affected thereby. The department particularly concerned by this reform is that of the Master of the Horse, an office now held by the Earl of Cork, among whose perquisites are the use for himself and his family of the Royal carriages, horses, and servants. Indeed, when the Duke of Westminster was Master of the Horse, I have known the late Duchess to have been several times taken by strangers for the Queen when driving down to Twickenham and other suburban resorts, in a royal carriage-and-four with scarlet-coated outriders. The Commander of the Queen's Bodyguard of Gentlemen-at-Arms, who is at present the good-looking and superlatively well-dressed Earl of Chesterfield, has among other perquisites the privilege of shooting each year one royal buck in Windsor Park, only he must do it with a bow and arrow. The Lord Chamberlain, besides receiving a certain number of royal bucks, which he is not called upon to stalk in this fashion, is entitled by tradition to the gorgeous chairs used at the various coronations. Coronations, in fact, are a perfect godsend to the dignitaries of the court. The Grand Almoner is entitled to all the blue cloth used as a carpet in the Abbey on the day when the ceremony takes place; the Chief Larderer exacts all the remains of the banquets, the Chief Butler the golden cup out of which the King has drunk, while the Lord Great Chamberlain, who must not be confounded with the Lord Chamberlain in ordinary, claims as his baksheesh the apparel worn by the Sovereign the night before the ceremony, the furniture of the room in which he or she has slept, a silver ewer and basin, and forty yards of crimson velvet.

There is no one, in fact, who is above receiving baksheesh, even the famous Madonna of the Royal Church of the Attocha, at Madrid, receiving as her perquisites the wedding gown of every Queen or Princess of the Royal house of Spain. Austrian Archduchesses are free to present their wedding robes to the Madonna of any church that they may select. Not even the otherwise

proverbially incorrupt judges of Great Britain are free from this failing, for they receive as their baksheesh a beautiful nosegay from the Sheriff whenever they hold any court of assizes or sessions, a pair of white gloves being added if there is no criminal case on the calendar. The nosegay and the white gloves are after all only the counterpart of the clothes of the condemned prisoner, which the public executioner receives as his guerdon, perquisite or baksheesh.

Chinese Etiquette.....Dr. Edward Bodlos.....Washington Post

Nothing is more complicated than Chinese etiquette. A master of Debrett and Burke is a novice beside a Celestial master of ceremonies. Nevertheless, the latter's system is definite, if elaborate, and he has many official landmarks whereby to shape his course. One of the most important of these is the button which is worn by every mandarin on the top of his hat. Each of the nine ranks has its particular button, and the second degree of the first and second ranks are also marked by separate buttons. The official list is as follows:

First Rank—First degree, light coral red button; second degree, deep coral red button.

Second Rank—First degree, light crimson button; second degree, dark crimson button.

Third Rank—Both, light, clear blue.

Fourth Rank—Dark Prussian blue.

Fifth—Quartz, glass or crystal.

Sixth—Opaque white.

Seventh and Eighth—Gilded, yellow or gold.

Ninth—Silver or silver white.

It will be seen that a red button indicates high rank. The rank in general is personal rather than official. Thus, for example, a taotatship is an office of the third rank, and its button is a light, clear blue. Yet many taotatis, if not a majority of the class, are decorated with red buttons. It even happens that a person of the second rank, through misfortune or political vicissitudes, will hold an office of the fifth or sixth rank. In such a case he would still wear his red button, and in many official events would be preceded by an official of a dark blue or crystal button. For this reason it is often very difficult to tell the official rank of mandarins by their buttons. Nor is the difficulty lessened by the embroidered insignia upon the wearing apparel. This is more elaborate than the buttons, but, like the latter, does not discriminate between rank and position. To overcome the difficulty the Chinese resort to several expedients. One is the card, on which is written a full statement of the owner's rank, degree, and position. Such a card in English might read: "Smith, baronet, judge of session, Devon." Another consists of having the same facts painted upon the lanterns with which all chairs are provided. These can be read with equal ease day or night. The third is used for the information of the public, and consists in having the name and all titles carved in large, bold characters on long red boards, which are carried by coolies. Mandarins who have received many honors will frequently have as many as twenty of these red boards. Where an official has retired from service he is still entitled to place these boards at the entrance of his residence. A fourth mode resembles the preceding and applies to junks or vessels in which a mandarin travels. The characters are written upon flags, which are fastened to the mast and elsewhere in lieu of ordinary bunting. When the pres-

ent governor of Formosa left Shanghai on the steamer Smith, thirty banners of this class were flung to the breeze from the masts and other parts of the boat.

The embroidered insignias of rank and position are placed upon the front and back of official robes. They must be of the finest workmanship and so well executed as to show the design clearly and accurately. The general design for a civil officer is a bird, and for a military official a quadruped animal. The civil list is as follows, ranks and not degrees being discriminated :

First—A Mantchoorian crane. Second—A golden pheasant. Third—A peacock. Fourth—A wild goose. Fifth—A silver pheasant. Sixth—A young egret. Seventh—A quail. Eighth—A long tailed jay. Ninth—An oriole.

The military list runs :

First—A unicorn. Second—A lion. Third—A leopard. Fourth—A tiger. Fifth—A black bear. Sixth—A tiger cat. Seventh—A mottled bear. Eighth—A seal. Ninth—A rhinoceros.

These insignias have been used from time immemorial, while the buttons are a creation of the Mantchoo conquerors of China. It is a singular fact that both the lion and rhinoceros are strangers to the latter country. The limit of their habitat seems to be the Ganges and to have been so since the tertiary period. The knowledge of these animals by the Chinese was acquired long before the Christian era, when large fleets of junks, naval, pirate or commercial, went from Canton to Hindoostan and often brought back these wild beasts alive.

A cause of confusion in the use of buttons and insignias lies in the ever increasing power of wealth to secure these honors by purchase. Originally they meant pedigree, military heroism, generalship or intellectual ability, literary culture or eminent philanthropy. Their ownership indicated distinction of some kind to a high degree. This is so no longer. Ambitious officials are permitted to wear them in high honorary ranks. In Canton and Hankow several magistrates of the seventh rank have purchased the right and now wear light blue buttons. One, a very rich Cantonese, unconsciously reflects upon the decadence of the lines by using as a button a magnificent sapphire worth a king's ransom. Even private citizens are allowed to gratify their vanity in this manner. A wealthy tea taster in Tamsui, whose education would not allow him to become an official of the lowest class, secured the privilege of wearing a dark blue button by paying \$20,000 for the bauble.

The Heidelberg Tun Outdone.....The Munich Cask.....St. Louis Republic

That monster wine vat, the famous "tun of Heidelberg," which we have been taught from childhood to consider the most gigantic receptacle for liquid ever made of wood and bound with iron hoops, has at last been excelled in the shape of a giant cask built for the Blatner Brewing Company of Munich. The old Heidelberg tun was built during the three years ending with 1591. It was composed of oak beams each 6 inches square and 27 feet long, and had a diameter of even 18 feet. The figures for the exact weight are wanting, but the item which tells us that the iron of the hoops alone weighed 11,000 pounds is quite suggestive of the great weight of the vat. Nearly 200 years after the first tun was built a second, of much greater proportions, was constructed. Heidelberg tun No. 2 was 36 feet long and 24 feet in diameter and had a capacity of 800 hogsheads. In 1826 Stretton & Co., the London brewers,

constructed a beer vat at their works in Nuremberg which was 96 feet in diameter and 34 feet deep. The day this stupendous affair was finished the brewing company gave an inaugural dinner to 796 customers, all of whom were comfortably seated in the vat. The Blatner cask, but recently finished, is 105 feet in diameter and 51 feet deep. It was inaugurated with a ball in which 275 couples took part, and at one time, it is said, there were 500 people on the floor of the cask, not counting the waiters, musicians, etc. No inconsiderable floor space was taken up by the stage erected for the orchestra, the two pianos and fine dining table.

The Language of Emblems.....Frank H. Norton.....Illustrated American

What the learned Dr. Aiken once called "A Visible Image of an Invisible Thing," in fact, the Emblem, has so little record in modern times, that even the encyclopædias give concerning it only the dictionary definition. Yet, two centuries ago, it formed the subject for the work of some of the best writers, painters, and engravers of Europe; while Antiquity has illustrated it in a myriad of forms, the meaning of which is in thousands of instances lost to us in the mystery and darkness that overshadows the history of so much of human life. Any object which presents at a glance a meaning beyond its mere appearance is an Emblem. The torch for Illumination, the scales for Justice, the anchor for Hope, the owl for Wisdom, the butterfly for the Soul, the scythe and hour-glass for Death. The first attempt at writing was emblematical, and Chinese writing is so to this day. So were the Egyptian hieroglyphs, and the same can be said of our own Indian picture writing. All coinage, from the first Hebrew shekel to the last American dollar; all the flags of all nations; all State or national seals are emblematical of something. The Cross, the Crown, the Sceptre, the Mitre, every church steeple in every land, mosque, minaret, and pagoda, temple and shrine, idol and fetish, all are Emblems. Every letter in every language, every figure, the sign of every trade and profession, the Roses of England, the Lilies of France, Ireland's Shamrock, and Scotland's Thistle, all are Emblems. And yet, strangely enough, it is only by persistent search that one can find out even the least about the origin of this class of art, the meaning of its varied forms; the hidden sense being often lost utterly, while only the form remains.

The words "exoteric" and "esoteric," of which lecturers and writers on theosophy make so much use, may be simplified, if we understand that the first is the form and the Emblem, the latter being the substance and the thing shadowed forth, or suggested by it. The Bible, if it be not wholly emblematical, as many believe, is at least crowded with Emblems. Christ's parables and the revelations of St. John, the "Wheel of Ezekiel," the Cross of the Crucifixion, all are Emblems. Virtue and Vice, Poverty and Riches, Ignorance and Knowledge, each has its appropriate Emblem; while in the marvelous significance of the ancient Cabalistic saying, "as below, so above," we find that this world and all of Life are but symbols, Emblems of the deeper purpose and wider thought of the Creator. In this sense, the zodiac that spans the heavens, the horoscope of the astrologer, the palm of the human hand as it is read by the adept in chiromancy, are all Emblems. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were alive with the work of the Emblem-makers, by pen, graver and brush;

but of all those who labored in this art, whose names have come down to us with their works, the most eminent were Andrea Alciati, an Italian jurist and historian, who was born in the year of the discovery of America; Diego de Saavedra, a Spanish man of letters of the sixteenth century, and Jakob Cats, the great Dutch poet, who was born in Zeeland in 1577, and lived to be eighty-three years old. All of these dealt in moral sayings and trenchant philosophical proverbs, which were illustrated by some of the greatest artists of the times in which they lived, and by many others since; and which were translated into nearly all the modern languages. Of these, the works of Cats are by far the best known; and I have before me a copy of the splendid edition, now only to be picked up at rare intervals at auctions, published by the Appletons in 1860. The aphorisms of Cats are given in Dutch, Italian, Latin, etc., and translated into English; each one being illustrated with a suitable emblematic design, of which there are more than one hundred, beautifully engraved. Some of the "wise saws" are: "Act wisely and thou shalt be free;" "If poor, act cautiously;" "Every flower loses its perfume at last;" "One rotten apple infects all in the basket;" "The goose hisses well, but it don't bite;" "A hen lays every day, but an ostrich every year;" "I see all and say nothing."

My copy of Saavedra was printed by Jansen of Amsterdam, in 1657, and contains one hundred and one copperplate engravings of emblems, with Latin text, written for the purpose of instructing a Christian Prince in his duty to his subjects. Mr. George Edward Sears, of this city, made a collection of the works of Alciati, which were finally sold to Mr. Benjamin—doubtless the finest and most complete gathering of the sort ever made; his catalogue (privately printed) describing thirty-four editions. The collection of books of Emblems has been quite a cult, but it is just now out of vogue. The rarer ones are very hard to get and very expensive to buy, which fact may account for this. But it is one of the most interesting and instructive of fads; and, in these Emblems, one often comes across instances of wisdom symbolically illustrated, which are altogether startling, often mystical, and sometimes bordering upon the supernatural in their strange evidence of knowledge of the occult. In fact, the simple moral Emblems, which became so familiar in the work of the sixteenth and seventeenth century artists, were the outcome of a class of "object lessons" which formed a part of the propaganda of the Alchemists and the Rosicrucians. In Hargrave Jennings and other writers on the Brothers of the Rosy Cross, and in the works of the alchemists, Paracelsus, Jacob Boehmen, and others are to be found the teachings of the occult through Emblems. The word-pictures employed in spreading the doctrines of Alchemy were strictly Emblems: "mercury," "azoth," "salt," etc., were only words employed symbolically to convey a hidden meaning known to the elect. So it was with Freemasonry: the true meaning of the "Square" and "Compasses," the "Keystone," the "Zodiac," has long been lost, even among Masons, yet it is veritably disclosed in the Emblems so familiar to them. It is in the Cabala, however, that one finds the very extreme of the employment of Emblems; where, as claimed by the Cabalists, every word has not only its open meaning, but one and sometimes two meanings that are hidden or esoteric. All of this looks very childish to one who

considers only the fertility and elasticity of language, and reflects upon the multiplicity of its resources as well as its uses. It does not seem necessary to have resort to pictures, or subtle definitions or transpositions, in order to explain or disclose a meaning. But when one entertains the idea that words, letters, and numbers, and even pictured Emblems, are thing with a vitality of their own, the whole matter assumes a much more reasonable, as well as a more important aspect.

Search for the Normal Child.....Rene Bache.....Boston Transcript

A new kind of scientific work is being carried on in Washington, in which the testing of 25,000 school children, mentally, morally, and physically, is the preliminary step. Dr. Arthur McDonald is conducting the work, under the auspices of the United States Bureau of Education, and the results when arranged and tabulated are expected to throw valuable light upon a number of mooted questions concerning the race.

For example, it is desired to know whether boys of the laboring class are less bright than the sons of the well-to-do. Are they as well nourished? In London, not long ago, investigation proved that the children of laboring people in that metropolis were better nourished—that is to say, weighed more at the same age—than those belonging to higher social strata, the latter being fed on too much candy and cake. The work here being unfinished, conclusions cannot be stated. To begin with, the height and sitting height of each child were taken. Long-bodied races, generally speaking, are inferior. It is desired to know if long-bodied individuals are less clever or less strong than the short-bodied of the same race. Are long-bodied boys and girls apt to be stupid? Long-headed children are usually tall. Tall people are most often long-headed. Tall races are superior. The question naturally follows: Are long-headed children superior? When it is said a man has a long head, is there not significance in the remark?

Are tall children, then, superior? Nobody knows as yet. These are among the things which Dr. McDonald is trying to find out. In the classification the 8,000 negro children in Washington schools have been kept separate, so as to compare them with white children. How do they compare in respect to brightness, weight, physical measurements, etc.? The colored child surpasses the white child up to five years of age in mental development; then the white child goes ahead. Comparisons of girls with boys naturally follow. At the age of entering womanhood, girls weigh more than boys; that age with city girls arrives a year earlier than with country girls. Some most interesting comparative data of the sexes has been already secured. It was determined by a succession of simple, but conclusive, tests that girls felt pain more quickly than boys, and Dr. McDonald is convinced by this and other tests that the conclusion that women are more sensitive to pain than men are is the correct one, although the opposite idea widely obtains. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that in every school there are more bright girls than bright boys. Girls are more faithful in studying and memorize more attentively. A girl will not get impatient and throw her book into a corner, as a boy would. This study of the race, and in particular, child study, is most acceptably on the increase. Professors and scholars of the highest distinction are giving their best efforts to the study of this interesting subject.

SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN A LIGHTER VEIN

Hurting Her Feelings....Ernest De L. Pierson....Lover's Year Book (Roberts)

Perhaps it was the yellow moon,
Perhaps it was the buds in bloom,
Upon her breast that night,
That made me dare to stoop and press
Upon her lips' soft loveliness
A kiss—ah, rare delight!
I trembled afterward with fear
At my audacity. "Oh, dear,
Forgive me," quick I said;
"I know I've hurt your feelings, sweet."
Her injured glance I dared not meet,
But walked with downcast head.
So through the shadowy lane that night
We passed in silence, while the light
Fell in a silvery calm;
And drowsily the summer breeze
Swept o'er the showy clover seas,
And filled the air with balm.
When at the gate I coldly said,
"Good-night," she raised her graceful head,
And soft I heard her say,
"Dear, you might—you might," trembling then,
"Just hurt my feelings once again
Before you go away."

Dulces Amaryllidis Iraw....Augusta de Gruchy....Under the Hawthorn

I told my love a truth she liked not well;
She spoke no word. I raised my eyes to watch
Her cheek's red flush, her bosom's angry swell;
She rose to go; her hand was on the latch;
When some swift thought—of my fond love, maybe,
Or ill-requited patience—bowed her head;
She faltered, paused with foot half raised to flee,
Then turned, and stole into my arms instead.

A Chance Meeting.....G. Goodwin.....Vogue

We met unaware
At the foot of the stair,
Where but a dim light was low burning;
She gave such a startled, sweet look of surprise
(And I fancied a gladness crept into her eyes),
That I felt all my old love returning.

She was witchingly fair
In the softened light there;
On my soul, I could not resist it!
But forgetting the past
Took her soft hand in my clasp,
And tenderly, lovingly kissed it!

'Twas o'er with the kiss,
That moment of bliss!
I remembered our lives were apart;
And she passed on up the stair,
Just leaving me there
With the old pain still in my heart.

Till Ethel Came.....Jeanette Saverel.....Life

Till Ethel came I thought the ball
Extremely dull—the maidens all
Most plain—the men a dismal lot
Of bores—the rooms extremely hot.
I wondered why I danced this fall.
I thought the orchestra too small;
I felt the draught blow through the hall;
I swore I'd go—then swore I'd not—
Till Ethel came.

A wondrous change did then befall;
The music Strauss might well extol;
The surface suited to a dot;
Then stairs were cool when rooms were hot.
I think I'd not been feeling well
Till Ethel came!

Love, the Strategist.....C. Lornida.....Pall Mall Magazine

Love came marching as a soldier,
Cap à pie the rogue was armed,
Gay youth, heedless, guard deemed needless,
Vanquished was ere Love alarmed. [short affray,
Masked approach and stolen marches, sharp surprise and
Love, alas! is always victor, youthful hearts are facile prey:
Hush! Beware! for Love is there,
Here and there and everywhere, [lawyer's wig,
In martial guise, or sailor rig, 'neath doctor's hood, or
Now among the rich he's flaunting, then the imp the poor
is haunting,
And, defend you as you may, Love wins now as yesterday.

Love came tripping as a Fairy,
Love-locks floating in the breeze,
All alluring, ne'er enduring,
Pleasing only just to tease.
Was he slighted or affrighted that he sped so fast away?
Stole the glory of a story—from a life the light of day—
Hush! Beware! for Love is there,
Here and there and everywhere,
Now enfolded in a wimple, then ensconced in rosy dimple,
Or by magic art so nimble, hidden, lurking in a thimble—
Tricky elf! so hard to hold, pays fond hopes in fairy gold.

Love came weary, as a pilgrim
Faint and feeble, sad and worn,
And a woman with compassion,
Pitying soothed his state forlorn. [wise,
Then so tender grew his bearing, all his words so calm and
That the matron's heart was missing ere she'd fathomed
Hush! Beware! for Love is there, [Love's disguise.
Here and there and everywhere! [pressing,
Youth with promises caressing, Age with memories op-
Emprise most his skill engages is Romance of Middle Ages!
Ah! be wary as you will, Love is Lord and Master still.

At Evening....Norman Gale....London Literary World

Below her in the valley farm
She heard the rustic mirth;
The pastures lessened to a line
Was heaven as much as earth.
The fiddle poured a dancing tune
That called her feet. And, oh!
Her heart was hungry for the lad
She danced with long ago.

Eve's Daughter..Edward Rowland Sill..Poems (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

I waited in the little sunny room:
The cool breeze waved the window-lace, at play,
The white rose on the porch was all in bloom,
And out upon the bay
I watched the wheeling sea-birds go and come.
"Such an old friend,—she would not make me stay
While she bound up her hair." I turned, and lo,
Danaë in her shower! and fit to slay
All a man's hoarded prudence at a blow,—
Gold hair, that streamed away
As round some nymph a sunlit fountain's flow.
"She would not make we wait;" but well I know
She took a good half-hour to loose and lay
Those locks in dazzling disarrangement so!

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

Australian Vistas.....Mary H. Krout.....The Chicago Inter-Ocean

A recent writer has characterized the landscape of Australia as dreary. It seems incredible that, in the fertile portions of the country, any one could consider it melancholy. There is something of sameness in the foliage of the eucalyptus when seen from a distance. But even then it is softened by the marvelous Australian atmosphere, taking on a thousand tints of amethyst and emerald, until the wide plains seem to be encircled by an ever-changing sea. Indeed, so perfect is the illusion that it was several days before I discovered that I was not looking out upon the ocean from my window in the hotel, but upon a girdle of unchanging bush. Then there are 152 varieties of the gum, many of which, in foliage and manner of growth, might be easily mistaken for trees of some other species. There is one variety which grows to the proportions of our giant sycamores, which it resembles. This species is a prey to a destructive insect which bores through the bark into the wood, the trunk swelling with enormous knots wherever it is stung. I was told by Professor Koebe that he had seen excrescences that weighed a ton.

Some varieties of the gum resemble groves of live oak as they grow in California; others are as symmetrical as the maple, and still others are as tall as the Lombardy poplar. The leaves of all are more or less slender, and they do not hang horizontally, but vertically, so that they cast but little shade, except where they grow close together in the bush. Thomas W. Knox says that the eucalyptus amygdalina, or giant gum, is the tallest tree in the world, one on Mount Baw-baw, Griffsland, having been measured by a competent engineer, which was 471 feet in height. After losing its bark the trunk of one variety is silvery white, which has given it the name of the "silver stem." Other valuable species are the blue gum and the red gum. The red gum yields a valuable timber, the grain being almost as close and the wood as hard and indestructible as mahogany. It is this that is used for paving the streets, as I have stated in a former letter. But the wood is cut into square blocks and laid upon a bed of pounded stone and cement three feet thick. They have not yet learned in the colonies the art of street-paving as a political job. I see nowhere the ragged, muddy, broken stretches of so-called pavement which may be found at every turn in Chicago. The therapeutic qualities of the gum-tree are also now well known. Wherever they grow in numbers there is no malaria, and it is stated upon high medical authority that the virulence of fever brought into the country is much abated. The fragrance of the eucalyptus forests is delicious and refreshing, with a spiciness, though not so sweet, like the odor of carnations. The oil is now an important addition to the materia medica, and the gum which exudes in great quantities, red as blood or yellow as amber, is of great value commercially. I was told that the tree absorbs all the moisture in the soil, and when the bush is cleared away streams and springs burst forth. This is in keeping with the contradictoriness of almost everything in Australia, which is a land where the indigenous flowers have no perfume, where the birds have no song, where the swans are black,

where the trees shed their bark, where there is frost in July, and where Christmas is celebrated in the midst of burning heat.

Unlike New Zealand, which has no venomous reptiles or insects of any sort, Australia abounds in both. The flies, for one thing, are an intolerable pest, and are found in myriads, even upon the plains far away from any human habitation. Children suffer cruelly from their bites, many being blinded, as they attack the eyes with savage persistency. A friend told me that he had frequently seen shepherds riding on horseback, who at a distance appeared to be a solid, moving mass of flies. It is necessary under such circumstances to protect the hands and face so that they cannot bite the skin. Fleas are also numerous, but civilization, vigilance and cleanliness have done much to exterminate them. There are men who can remember Melbourne as it was forty years ago, when the entire beach of Brighton and St. Kilda was so infested with them that this part of the city, now a lively and thickly populated suburb, was slow in being improved. Snakes are numerous, and some of them are deadly in the extreme. The five most venomous are the black snake, the brown snake, the tiger snake, the death adder, and the diamond snake. The tiger snake is the most feared, as there is no known antidote for its poison. Persons bitten die almost instantly, and the government has long had a standing offer of £1,000 for any one who might discover a remedy for the bite.

It was the beginning of the winter at the time of my visit, and the nights were already frosty, so that the snakes had gone into winter quarters. In all our explorations we did not see one, although I was told that they were probably numerous in the crevices of the rocks where they were comfortably stowed away until the return of spring. Ants are another omnipresent pest in the bush. The white ant builds a huge cone-shaped house six or eight feet high, which the prudent bushmen utilize as ovens. There are other species known in vulgar parlance as the "bull-dog" and the "soldier," both of which are as brave and as savage as their names would imply. These, too, had gone into winter quarters, but when a stick was thrust into their mounds they still had energy and temper enough to rush out at once and attack the invader. They fight to the death, their powerful mandibles inflicting a bite that will swell and be inflamed for days. Their mounds are not more than eight inches in height by three in width and five in length. I saw an interesting colony which had built its habitation beside the road. From this point the ants had constructed a perfectly defined highway five inches in width for some forty yards into an orange orchard, where there was a tree infected by a peculiar scale, which exuded honey of which the ants were very fond. The tree—their feeding ground—swarmed with them, for this species had not yet begun to hibernate. They had destroyed every other insect except a species of caterpillar which was incased in a tough shell of white wax, through which the ants could not bite. The caterpillar was also fond of the honey, and, safe in its shell, defied the greed and jealousy of its ugly neighbors.

There are a few mosquitoes in some parts of the coun-

try, at Sydney particularly, but they are nowhere so much of a pest as in the Hawaiian Islands. However, people sleep under nets nearly all the year round in New South Wales. Centipedes and scorpions are also poisonous, and there is a spider whose bite frequently causes death. It will attack without provocation, hiding in decayed timber, darting out when it is disturbed. It is quite small and is brilliantly marked with a spot of crimson in the middle of the back. When it does not produce death it frequently causes paralysis or insanity. Australian thunderstorms are called in the colonial vernacular "southern busters." It should be said that the south wind, obeying the antipodean law of opposites is the cold wind, while the breeze from the north is warm and parching. The storms come up suddenly, attended by terrific lightning and thunder. The lightning is not a brilliant flash, but a blinding blaze and glare, the whole atmosphere being apparently on fire. The thunder is deafening, and follows in quick explosions as though the universe were being rent in pieces. After an hour or two of nature's artillery practice it clears away, the sky becomes blue, and the air deliciously cool and pure. Death by lightning stroke are frequent through the summer and large numbers of stock are killed. Such storms are a natural result when the mercury not unfrequently reaches 120 in the shade, and are peculiarly severe after a season of drought.

Days in Delhi.....Oriental Street Scenes.....All the Year Round

The curious Chandni Chowk, or "Silver Street," of Delhi, one of the most picturesque thoroughfares in the East, derives its name from the filigree wrought with unrivalled skill and taste in the Mogul capital. Sunlight and shadow contend for mastery among irregular masses of tumbledown houses, where carved wooden balconies, approached by external stairs, glow with rich embroideries, which form but a tithe of the varied treasures found in the Chandni Chowk. The muslin-robed merchants stand outside the shops to proclaim the value of the wares and to solicit inspection. Dark and winding steps lead to dusky chambers where an all-pervading odor of sandalwood and musk creates the traditional Oriental atmosphere, and impregnates the bales of silk and cashmere piled round teakwood chests filled with silver, gold, and jewels. Bargaining proceeds with Eastern deliberation, which yields to the rapid methods of the West when the adaptable Hindu mind detects a trace of impatience on English faces.

The crowded streets of Indian cities present manifold attractions, but the study of native life and manners in Delhi is frequently interrupted by the gray herds of Brahmini cows, which roam about at their will, with the evident conviction invariably entertained by these pampered animals that their own importance far exceeds that of the community which they inconvenience by their presence. An overturned stall witnesses to the self-assertion of the sacred kine, and as our carriage disperses a blockade of sleek backs and interlacing horns, an indignant member of the scattered conclave wreaks vengeance on the battered chariot by pushing it along with these natural weapons to the end of the street. The "raison d'être" of the assembled cows is found in the presence of a great Hindu temple, where a glimpse of glittering images in fretted shrines is unwillingly granted to the unbelievers, whose feet are forbidden to tread the sacred courts of the Brahmin sanctuary.

Comparative toleration awaits us in the precincts of the magnificent Jumna Musjid, which ranks first among Indian mosques of Islam. This superb edifice of blood-red sandstone and snowy marble stands upon the levelled summit of a high knoll beyond the fort, with ruddy minarets piercing the hot blue sky above the misty whiteness of the cloud-like domes.

The red arcades and marble columns of the peristyle in the noble court complete the perfect harmony of form and color, and in the severe simplicity and perfect proportion of the superb sanctuary we read the secret of that impressive power which characterizes Mogul architecture. Turbaned sheiks lie prostrate on Persian carpets beneath the silvery heights of the central dome, and white-robed groups gather around the marble fountain outside the mosque, laving hands and faces in sunlit showers of rainbow-tinted spray. The erection of the Jumna Musjid occupied five thousand workmen daily for a period of six years, and in A.D. 1658 the vast building, which so accurately represents the rigid austerity of the stern Mohammedan creed, was brought to a triumphant completion. The blue waters of the sacred Jumna wind round stately mosque and frowning fort. On an island in the river opposite the palace, and connected with it by a stone bridge of five arches, stands the earlier citadel of Selimgurh, built before the present city existed, but after the erection of Shah Jehan's palatial abode within the mediæval fortress, the ancient residence of royalty was converted into a state prison, and now serves as a military storehouse. Outside the Delhi Gate of the city lies the crumbling village of Ferozabâd, containing numerous relics of Buddhist shrines round an ancient stone pillar known as Feroz Shah's Lât, and inscribed with some edicts of Asokâ in the Pâli character. The weight of the monolith is estimated at twenty-seven tons, and it probably commemorates the conversion of the reigning monarch and his people to the tenets of Buddhism in those early days when the new faith spread with unexampled rapidity over every province of northwestern India.

A drive of eleven miles across the dusty plain brings us to the Kootub Minar, the noblest architectural memorial of the past, and the highest pillar in the world. This majestic column, forty-seven feet in diameter, tapers off in diminishing stories marked by beautiful external galleries, to a height of two hundred and thirty-eight feet. The summit is reached by an easy ascent of three hundred and seventy-nine stone steps, and at every angle a niche with open horseshoe arches lights up the interior of the colossal minaret. The rich red sandstone of the lower portion terminates at the third encircling corridor, and the remainder of the ribbed and fluted tower, composed of white Ulwar marble, darts like a shaft of light into the infinite blue of the radiant heaven. The wreathing inscriptions form "the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah," in delicate Persian characters, framed by deeply-cut Arab sculpture of bosses, bells, and lamps. The Kootub Minar was erected by an Emperor of Delhi for the use of his only daughter, in order that her eyes might rest upon the sacred Ganges when she performed her daily orisons at the summit of the lofty tower. A magnificent view repays the ascent to the highest gallery, but the vision of Gunga's healing flood, though perchance vouchsafed to the eye of faith in the clearer spiritual atmosphere of an earlier day, is withheld from the unbelieving Giaour, and though the

blue Jumna bounds the wide expanse of sunburnt plain dotted with crumbling ruins and hoary tombs, we look in vain for the mightier river which receives this noble tributary three hundred miles away.

The architectural monuments of India frequently gathered a group of satellites around them, like the feudal towns called into existence by the needs of mediæval castles. A solid shaft of mixed metal stands near the Kootub, which dwarfs it to diminutive size. This column, known as "The Iron Pillar," was placed in its present position by the Hindus about A.D. 315, and was erected by Rajah Dhawa, who inscribed his name upon the imperishable memorial. Another relic of Hindu monarchy remains in the "Boot Khana," or Idol Temple, and the ruins of later date, consisting of the great mosque of the Kootub, the palace and gateway of Allâ-ud-deen, and the tombs of kings and prime ministers, indicate that the vicinity of the stately minaret was revered as holy ground. The architectural treasures which enrich the Indian peninsula are now secured from destruction or violation by the protection of the government, and schools of archæology employ large numbers of native draughtsmen, whose accurate copies of every detail in the varied and intricate designs of palace, temple and tomb display the inexhaustible patience and subtlety of Hindu genius, which, while reflecting the influence of every dominant race, possessed sufficient inherent vitality to shape them into native mould. The ruins of forgotten dynasties which rise on every side of the Kootub Minar transport our thoughts to the heroic age of India, when sages and warriors divided the honors of the ancient mystic land. The women of the Aryan race frequently fulfilled the promise of the tribal name derived from the word "Arya," or "Noble." Vedic hymns of legendary times and historical records of subsequent ages depict a higher type of womanhood than that of the later epochs, when the comparative freedom of antiquity was crushed beneath the heavy yoke of caste and creed.

A Scotch Lake in Cloudland.....S. R. Crockett.....Leisure Hour

Now our Loch Enoch fortress is almost stormed. Step by step we are rising above the rugged desolations of the spurs of the Merrick. "Bide a wee," says our guide, "and I will show you a new world." He strides on, a very sturdy Columbus. The new world comes to us—and one of great marvel it is. At first the haze somewhat hides it—so high are we that we seem to be on the roof of the Southern Creation—riding on the rigging of all things, as indeed we are. Half a dozen steps, and— "There's Loch Enoch!" says Columbus, with a very pretty taste in climax. Strangest sight in all this South Galloway of strange sights is Loch Enoch—so truly another world that we cannot wonder that the trouts of this strange water high among the hills decline to wear their tails in the ordinary fashion of common and undistinguished trouts in lowland lakes. This still evening Enoch glows like a glittering silver-rimmed pearl looking out of the tangled gray and purple of its surrounding with the strength, tenderness, and meaning of a human eye. The Merrick soars away above in two great precipices, upon which Thomas Grierison, writing in 1846, tells us that he found marks where the Ordnance surveyors had occupied their hours of leisure in hurling great boulders down into the loch. There were fewer sheep on the Merrick side in those days, or else

the tenant of that farm might have with reason objected. It seems, however, something of a jest to suppose that this heathery desolation is really a farm, for the possession of which actual money is paid. Yet our guide tells of an old shepherd, who many a year herded the Merrick, who when removed by his master to the care of an easier and lower hill, yearned for the stern majesty of the monarch of South Country mountains, and related tales of the Brocken spectres he had often seen when the sun was at his back and the great chasm of Loch Enoch beneath him, swimming with mist.

Enoch spreads out beneath us in a tangle of bays and promontories. As we sit above the loch the large island with the small loch within it is the most prominent. The "Loch-in-loch" is of a deeper and more distinct blue than the general surface of Loch Enoch, perhaps owing to its green and white setting on the grassy boulder-strewn island. Another island to the east also breaks the surface of the loch, and the bold jutting granite piers, deeply embayed, the gleaming silver sands, the far-reaching capes, so bewilder the eye, that it becomes difficult to distinguish island from mainland. It increases our pleasure when the guide says of the stray sheep, which look over the boulders with a shy and startled expression, "These sheep do not often get sight of a man." Probably no part of the Highlands is so free from the presence of man as these Southern Wildernesses of Galloway, where was the very fastness and fortress of the Westland Whigs in the fierce days of the Killing. On the east side of Loch Enoch the Dungeon Hill rises grandly, a thunder-splintered ridge of boulders and pinnacles, on whose slopes we see strewn the very bones of creation. Nature has got down here to her pristine elements, and so old is the country, that we seem to see the whole turmoil of "Taps and tourocks" very much as they were when the last of the Galloway glaciers melted slowly away and left the long ice-vexed land at rest under the blow of the winds and the open heaven.

Right in front of us the Star Hill, called also Mulwharchar, lifts itself up into the clear depths of the evening sky—a great rounded cone like a hayrick. At its foot we can see the two exits of Loch Enoch—the true and the false. Our guide points out to us that the Ordnance Survey map makes a mistake with regard to the outlet of Loch Enoch, showing an exit by the Pulcaig Burn at the northeast corner towards Loch Doon, when as a matter of fact there is not a drop of water issuing in that direction, all the water passing from the northwest corner towards Loch Macaterick. Beyond the levels of desolate, granite-bound, silver-sanded Loch Enoch lies a tumbled wilderness of hills. To the left of the Star is the plateau of the Rig of Millmore, a wide and weary waste gleaming everywhere with gray tarns and shining "lochans." Beyond it are the Kirroch hills, and the pale blue ridges of Shalloch on Minnoch. Every name is interesting here, every local appellation has some reason annexed to it, so that the study of the Ordnance map—even though the official nomenclature has many mistakes, is weighted with much suggestion. But no name or description can give an idea of Loch Enoch itself, lifted up high as it were close against the sky—nearly 1,700 feet above the sea, with the giant Merrick on one side, the weird Dungeon on the other, and the gray wilderness stretching away mysteriously out into the twilight of the north.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Marion Crawford is said to have written, on an average, two thousand words of original matter, fiction and criticism, for each day during the past year.

Edgar Stanton Maclay, the author of *History of the Navy*, is a son of a well-known missionary in China and Japan, now president of the Maclay Theological Seminary at Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Maclay graduated from Syracuse University in 1885, obtained a post-graduate degree, devoted himself to the study of American history, and spent considerable time in France and England pursuing his studies and gathering information for his *History of the Navy*.

Frankfort Moore, who is one of the cleverest of the new writers of fiction, is a handsome man, with fair hair, a soldierly figure, and a face expressive of kindness and humor. He now lives in London, but was for some time a journalist in Ireland.

Over two thousand magazines are published in Great Britain, of which about one-fourth are religious.

Mrs. Beatrice Potter Webb, who is said to have inspired William Black to write *Sunrise*, and to have suggested the Princess Casamassima to Henry James, is probably the richest and most beautiful woman in the socialist ranks. She comes of a wealthy and intellectual family, and was educated by Herbert Spencer, but instead of devoting herself to society, she joined the socialists, tried work in different shops, wrote such vigorous articles on "sweating" that Parliament took up the matter, and at last married Mr. Sydney Webb. They are now trying to live in the East End lodgings on about three hundred pounds a year.

The "Miss Kipling," whose writings, says the London Literary World, are beginning to be "seen about" in periodicals, is a Mrs. Fleming, sister to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. She is a well-known figure in the smart set.

One of the best-known poets of Japan, Moloyosi-Salzan, has written an interesting article on Japanese poetry for *The Revue Britannique*. He has a high opinion of the talent of his colleagues, and says they are more highly honored than poets in other countries.

"M. E. Francis," who has achieved a new success in *The Story of Dan*, is busy at work with stories for the Catholic press, to which she has long been a frequent contributor. Most of her early work appeared in the *Irish Monthly* (edited by a brother of Lord Chief Justice Charles Russell) and the *Catholic Fireside*, owned by Mgr. Nugent of Liverpool. She is in private life Mrs. Blundell, and resides at Crosby Hall, near Blundellsands, Lancashire.

It is a curious coincidence that Walter Pater's last publication, *The Child in the House*, in containing reminiscences of his own early years, should deal particularly with his impressions of death. He tells us how the desire of beauty only intensified his fear of death.

The *New Science Review*, edited by J. M. Stoddart, is a new quarterly of modern science, discovery, and progress, which gives the essence of the latest and most fresh thought on great questions in clear, simple language adapted to the general public and not merely to the student. The word "science" in the title is to be con-

strued in its largest and most liberal sense. The magazine has a clearly defined field, all its own, which its first number shows it will fill ably.

There are now published in Paris 2,385 periodicals, nearly a hundred more than were issued at the corresponding date last year.

Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer, who is writing upon Galileo in the September *Good Words*, is now a Cambridge Professor, and was formerly Astronomer Royal in Dublin. He is, says the *London Literary World*, a smooth-shaven, black-haired man of medium height, not unlike Rev. H. R. Haweis in appearance, except that he is bigger, and fuller in the face. But his expression is full of "bonhomie." He is a very amusing speaker.

Stopford Brooke has accepted the Lowell Lectureship. His subject will be *Modern English Literature*.

Count Leo Tolstoi has written an opera libretto in which he gives his ideas regarding brandy-drinking. It bears the title, *The Brandy Distiller*. A woman has composed the music. It has already been produced in Russia, but, it is said, has had no effect on the peasants, whom the Count wished to influence.

It is announced that the *Saturday Review*, edited by Mr. Walter Pollock, has been sold by Mr. Beresford-Hope to Mr. L. H. Edmunds, a wealthy barrister. Mr. Edmunds says he will not change the policy of the paper.

Amélie Rives is pronounced by the *London Literary World* "the most beautiful woman in literature."

The directors of a large public library at Glasgow, Scotland, have decided that "books on all subjects not immoral shall be admitted, and no book shall be regarded as immoral which simply controverts present opinion on political or religious questions."

Zola is going on his much-discussed visit to Rome in November. He is to be fêted in Turin, which has, arrogated to itself the rank of "the intelligence of Italy."

Betty Paoli, who died a few weeks ago in Vienna, was the most popular poetess in Austria some years ago. She was seventy-nine years old. Among her prose works is *Grillparzer and his Works*.

Mrs. Humphrey, perhaps better known as "Madge," of *London Truth*, has her home in Maida Vale, and a cozy little home it is. She is rather above the middle height, with a keen, impressive face, sharply-cut features, a bright, youthful complexion, and gray hair, which once was fair and golden. In manner she is pleasant and unaffected, and, above all, she is a good talker.

Ouida, who recently was reported to have been "sold out" by the legal authorities at Florence, owing to her heavy debts, has found a new home at the villa Massoni, a beautiful house at St. Alessio, near Lucca.

Among the announcements of new books for the fall, is Walter Blackburn Harte's *Meditations in Motley: A Bundle of Papers Imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight*—a title which whets one's curiosity. The book will contain one or two of Mr. Harte's *In a Corner At Dodsley's* essays, with other new papers of a social character, written in a vein of fantastical humor, and will be published by the Arena Publishing Company.

It is said that Madame Gounod, the widow of the deceased composer, and her son M. Jean Gounod, are preparing a memoir of the great French musician.

Verily there is nothing new under the sun! Rabbi Placzek, of Moravia, has been decorated by Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, for his work entitled Darwinism in the Talmud. But the doctrine of evolution is older than the Talmud. It was taught by Anaxagoras more than two thousand years ago.

Sarah Grand, whose name by marriage is Mrs. C. R. McFall, resides at Kensington, the London suburb. It is said that she received only \$984 for the manuscript of *The Heavenly Twins*.

An Englishman wonders who is the sixth great living novelist, after having named as the first five, Meredith, Hardy, Barrie, Stevenson, and Kipling.

The Cook and the Captive is the surprising title of Miss Charlotte Yonge's new historical novel. France in the Middle Ages is the scene of the story. Thos. Whittaker will publish the American edition.

A. C. McClurg & Co. will bring out in the winter a volume of tales by M. Demetrios Bikélas, the Greek author. Miss Opydyke, of New York, is the translator, and Major H. A. Huntington, formerly of the United States Army and later literary editor of the Chicago Tribune, has written the introduction, which will give an account of M. Bikélas's brilliant career.

It is said of Ruskin that he rises quite late. After breakfast he goes to his study and reads for a while the newspapers or a book, and then he will walk out in the gardens or along the shores of the lake. He enjoys seeing old friends and young people. In the evening, he has a game of chess. Music is also his delight.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been staying in the country with Mr. Grant Allen. The neighborhood is a very literary one. Within a comparatively small radius lived or live Tennyson, Tyndall, and Frederic Harrison, while Herbert Spencer is often a guest at Grant Allen's, and George Eliot wrote one of her most celebrated books in a little roadside cottage.

Ibsen confesses that he cannot write with any inspiration without a tray before him which contains a little bear in wood, a little black devil holding a wax candle, and several rabbits and cats made of copper. "This may appear to you to be ridiculous," said Ibsen, "but so it is. As to the use I make of them, that is my secret, and I shall not divulge it to any one."

It is declared by some students of English history that in *Lord Ormont and His Aminta*, Mr. George Meredith has followed in part the history of the great Earl of Peterborough and Anastasia Johnson.

We have fallen upon an age of mediocrities in literature, says Blackwood's Magazine, and "parmi les aveugles le borgne est roi."

President Eliot, of Harvard, in a recent address, advised students to apportion their day thus: Study, ten hours; sleep, eight; exercise, two; social duties, one; and meals, three hours.

I. Zangwill, the author, began life a poor boy, and to the fact that his early years were a hard struggle with poverty, he attributes his success in depicting life among the lowly. He received his early education in a Red Cross school in Bristol, and when he left there,

at the age of fourteen, applied himself to reading for a London degree, which he secured before he was twenty-one, passing all his examinations with honors.

Frederick Wadmore says: "William Watson is a genius—a genius, with 'Landorian terseness and dignity.' But I hear that he is terribly young. Six and thirty."

Ada Negri, the Italian poetess, has brought suit for libel against seventy-eight Italian newspapers. Signorina Negri, before she became famous, was a school-teacher in Monta Visconti, the native place of President Carnot's murderer, who was among her pupils. The papers declare that the crime of the murderer was indirectly due to the teaching of the poetess, whose ideas are extremely radical.

That was a clever hit which the late Leconte de Lisle made in speaking of Baudelaire. "Baudelaire," he said, "was a good fellow who used to churn his brain, as one churns butter, to find strange ideas."

Mr. Kidd's remarkable book on Social Evolution has reached its sixth edition in this country, while the book seems to be almost equally successful in England, where the publishers are advertising the fourth edition.

Marie Corelli, writing about the late Edmund Yates, says that he was not at all in tune with the morbid school of thought, and hated with a thoroughly wholesome hate all books that in their teaching seemed to set aside God as an "unknown quantity." "I seldom speak of religion," he said one morning, "but I have thought a good deal about it, and what I am now trying to do is to live back to the faith of my childhood."

Professor Max Müller is preparing for the press a new edition, in four volumes, of his *Chips from a German Workshop*. The books have long been out of print.

Rider Haggard declares that *Eric Bright Eyes* is the best book he has published. His most popular work, however, is *She*, which was written in six weeks. The sales of *King Solomon's Mines* come next.

John Bartlett's *Shakespeare Concordance*, which has been in preparation for over twenty years, is to be published soon. There are to be four hundred thousand entries, and references will be given not only to acts and scenes but also to lines. The name of the editor of the *Dictionary of Familiar Quotations* is a sufficient guarantee as to the accuracy of the forthcoming work.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said recently of Hawthorne's well-known diffidence: "It was always an adventure whether one would succeed in enticing Hawthorne into anything like communicative intercourse. He went his solitary way through life like a whale through the crowds of lesser fishes in the sea. You might stand in your boat and hurl your harpoon at him as he passed—it was hit or miss. If you succeeded in bringing him to, he was genial enough company for a while in his abstracted Olympian way. If you missed him, you would hardly have another chance for a year."

Popular Scientific Lectures and Essays is the title of a new book of popular science now in preparation by The Open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago. The book is from the pen of Prof. Ernst Mach, of the University of Prague, the author of the beautiful work on *The Science of Mechanics*, recently published. The lectures and essays of this book, which the publishers promise will be equal to anything of their kind in English, have never been published before in collected form.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

The Mole.....A. C. Benson.....New York Times

Dig deeper yet, Sir Mole, in the patient ground.
Score not my sloping park
With starting turf uplifted, crumbling mound,
Old delver in the dark!

For thee no gin with iron shears is set
To nip thy velvet hide.
But tempt me not or I shall pinch thee yet,
Seeing the world is wide.

I make no claim to ampler dignity,
Nor check the tiny scale.
We live our destined hour, nor when we die
Shall meet successors fail.

I do not ask from thy vicarious pain
To win ambiguous good,
Or draw strange secrets from thy shattered brain
And palpitating blood.

Like thee I feast on what I did not earn
And quake at destiny.
But seeing I am stronger thou shalt learn
To do my will or die.

The earthworm hears thee scraping overhead,
To push thy tunnel dim.
In vain he writhes across his oozy bed
If thou encounter him.

Thy comfortable cape, so deftly dight
Unnoted girds thee round
Who set those hands so scholarly and white
To fumble underground?

But shouldst thou think thyself too fine to hide
Too dainty to be foul,
Oh, wait awhile till thou has proved and tried
What frets a human soul!

I mine and counter mine and blindly run,
Beset with snare and gin,
And even beneath free air and merry sun
Dark fancies shut me in.

From both alike, the darkness and the day,
The sunshine and the showers,
We draw sad comfort, thinking we obey
A deeper will than ours.

A Sonata by Paderewski.....Ole Owen.....Vogue

First breathed a little plaintive tune,
A very little plaintive tune;
Something was in it delicate and wild.
So might some brooding, lonely child

Sad in a corner croon;
Or so might moan
Eld winter on the prairie lone,
Cold 'neath the moon,
Cold 'neath the moon.

But this not long: the measure changed
By large gradations from the minor key,
And with a rushing sound the music ranged,
The great chords rolled harmoniously,
Rolling and tumbling like the sea.

Boomed the loud diapason,
Roar on roar,
A thunderous sea-blazon
To the shore.

Came then a measured, long, low, seething Crash:
Dash! Dash!

Followed a longer, stronger, backward urge—
The undertow, heavy, slow. And the surge,
Splash! Splash!

Murmurously, endlessly, droned a dirge.
This died away. Emerged—
The turmoil, tumult, from among—
One note sublime!

Triumphant, sweet. It hung
High-poised a time,
Then fell,

Slipping from point to point with liquid ease,
As in some dell

The shaken snow from tops of trees,
Dropping,
Stopping,

Floats down by soft degrees.
—Rollicking, frolicking, whirling about,
A Bedlam-like medley of notes gambolled out!

High, then low,
Fast, then slow—
The merriest, maddest and mottliest rout
That ever were tumbled,
Or mumbled, or jumbled,
Or sudden dismissed with a quickly-quenched shout!
Gently the master ceased to play,
Gently the music died away.

The Old Church.....Hamilton Jay.....Florida Times-Union

The old church stood back from the road
In homely garb of gray,
And round its porch the merry boys,
Let out from school, would play.
Though some there were who hurried by,
As if they surely knew,
That ghosts of sermons, grim and cold,
Were hov'ring in each pew.

Its steeple pointed to the sky,
Its shingled pomp and pride—
As if to say, "This is the way,
Where good boys will abide."
The porch was loose and pulled away
From holy place within,
As some backsliders do, you know,
To roll once more in sin.

I used to dread that gray old church;
My feet scarce reached the floor
In those old high-back, narrow pews
That made us boys so sore.
Grandfather was a deacon there,
And wore big squeaky shoes,
He passed the great, long-handled box,
To get the Gospel's dues.

But when the sermon first began,
He'd cover up his face,
And sleep until the "lastly" came—
Then wake up full of grace.
But every time I'd fall asleep,
As little boys will do,
Grandmother 'd thump me on the head
And split my dream in two.

I used to laugh to see 'Squire Jones—
He couldn't keep awake—
His bobbing up and down just seemed
Like fishing in a lake.
His head would go way down and then
Jerk back with all his might,

It looked as if he'd caught a fish,
Or had a great, big bite.
The preacher used to preach two hours,
And pound the Bible, too,
And then to dinner go with us
And swell on chicken stew.
He always said grandmother's pies
Just fairly touched his heart,
And then he'd sit and stuff and eat
Enough to fill a cart.

And yet, sometimes, when tired of all
This new-style sort of preach,
That talks of almost everything,
Except what Christ did teach,
I wish I were a boy again,
In that old high-back pew,
Half sleeping, watch the preacher twist
And hear his "lastly," too.

Summer in India.....Rudyard Kipling.....Westminster Budget

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear—
The earth is iron and the skies are brass—
And faint with fervor of the flaming air,
The languid hours pass.

The well is dry beneath the village tree—
The young wheat withers ere it reach a span,
And the belts of blinding sand show cruelly
Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but not to earthly king—
Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,
Look westward—if they please, the gods shall bring
Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward—bears the blue no brown cloud bank?
Nay, it is written—wherefore should we fly?
On our own field and by our cattle's flank
Lie down, lie down to die!

When Autumn Passeth By..Samuel Minturn Peck..Boston Transcript

Where purple elderberries vie
With sumach's crimson stain,
A flood of mellow minstrelsy
O'erflows the winding lane.
A myriad insect voices flute,
And rival throats reply.
No tree, no tuft of grass is mute
When Autumn passeth by.
A perfume rare of ripening leaves
On zephyr pinions floats,
And oft the scent of browning sheaves
Blends with the cricket notes;
Each hanging bough a censer swings
Beneath the dreamful sky,
And at her feet rich fragrance flings,
When Autumn passeth by.

The spiders thrid their gossamer
With jewels for her head;
The thistles strew their down for her,
That softly she may tread;
The brooklet stills its summer glee
Whene'er her feet draw nigh,
And gently drones the yellow bee
When Autumn passeth by.

Strange sorceries the spirit bind,
And work a haunting spell;
Weird voices echo on the wind,
And whisper beauty's knell.
At eventide a lonely star
Comes forth to mourn on high,
And sheds its quivering light afar,
When Autumn passeth by.

The sweetest song that ever flows
Hath sorrow in its strain;
The keenest joy that mortal knows
Is always half a pain.
So life and death combine their art
To charm the ear and eye,
And lovely pathos wins the heart,
When Autumn passeth by.

Off Pelican Point.....Ernest McGaffey.....Chicago Evening Post

Straight out from the rocky headland,
I swim in the soft moonshine;
The air is heavy with shadows,
The shadows are drenched in brine,
And the salt-sweet savor and flavor
Thrills keen through my veins like wine.

The chant of the shoreward breakers
Beats up to the cliffs above,
As restless in rhyme and rhythm
As the tide it whispers of,
And the seaweed folds me and holds me
Like the arms of her I love.

The stark waves break at my shoulder
The spray is tart on my lips,
A long swell looms in the foreground
Then back to the rearward slips,
And the echoings hollow follow
Where the great sea rolls and dips.

Low plaints of the pulsing water,
Faint chords from the under sea,
Cool winds through the strands of starlight
That glitter away to lee,
And the twilight ringing and singing
Are the sounds that come to me.

The track of the floating moonlight
Half beckoning lures me on,
As though it led to the harbor
Where the home-bound souls have gone,
And its ghostly glimmer and shimmer
As a dead man's face is wan.

I lie on the sad sea's bosom,
Or with swift stroke cleaving pass,
Where foam-crests tipped by the starshine
Stand high in a fluffy mass,
And the billows down under sunder
Over depths as green as glass.

With stars in the skies to lend me
Far glints from a world divine,
I toss as a careless swimmer
And the deep-sea joys are mine,
Forgetting to borrow sorrow
Throat-deep in the buoyant brine.

The boom of the surf behind me
And the crag's sharp lines above,
Fade out, and in God's wide heaven
Peace broods as a nesting dove,
And the waters fold me and hold me
Like the arms of her I love.

A Thought.....Robert Loveman.....Atlanta Constitution

I love a thought, superb and free,
A thought of might and majesty,
Of secret hopes and tender tears,
A thought to sparkle down the years.

I love a thought, when weary woes
About my pathway start,
A thought, a thought that cuddles close,
And warms him at my heart.

AN INHERITANCE OF DISHONOR: A CHILD'S SORROW

BY JOANNA E. WOOD

A selected reading from advance sheets of *The Untempered Wind*. By Joanna E. Wood. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. In this story, the strongest and best American novel of the year, Myron Holder, a pure woman, of most refined and noble sentiments, is led to believe that a promise and covenant entered into, even without civil or ecclesiastic ceremony, constitutes marriage, and becomes the wife, as she believes it, of Henry Willis. He enforces secrecy and cruelly deserts her. This secrecy she rigidly adheres to, even after the birth of her child, "My." She is living at Jamestown, a little village, at the time this episode occurs. She has brought up the child isolated from all young companions because of the atmosphere of scandal in which she lives and suffers, and the little fellow is emotionally almost starved. For note of the author, see *Gossip of Authors*, page 298.

Outwardly the life of Myron Holder gave no signs of these conflicts. It is the petty worries and everyday griefs of life that trace lines upon the brow. A fretful discontent often leaves a wrinkle when a great grief obscures itself behind the placidity of despair. Myron Holder's face now shone in unaltered—and it seemed unalterable—calm. Self-poised, if humble, her life seemed centred calmly at last.

Myron had almost made up her mind to leave Jamestown, and a little incident that occurred one day strengthened this thought to a resolution.

The schoolhouse was quite near the Holder cottage. The playground bordered one side of the cottage garden; a fence of slackly-hung wires was between them; beyond the fence in the playground was a little ditch with heaped-up sides, on which grew many yellow buttercups. This was a favorite haunt for the younger school children, and their voices came in mingled cadences across Myron's rows of vegetables.

One day in late summer Myron was at home from Mrs. Deans', having by that lady's desire brought the weekly washing from the farm, to do it in the cottage. The windows were flung high, and through the rising steam from her washtubs Myron's eyes followed My's golden head as he trotted about the garden.

Looking up once, she saw him standing by the fence, holding to one swaying wire and peering through at the children in the playground. A momentary pang shot through her heart—he seemed so isolated there; and yet the barrier that separated him from the other Jamestown children was so slight—just a slack-wire fence, that any one could see through, that hung irregularly between its supports, now so low that it could be stepped over, again so high it seemed impassable, only where it was so lofty the spaces between the wires were wide enough to creep through.

The sunlight shone on both sides the same. The buttercups straggled through to the vegetables, seeming by their persistence to wish to bloom there, and the singing of the catbird in the elm tree was as sweet to My's ears as to Sammy Warner's upon the other side.

Nature made no difference; nevertheless, there was a barrier. My was effectually severed from the rest of the village, but he himself had not recognized that yet, and the next time Myron looked up she saw My had gone through the fence and had seated himself beside the others.

They had taken their places in an irregular row among the buttercups, jostling and nudging each other, saying "Gimme elbow room," and "Quit pushin'," as they

settled themselves comfortably to the business of the moment.

This was the time-honored trial to decide which of them liked butter, ascertained by holding a spray of buttercups against the throat, so that the reflection was cast upon the uptilted chin. The taste for butter is proportionate to the yellowness of the reflection.

Little Jennie Muir was judge and the rest jury, craning their necks forward to look as she passed from one to the other, holding a bunch of buttercups against their chests while they tilted their chins far back.

The dull blues, washed-out reds, and russet browns of the children's frocks enhanced the brilliant yellow of the flowers. The shadows of the big pear tree, glossy of leaf but barren of fruit, modulated the sunshine, so that the whole group showed in a soft, subdued glow, an idyl of child-life not unlovely, for the heads in the row were not yet bent to the dust to search for money, nor lifted to heaven in self-righteous conceit. Time had not dulled the childish gold to brown, nor deadened the flaxen heads to lustreless drab.

My placed himself at the end of the row, his head a golden period at the end of the human sentence that spoke of life's beginnings. With unembarrassed childish mimicry he emulated the gestures and laughter of the others.

Myron's heart lightened. She wondered for a moment if My might not in time merge his life with those others and be no longer solitary. The hope soon vanished. Looking out again, she saw My sitting alone, his head tilted far back as he waited for his turn. Just disappearing down the slight decline to the schoolhouse, she saw the other children, their hands held over their mouths, their faces red with suppressed laughter, stepping with elaborate pretence of quiet, and turning now and then to look over their shoulders at My, sitting alone, his face patiently uplifted to the sun, unconscious of his loneliness. Beside him lay the bunch of buttercups, flung down as Jenny Muir clapped her hands over her mouth and fled across the soft sward.

In a moment Myron was out of the house, running down the path to the fence side. Ere she reached it, My's tired little neck relaxed, and he looked about him wonderingly, the light fading from his face. His eyes were filled with tears, and his lips quivered when his mother called him. There was a hasty scramble over the ditch, a struggle through the fence, and My was back on his mother's side of the barrier. That straggling fence was, after all, not so easily crossed.

My had forgotten the whole affair ten minutes after, as he excitedly chased grasshoppers along the paths; but all day long the laughter of the playing children smote Myron's heart like the crack of a whip that stings.

After that day it became a matter of conscience for Myron to play the "buttercup game" with My, and a feverish eagerness fairly consumed her to get away from a place where even the children were cruel. She began to scrimp and save every penny she could, hoarding her meagre gatherings in the bottom of the old clock-case that stood on the shelf beside the window.

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

The aim of this department is to give in a few lines the scope, object, point of view, and manner of treatment of the principal books of the month, so readers can tell just the ground covered by each, with no attempt at extended criticism.

Travel and Adventure :—

The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians (Putnam's). By Antalo Leroy-Beaulieu, translated by Zénaïde A. Ragazin. This second part of a most valuable and interesting history is devoted to its institutions, and covers the rural commune and the self-government of the peasants; administration, bureaucracy, and police; local self-government, provincial assemblies, and urban municipalities; justice and judicial reform; the press and censure; and revolutionary agitation and political reforms. The information is given in a most interesting form and throws much light on the inner workings of the Russian government.

Romance Switzerland and Teutonic Switzerland. By W. D. McCrackan (Joseph Knight Co.). Two delightfully little books of travel, not guide books, as the author assures his readers. "It is not my ambition," he says, "to rival the inimitable Baedeker, but rather to supplement that work with portable companions, which shall add historical and biographical details to each place and suggest local color and atmosphere. These little volumes on Romance and Teutonic Switzerland are intended to amplify and elucidate, by a pen picture, what mere guide-books can only indicate."

Historic and National :—

The History of the United States for Schools. By John Fiske, LL.D. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Fiske tells in the preface that one of the aims of this book is the furtherance of the methods of study, such as are indicated in his work on Civil Government. It is written in the same attractive style, and the chapters are followed by questions admirably arranged by Dr. Hill, serving as a topical analysis to each chapter, and calculated to guide the scholar to outside readings. The main events of the five centuries are clearly arranged from the time before the various discoveries to the present period, and are so grouped as to show the natural sequence of events.

Sociologic Questions :—

Man and Woman (Scribner). Havelock Ellis, editor of the Contemporary Science Series, is the author of this latest volume in this excellent series. The ground covered by the book is given in his own words: "I have made this study of the constitutional differences between men and women lie at the root of many social questions. To the best of my ability I have here presented an anthropological and psychological study of those secondary sexual differences which recent investigation has shown among civilized human races."

Socialism (Crowell & Co.). The subtitle of this work, by Richard T. Ely, the political economist, is *An Examination of its Nature, its Strength, and its Weakness, with Suggestions for Social Reform*. The whole tone of the book is conscientious and conservative, carefully presenting both sides of every question without bias or partiality, taking into consideration side-issues and conflicting elements, and projecting every proposed remedy for social ills and studying it in its ultimate phases. The writer feels that no single

machine-made, radical specific will set all things right and believes in modifying, correcting, and improving, rather than in employing revolutionary measures.

The Science of Motherhood (Fleming H. Revell Co.). By Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith. This is a booklet of about fifty pages, containing the condensed wisdom of ages regarding the successful training of the characters of children. In clear, simple language, this discriminating author has produced a concise treatise upon parental responsibilities, and the successful method of developing the potent possibilities of moral attainment, which will appeal with convincing power to "every thoughtful student of the great problem of humanity." The author puts herself in the child's place with sympathizing comprehension of the child's standpoint. She reveals the causes of so many lamentable failures in parental methods, and suggests the proper remedies.

Fiction of the Month :—

A Modern Magdalene (Lee & Shephard). The aim of *Virna Woods* in this story is evidently to rebuke the unforgiving spirit which refuses to extend any helping hand to those who have been tempted into paths of sin, and to warn those who stand on the brink of the hopelessly downward course, by depicting the almost unconquerable difficulties which beset any attempt at reform. There are grave objections to works along such lines, even though written with praiseworthy motives. There is always danger that in the portraying of scenes of evil, more innocent minds will be vitiated thereby than erring lives rescued from the pitfalls of sin.

My Pretty Jane (Lippincott's). After the recent distasteful realistic novels, it is refreshing to take up this charming story of Effie Adelaide Rowlands. The story is laid in England, with glimpses of London scenes and quiet rural life. The interest of the story centers around Jane Ludlowe and her young stepmother Cynthia. The evolution of character consequent upon the growth of both good and evil traits of disposition, are unfolded with artistic skill. Not once does Jane Ludlowe strike a false note in the consistent harmony of an exalted nature.

Juliet and Romeo (Jos. Knight Co.). This delicate little volume in the World Classics Series is Luigi Da Porto's novel written about 470 years ago; it is the original from which Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* is taken. The translation, selected from Brydges' rare *Polyanthea Librorum Vetustiorum*, has been carefully and ably revised and amplified by Dr. Rolfe in accordance with a modern reprint of the Italian original.

Mad Sir Uchtred (Macmillan). This dramatic tale by S. R. Crockett, is one of the strongest works of recent fiction. It is a weird, powerful story of the Scotch Covenanters. In the "Visions of Sir Uchtred on Clashdaan," one is reminded of Dante, and the lurid vividness of the bold, swift scenes portraying the conflicts between the spirits of good and evil, suggests the dramatic insight of Milton. The contrasting pathetic pictures, drawn with delicate beauty, stand out from the dark background of the terrible tragedy. It is a thrilling picture of the days of the "curse of the Stuarts," and that "time of shutting kirks and testing ministers," when many heroic defenders of the "Covenants" suffered persecutions and martyrdom.

LOURDES: EMILE ZOLA'S NEW RELIGIOUS NOVEL*

Lourdes will come as a surprise to all M. Zola's readers, both at home and abroad. The book cannot be called a novel, for the thread of living interest is extremely slight, and the six hundred pages are mostly filled with long descriptions of pilgrimages, and the story of what led to the making of the shrine, written, it must be admitted, in the great writer's finest and most lucid style.

"Zola," a great critic once observed, "is a man full of surprises." Lourdes is absolutely un-Zolaesque, and it is hard to believe that the same pen which wrote *Nana* and *Germinal* could trace so restrained a picture of this vast concourse of human beings, for the book is divided into five parts, each containing the history of one of the five days of an immense pilgrimage, and though some of the pictures of hospital life and deadly disease are frightful in their realism, there is nothing in the book which could shock the most straight-laced member of the National Vigilance Association.

The hero of Lourdes—if hero there be—is a priest, l'Abbé Pierre, who, although doubt has gradually crept into his heart, has too profound a horror and contempt for those renegade priests with whom life has thrown him in contact to dream of becoming one of them. His heart is wholly bound up in a young girl, stricken, apparently, with an incurable malady, a beautiful and pure vision of French girlhood, worthy to take place in M. Zola's gallery with the heroine of *Le Rêve*. After having tried every remedy without result, Marie de Guersaint's father makes up his mind to try the effect of Lourdes, and the three—for l'Abbé Pierre is practically a member of the family—join the great national pilgrimage which leaves Paris once a year for the famous shrine, and in the "white train"—that is the train in which are placed those whose cases seem the most desperate—M. Zola places the opening scene.

The long-drawn account of the twenty-two-hours' journey is marvelously done, and is evidently the result of personal experience. Those who wish to see a kindly and human side of French life will do well to read this book, for it abounds in delicate character-drawing, and Sister Hyacinthe, the young nun who has part charge of the third-class carriage in which M. Zola makes his dramatic personæ take their journey, is a real creation, as is her platonic admirer, Ferrand, a young agnostic doctor whom a strange chance had rendered a friend of the blue-eyed Sister, for when he was a medical student, poor and alone in Paris, he had been nursed by her through a bad illness.

As regards the oft-disputed question of the Lourdes miracles, the writer refuses to definitely state the result of his only investigation, and gives a strictly impartial picture of what takes place daily at Lourdes. Through the mouth of some of his characters it would seem as if the novelist took a purely scientific point of view, which, whilst admitting total ignorance of the cause of these cases, denies the possibility of a miraculous intervention; this is the attitude of l'Abbé Pierre, who sees in the sudden and marvelous recovery of Marie de Guersaint one of those miracles of nature which are known to occur in diseases of a nervous and hysterical nature.

On the other hand, the most curious pages in the book describe the scene in which a number of medical experts are gathered together in order to examine and test alleged miraculous cures, and there is, we believe, authority for stating that the scene described actually took place when M. Zola was himself at Lourdes:

"The office was composed of two rooms, an ante-chamber and a small hall, miserably inadequate for the purpose. . . . The first case was a one-time deaf peasant woman, but Pierre, before looking at her, glanced round curiously at the fifty or more people who stood round. The actual business was got through by five men, including a monk and three young deacons fresh from a seminary, who acted as secretaries, writing down all that occurred, and handing backwards and forwards, when occasion arose, the medical certificates and other personal documents. Some twenty doctors belonging to all nationalities stood looking on, attentively silent, exchanging now and again quick glances, and apparently more desirous to gather the opinions of each other than to form their own. But on that day Doctor Bonamy, the most important permanent official present, showed himself specially amiable towards a little fair-haired representative of one of the largest Paris papers.

"Our only wish is to discover the truth," Bonamy kept repeating. . . . 'If we listened to the pilgrims we should believe in many more cures, but we only accept those that are absolutely proved and as clear as daylight. Notice that I say "cures," and not "miracles," for we doctors are only here to test the cases and discover if the sick submitted to us show a real recovery.' . . . Then answering some questions put to him by the Parisian journalist, he explained his methods. Each invalid forming part of the pilgrimage was asked to bring a certificate from his doctor, and, as often as not, a letter from a hospital telling of the course of his illness. When a miracle took place these certificates and letters were read in order to prove what the patient had really been suffering from, and this enabled the medical examiners to see what had really been achieved in the way of cure or total recovery."

And then follow pages of description showing how this woman has been cured of one disease, that child of another, and so on. In one or two cases M. Zola lets his reader see that he suspects want of good faith on both the part of the so-called invalids and those who test the cures, but for some of the incidents he describes he offers no explanation, and, with a touch of fidelity to nature which will not be appreciated by his medical readers, he makes the sceptical doctors gathered round constantly disagree with each other on both the cause and effect of the marvels they are examining.

As an impartial study of what goes on at the great continental shrine, M. Zola's book is profoundly curious. Of human interest, apart from this, there is little or none, and at the end of the last chapter we leave the mass of suffering humanity, with whom the author has made us journey for a while, much as we found them, though in the final sentence Zola half indicates his belief in a future form of religion which will be full of hope, full of happiness, and compatible with all possible revelations of scientific truth and knowledge.

* From Jerome K. Jerome's weekly, *To-Day*.

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Anarchist Utopia: G. Boglietta..... Chautauquan.
 Astrological Forecast of Administrat'n of Cleveland. Arena.
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 Chicago's Message to Uncle Sam: Prof. F. Parsons. Arena.
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 Results of Parliament of Religions: J. H. Barrows... Forum.

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 Seventeenth-Century Astrology. Popular Science Monthly.
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 Why Do Not Americans Speak French?..... Arena.
 Women and Women: Elton Eliot... Southern Magazine.

Sport and Recreation

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 Cycling in the Rockies: W. L. Hall... Midland Monthly.
 Fighting with Four Fists: Robert Barr... McClure's.
 Fishing on the Severn: W. Thomson... Outing.
 Re-Establishment of Olympic Games: P. de Couberten. Ch.
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 Tendencies of the Turf: C. H. Crandall... No. Am. Rev.

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A Morning at an Old Sugar Mill: B. Torrey... Atlantic.
 A Mexican Visit: Howard Paul... Frank Leslie's Pop. Mo.
 Acadia and Bayou Teche: S. Cooley... F. L. Pop. Mo.
 Bar Harbor: F. Marion Crawford... Scribner's Magazine.
 Damariscove: Winfield Thompson... New England Mag.
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 In the Land of the Breadfruit: F. I. Turner... Outing.
 Lenz's World Tour Awheel: Through Szchuen Prov'n'. O't.
 Newport in the Revolution: C. R. Thurston. N. Eng. Mag.
 Pulque, the National Drink of Mexico: A. Inkersley. Ov. M.
 Quaint Essex: F. T. Robinson... New England Magazine.
 Richmond: Joseph Becker... Frank Leslie's Pop. Mo.
 Royat, an Unfamiliar Sketching Ground... Art Interch.
 Rus in Urbe: Edith M. Thomas... Atlantic Monthly.
 Tarahumari Life and Customs: Carl Lumholtz... Scribner's.
 The City of Peking: Chas. Denby, Jr... F. L. Pop. Mo.
 Touring in Europe on Next to Nothing: J. P. Worden... Out.
 Up Chevedale and Down Again: C. S. Davison... Atlantic.
 Venetian Fêtes, Past and Present: F. Cooley. Chautauquan.
 Where the Breakers Roar: S. H. Ferris... F. L. Pop. Mo.
 Where Time Has Slumbered: Julian Ralph... Harper's.
 Zee-Wee: Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen... Overland.

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OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this column on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received.

79. *He Laughs Best*: Is the following correctly quoted? If not, what should it be?

"He laughs best who laughs last."

—A Subscriber, Davenport, Iowa.

[The line as quoted is as it commonly appears in the present day. The earliest appearance in print in English is, "He laughs that winneth," in Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1562. The transitional stages to its form of to-day do not appear. It is identical in construction in nearly all the modern languages: German—Wer zuletzt lacht, lacht am besten. French—Rira bien qui rira le dernier. Italian—Ride bene chi ride l'ultimo. Danish—Den leer bedst, son leer sidst. Swedish—Skratter best son skratter sist. The parentage is of course unknown, dating back to the dark ages where the ancestry of many phrases and individuals is misty and doubtful.]

80. *The Pangs of Memory*: Who is the author of the following exquisite lines:

"O Memory! Thou lingering murmurer within
Joy's broken shell,
Why have I not, in losing all I loved,
Lost thee as well?"

—H. S. M., Cripple Creek, Colo.

81. *The Three R's*: Where did this expression originate?—R. R. R., Holly, Mich.

[It refers to the essentials of education—Reading, (w)riting, and (a)rithmetic. The exact origin it is difficult to trace. The *Edinburgh Review* in one of its numbers in 1887 said: "Fortunate indeed were the youngsters who for a brief season tasted even of the rich delights of the three R's, as an alderman of that epoch (1850) is said to have designated the mysteries of reading, writing, and arithmetic." Perhaps some of our readers can give closer and fuller information.]

82. *Romance of the Rose*: What is the Romance of the Rose?—Querist, Savannah, Ga.

[This was a poetical allegory begun by Guillaume de Lorris in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and continued by Jean de Meung in the early part of the fourteenth century. The sequel is somewhat longer than the twenty-four books of the *Iliad*. Mrs. E. B. Browning has written a poem with the same title.]

83. *Ruskin's Best*: I want the title of the work to which Ruskin refers in *Sesame and Lilies*, as being the only book he has written that can properly be called a "book," and that will stand surest and longest of any of his works.—T. B., Erie, Pa.

84. *An Old Hunting Song*: Can you tell me where I can find this old song, called *The Chase*? The first verse is as follows:

"Songs and sonnets and rustical roundelays
Formed by Fancy and whistled on reeds,
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds."

—C. E. B., New York

[The opening words are "Songs of shepherds," not "Songs and sonnets." See *Universal Songster*, Vol. I., page 226; Routledge & Sons, London, New York.]

85. *George Eliot's Heroines*: Where can I find a series of magazine articles on this subject?—Romola, Denver, Colo.

[L. A. M. Priestley has now such a series in *Great*

Thoughts, the London magazine. The series is now at No. 5, Esther Lyons.]

86. *Fill the Bumper Fair*: Will you kindly inform me in your next issue, if possible, where I can find the following?

"For it's fill the bumper fair,
For every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Drives away a wrinkle."

(2) Is it a song or a poem? (3) If a poem, who composed by, and where published? (4) If a song, is it taken from an Opera?—C. W., St. Louis, Mo.

87. *American Humor*: Where can I find criticisms or essays on American Humor?—R. C. W., Connersville, Ind.

[A most delightful book on this subject is *American Humorists*, by Rev. H. H. Haweis (Funk & Wagnalls). See Poole's Index for magazine references.]

88. *Oak of Guernica*: In a history of Spain I find a reference to an "oak of Guernica." Kindly inform me what was its story.—Historic, Susquehanna, Pa.

[It was a venerable tree of Guernica, Spain, cut down by the French in 1808. According to Laborde, it was a very ancient natural monument. Under this oak Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1476, swore to maintain the municipal laws ("fueros") of the Biscayans.]

89. *Lowell's Opinion of Poe*: Can you give in *Current Literature* James Russell Lowell's opinion of Poe, as expressed in verse? I cannot recall the precise words.—Poe, Detroit, Mich.

[*"Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge;
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common sense damn meters;
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind."*]

90. *The Wise Men from the East*: Who was it said: "The farther I go West, the more convinced I am that the Wise Men came from the East?"

[Joseph Jekyll, a witty English barrister, born about 1752, member of Parliament and solicitor-general to the Prince of Wales, 1805; died 1837.]

91. *Jókai's Works*: I am anxious to obtain one of the novels by Maurus Jókai, Hungary's great writer. Please advise me which to select; also inform me if they are published in this country.—J. P. D., Charlotte, N. C.

[See *Eyes Like the Sea* (Putnam); *Timar's Two Worlds* (Appleton); *There is No Devil* (Cassell).]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

69. *Gringos*: Referring to Open Questions 69, I offer the following explanation of the origin of the term, as it came to me from an authentic source, during a recent trip to South America. In the Mexican campaign, our soldiers in camp were accustomed to singing songs, to the delight of the natives, who gathered around in large numbers. To the latter, the most popular song was a pathetic English ballad, the chorus of which began with:

"Green grow the rushes, O!"

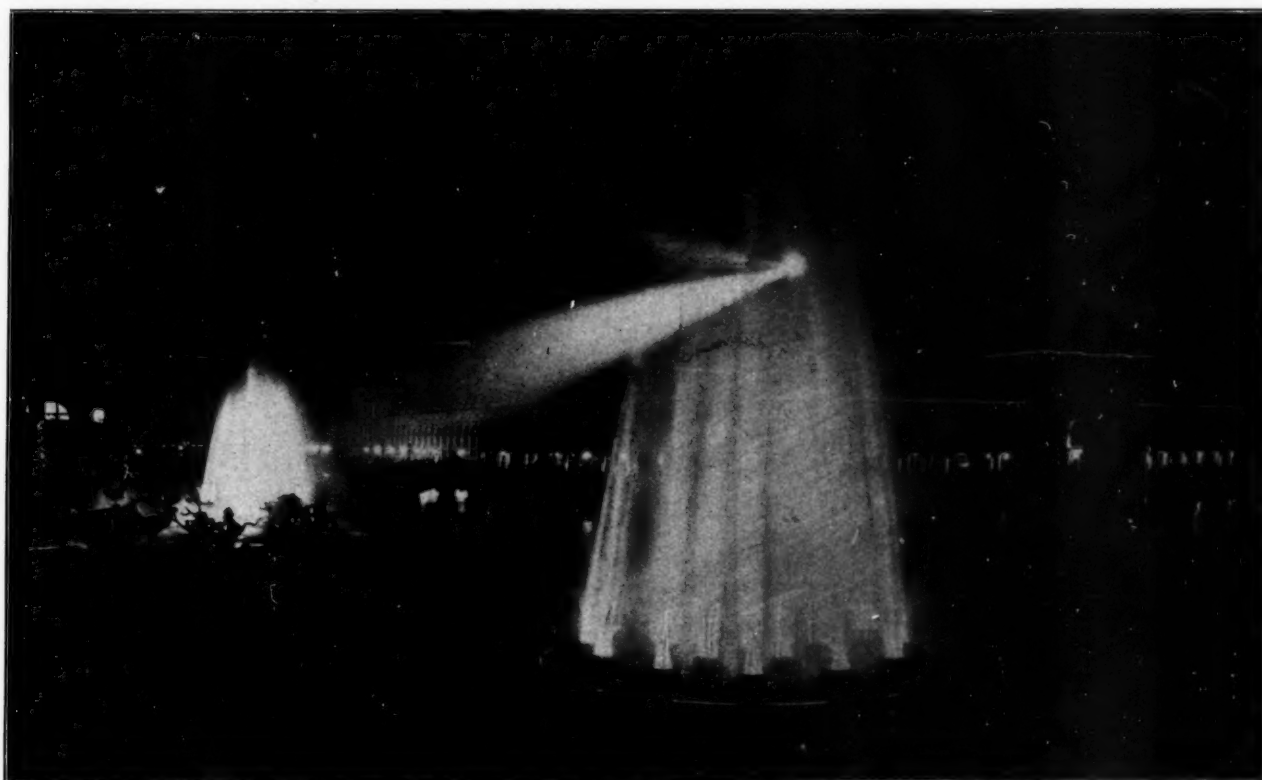
and the Mexicans often begged the soldiers to sing "Green go." This soon became "Gringo," and applied by them, at first, to Americans, as an expression of respect and admiration. Later, it spread through Central and South America as a term applied to all foreigners.—E. H. T., New York, N. Y.

75. *Susan M. Spalding*: In the Open Questions, in the September *Current Literature*, we notice an item, number 75, relative to one of our authors, Mrs. Susan Marr Spalding. We published a volume of her poems entitled *The Wings of Icarus*, in 1892, containing the poem in question, *Fate*, and many of her other best poems.—Roberts Bros., Boston, Mass.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NEW BOOKS—SCIENCE



NIGHT VIEW OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, ELECTRICALLY ILLUMINATED



PHOTOGRAPH OF ELECTRIC FOUNTAINS AT NIGHT

From J. P. Barrett's "Electricity at the Columbian Exposition." (R. R. Donnelly & Sons.)

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NEW BOOKS—FICTION



The plates on this page represent a new departure in the illustration of books, the characters being photographed from real life in a series of tableaux vivants

From E. Hubbard's "No Enemy but Himself." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NEW BOOKS—TRAVEL



A CHINESE KITCHEN, SHOWING METHOD OF PREPARING FOOD

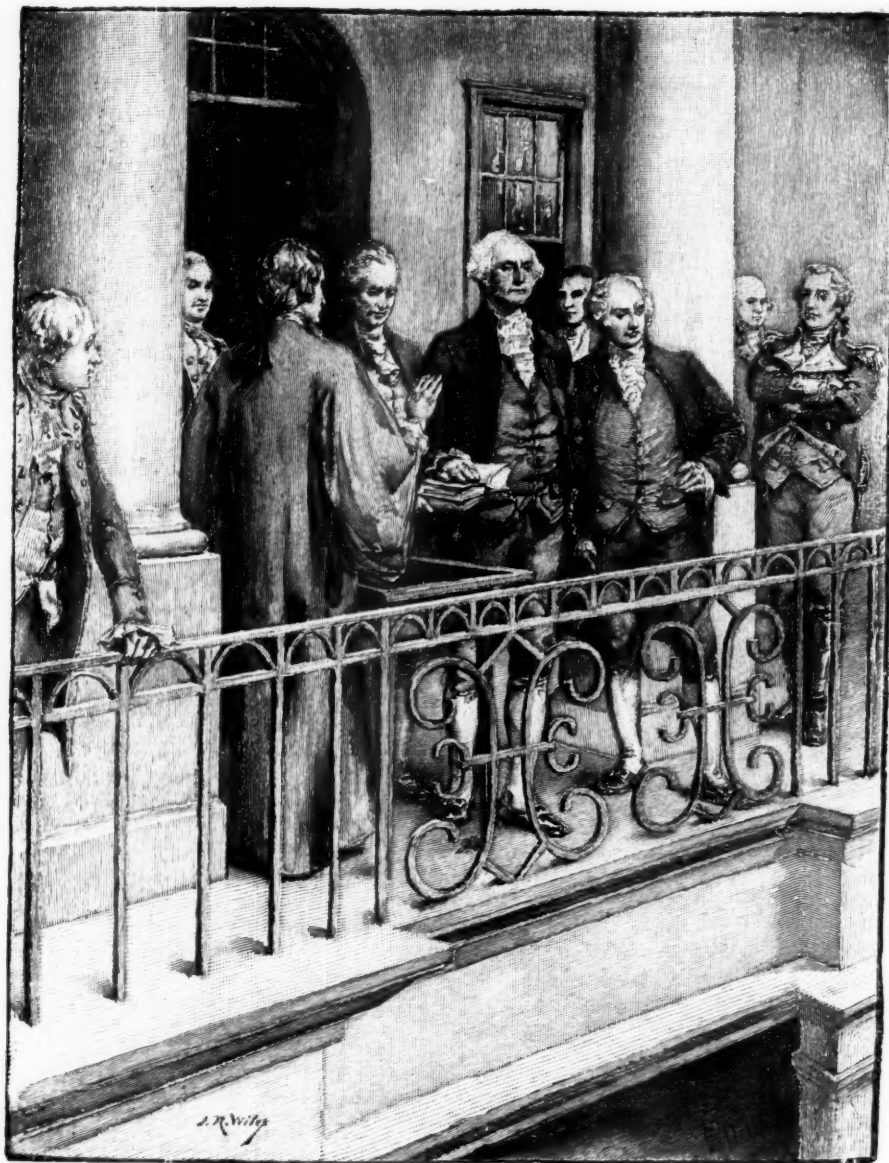
From "Chinese Characteristics." (Copyrighted, 1894, Fleming H. Revell & Co.)



A HAWAIIAN FEAST-SCENE

From "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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From "The Century Book for Young Americans"